

The  
Shekinah

EDITED

BY

S. B. BRITTAN.

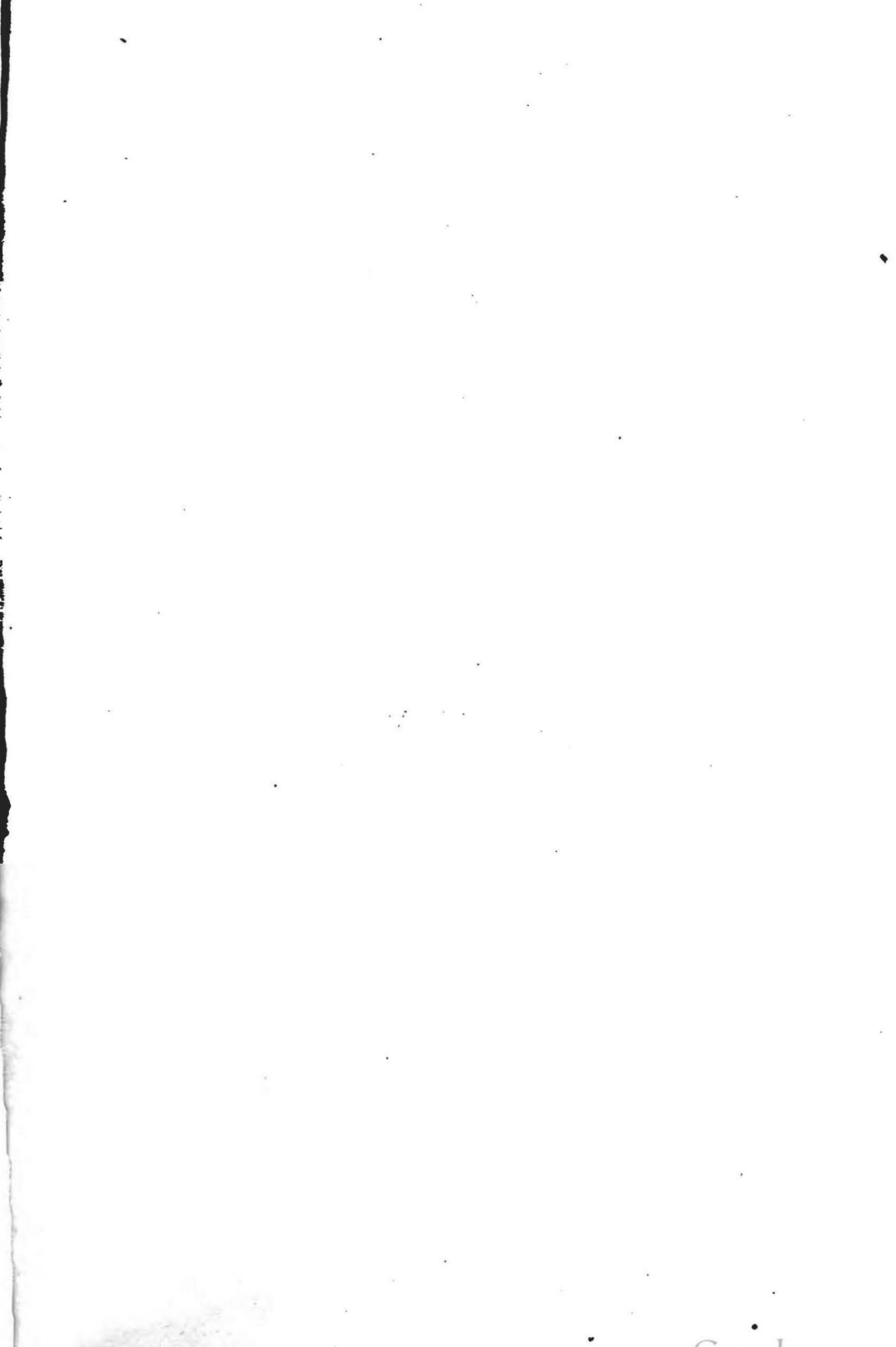
*I heard a great voice from Heaven, saying, Come up hither.*

VOL. III.

NEW-YORK.

PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN.

1853.







Engr'd by A.H. Ritchie.

*Andrew Jackson Davis.*

## Contents of Volume Three.

---

	Page
Andrew Jackson Davis.....BY A MYSTIC	1
Impressibility of Animals.....WM. FISHBOUGH	19
Raps Recognized.....	22
Strive. (Poetry.).....C. D. STUART	23
True Greatness. (Poetry.).....J. W. STORRS	24
The Comforter.....	25
The Good. (Poetry.).....C. D. STUART	38
The Southern Cross. (Dramatic.).....FAYETTE ROBINSON	39
Fragmentaria.....C. D. STUART	45
Jacob Behmen.....WILLIAM FISHBOUGH	49
Lines. (Poetry.).....MRS. S. S. SMITH	59
Spirit Warnings.....JAMES S. OLCOTT	61
To an Artist. (Poetry.).....ANNETTE BISHOP	64
What, and Where are We?.....HON. WARREN CHASE	65
Spirit Light.....	68
Beliefs Rejected on Realization.....C. D. STUART	69
Prayer of a Dying Child. (Poetry.).....HENRY CLAY PREUSS	92
The Alpine Climber. (Poetry.).....ISAAC C. PRAY	93
My Mother. (Poetry.).....CARLOS D. STUART	95
Horace Greeley.....C. D. STUART	97
Thanksgiving. (Poetry.).....L. A. MILLINGTON	105
Spiritual Physiognomy.....WILLIAM FISHBOUGH	107
To Sontag. (Poetry.).....MARY M. BURBANK	109
The Terror King. (Poetry.).....E. G. HOLLAND	111
Personal Experience.....JUDGE EDMONDS	113
Intuitions. (Poetry.).....ERNEST	124
Love's Endeavor. (Poetry.).....C. D. STUART	123
American Poets.....H. H. CLEMENTS	127
To Cora. (Poetry.).....HENRY FRY	133
The Departure. (Poetry.).....F. H. STAUFFER	134
Curious Facts.....	135
Mechanical Test of Spiritual Force.....	136
Table-turning, and Tyrants.....	138
So my Thoughts. (Poetry.).....E. R. B. WALDO	139

	Page
Ministering Angels. (Music.).....	V. C. TAYLOR 141
Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans.....	WM. FISHBOUGH 145
Summer Time. (Poetry.).....	C. D. STUART 158
Hymn to the Angels. (Poetry.).....	HENRY CLAY PREUSS 159
Origin and End of Governments .....	W. S. COURTNEY 161
The Flower Angels. (Poetry.).....	Translated by F. H. STAUFFER 170
The Prize of Life. (Poetry.).....	J. M. KNOWLTON 171
Sonnet.....	C. D. S. 182
Fragmentaria.....	C. D. STUART 183
Pity's Tear. (Poetry.).....	F. H. STAUFFER 188
Dawn of the New Era.....	JOHN F. GRAY 189
Not Dead, but Sleeping.....	CHARLES PARTRIDGE 191
George Fox, Prophet of the Friends.....	REV. JAMES RICHARDSON, JR. 193
Youth's Dreams. (Poetry.).....	HENRY FRY 208
Voices of the Spirit. (Poetry.).....	H. H. CLEMENTS 209
Immortality of the Spirit .....	H. H. CLEMENTS 215
He is not Here, but is Risen. (Poetry.).....	MRS. S. S. SMITH 219
Dream-life among the Ancients.....	WILLIAM FISHBOUGH 221
Hymn to God. (Poetry.).....	C. D. STUART 236
Theology of Art—The Last Judgment.....	C. D. STUART 237
Treasures of the Heart. (Poetry.).....	J. M. KNOWLTON 240
Rev. Edwin H. Chapin.....	C. D. STUART 241
Impromptu Lyrics.....	H. H. CLEMENTS 253
Conquests of Spiritualism.....	S. B. BRITTAN 258
Spiritualism of the Modern Muse.....	H. H. CLEMENTS 263
Summer Night. (Poetry.).....	FRANK L. BURR 271
Issues of Protestantism and Democracy.....	W. S. COURTNEY 273
A Song of Sleep .....	THOMAS L. HARRIS 280
A Hymn of Immortality .....	THOMAS L. HARRIS 281
Spiritualism among the Saints and Martyrs.....	WM. FISHBOUGH 283
Mrs. Whitman's Poems. (A Review.).....	FANNY GREEN 290
To my Spirit's Companion. (Poetry.).....	MRS. E. LOCK 297
Tear-Drops. (Poetry.).....	C. D. STUART 298
The Shëkinah.....	299

## ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS,

THE GREAT AMERICAN SEER.

BY A MYSTIC.

GONE is the fair youth of Samos, the divine Pythagoras, with his golden locks and golden precious sayings, ages on ages ago, with the thousands of great philosophers among his immediate followers. And the gentle Nazarene, Jesus, with his touching tenderness and sympathy for the sick, the suffering, and the outcast, and a love for all that bore the name of man, that has made the word Christianity one with Humanity, has passed away, now for centuries from human eyes, but never from human hearts, or human memories. And Swedenborg, the sublime Swedish Seer, and Luther, the great German preacher and Reformer, and George Fox, that earnest prophet of the Lord, the founder of the Society of "Friends," all men of wonderful spiritual gifts, and divine inspiration, have left the earth, yet "God never leaves himself without a witness in the world, through which to reveal, in progressive teachings, a continually clearer and higher wisdom, and by a law of nature, as simple as that by which the fair, fragrant blossom unfolds itself from the rough stalk and humbler leaves, still as ever, as the ages glide by, does the divine plant of humanity flower forth in its seasons into glorious sages, seers, and prophets, the acmé and quintessence of the race, the types of what all men shall be in the future, and so now again the tree puts forth afresh, and though Confucius, and Zoroaster, and Pythagoras, and Socrates, and Plato, with Jesus and Swedenborg, have gone, there has risen up among us, through the grace of God, the American Seer, the truthful, wise, and gentle Davis, who, like Pythagoras, and Jesus of old, is gradually drawing the hearts and thoughts, more and more, of the people unto him. Such men are the thermometers

of Deity, indicating the flow of divine thought and divine life into the world, and the height to which that thought is rising, and shall soon rise in the hearts of all men : These are the first giant waves of a rising tide that shall at length refresh and gladden the whole earth. The law, or process, that gives birth to these great Providential men, the Messiahs, or inspired and *naturally* ordained leaders of the race, is as simple and natural, as we have before said, as that which develops from earthly germ, rough stem, and common leaf and bud, the more finely woven petals of the delicate flower, in which is condensed all the elements and juices of the plant, painted and transfigured into new beauty by the light of Heaven. So these Providential men "are of such highly impressible and susceptible natures, as to be the recipients and become the centers of all the great ideas, and mental and spiritual influences of their own ages, and all preceding ages ; they are thus not only the highest exponents of their own age, but the prophets and leaders of the coming era." The great Prophet and Seer is truly the fairest flower of the ages, the refined essence of all preceding times and influences and, to his own epoch, the very acmé and perfection of the race. And thus the great Seer of this age, if he be its real Messiah,\* must have in him the temperance, the continence, the pure harmony with physiological laws that distinguished Pythagoras, the naturalness, simplicity, and humor of a Socrates, the divine wisdom of Plato, the tenderness, humanity, and love of Jesus, and the spiritual communion and intercourse with the heavenly world that Swedenborg enjoyed, with the true reform spirit of a Luther ; all these he must have in him combined, elevated, and intensified. But there must not only be in him the elements of all past ages and former prophets, but all the great ideas of his own age, harmoniously developed and expanded. In him the advocates of new freedom, of the natural laws of temperance, peace, universal

---

\* Messiah, Christ, or Anointed; the Hebrew, Greek, and English of the same word, means one ordained of Providence for an office, work, or mission, as Saul, David, and Solomon were considered among the Jews ; and Isaiah calls "Cyrus" the Lord's Anointed, or Messiah ; although it must be confessed that the idea of God-sent, God-inspired men, was very different in those days of outward power and warlike heroism, than in these days of humanity, thought, and wisdom.

equality, universal inspiration, universal redemption, of spiritual intercourse, of the new and truer philosophy, the better ethics, the higher harmony of life and society, must all find their leader, and hear their thoughts more harmoniously and perfectly utter themselves, and through him "old things must pass away, and all things become new." And to this young Seer of America, not only his familiar and reverent friends, but a daily increasing crowd, are turning, as the prophet of the coming ages. But it may be objected to the claims thus put forth by the friends of the new teacher, "that the mission of former prophets is not yet completed, and that their teachings are by no means exhausted." And truly we believe that the living words and thoughts of all great Seers and reformers have in them an immortal value, a perennial significance and use. And did Providence wait till the race came to understand and appreciate their teachings, and reach up to their life, where would have been the great sages and teachers of the past? But now, as the great principles of benevolence and love, inculcated by Jesus the prophet of humanity, are beginning more and more to be felt, understood, and applied to human institutions, condition, and life, and are at length developing themselves throughout the civilized world, a new prophet, with a new word and a new power, with new explanations, and new teachings of science, wisdom, justice, and love is looked for in the prophetic hopes and aspirations of thinking, progressive, and spiritual men everywhere, to carry the world onward and upward. And why should the bigoted conservative, who believes and lives only in the dead and decaying past, have the blasphemous audacity to assume that the powers of Nature and the Divine Spirit have been already exhausted in the production of the Seers and Prophets of the past, in the growth of those great impressible souls of other days, that were the central recipients of the grand ideas and influences of their own ages. Revelations, indeed, grow old, and become exhausted, as do soils, and trees, and books. The Divine Spirit is the only living, inexhaustible fountain of wisdom and life to the world. And the newer and fresher, and more suited to the time, the hour, and its wants, as the revelation is, the higher, and better, and more divinely useful to us is such revelation. The teach-

ings that might have been of value to the ancient tribes of barbarous Hebrews, are little appreciated by the intellectual, refined, and spiritual minds of modern Christendom. And it is not absurd to feel that something besides the Gospel delivered nineteen centuries ago may be needed in all the increased scientific, intellectual, and moral light of the present day, with its wonderful growth of ideas, inventions, arts, sciences, and development of philosophy and religion. The good Bible, so vaunted and so revered, is read but by few; the lids of the vast majorities of copies printed are never opened, and it is palpably becoming daily more and more neglected and forgotten. Every age, indeed, from the very nature of things, must have its own especial and needed revelation; every time its own word of living and reforming truth. And let us not be of the number of those who, in the words of Jesus, addressed to the Writers and Exclusives\* (Scribes and Pharisees) of his day, "built the *tombs* of the prophets, and garnished the *sepulchers* of the righteous, and say, If we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets," lest those other words should be true of us, as they are, alas! of the bigots and sectarists around us, "Wherefore I send unto you prophets, and wise men, and writers, and some of them ye shall kill and crucify, and some of them ye shall scourge in your synagogues" (drive from your churches), and persecute them from city to city."

Says an English writer: "There can be no unreasonableness in the presentiment, that in the present age, when the creeds and dogmas of the past have lost their influence and vitality, and man has attained a degree of development; unfolding new wants and feelings, and higher sentiments; and when his faith in the immortality of the soul has become weakened and almost annihilated by his struggles with material nature, and his purely analytical and inductive modes of obtaining knowledge; a new revelation, suited to his enlarged views and more spiritual needs, should be vouchsafed. And it may be, that *we are on the verge of an era*, when this mysterious and mediatorial element

---

\* Literal meaning of Scribes and Pharisees.

between mind and mind—the magnetic fluid—will open to us a means of intellectual acquisition and psychical experience, more commensurate with our yet unfolded capacities and boundless desires.”\* In speaking of the great Seers, Prophets, and Messiahs of the world, we would always be distinctly understood to consider them as much a growth of Nature, as the tree or the flower, the artisan or the artist, and to deny the existence of any thing miraculous or supernatural about them. Indeed, there can be nothing miraculous or *super* natural; for though there may be much that is still above and beyond our present knowledge of Nature, there can be nothing above Nature itself; for Nature is the manifestation, the expression, of God. Such men are only, as we have said, beings of a more susceptible and impressible organization than the many; more alive to all lofty and spiritual impressions, and to the great ideas and influences of the spirit of the age, which is the spirit of a living, moving, progressive Deity. A fairer and fuller flower of our common humanity, but still, in all respects, man. And there is nothing that the youthful Seer of our own time and land insists more strongly upon, not only as respects the prophets and seers of the past, but in regard to himself and his own teachings, than their strictly *natural* origin, and the folly and falsity of all pretenses of supernatural inspiration, all assumption of a superior position in the scale of being, and a nearer relation and connection with Deity. And he also maintains the sole authority of reason, truth, and nature, in all matters of revelation, and of religious, moral, and intellectual teachings. “The author,” he says, in his preface to the *Harmonia*, vol. i., “will not consent to be considered as an *infallible* teacher of science and philosophy; he addresses his revealments to the intuition and reason of the human soul. Hence, whatever he communicates to mankind must *live upon its own intrinsic* merits, upon its own indwelling vitality, and not because *he* has, while in the superior condition, spoken or written it.” Thus we see that he claims no authority for his teachings, save that of their accordance with Nature and with Reason.

---

\* John Chapman, of London, in an English edition of “Nature’s Divine Revelations.”



The appearance and manner of Mr. Davis is in perfect keeping with his character; natural, unaffected, and devoid of pretense. The affectionate tenderness of his tones, the gentleness of his demeanor, and his perfect repose, indicate the native sweetness of his temper, and the calmness and tranquillity of his soul, and impress the stranger favorably, even at first sight.

His forehead is high, expanding broadly in the region of Ideality. His eye has a thoughtful, introversive look, with a remarkable vivacity and luster, that, together with a long and heavy beard,\* and masses of black-brown hair, gives him a weird and supernatural mien, despite the youthful freshness of a face not deficient in beauty, and serves to stamp the character of "seer" and "prophet" upon his every lineament. Mr. Davis was twenty-six years of age the 11th of August last, having been born A.D. 1826, in Bloomingville, Orange County, N. Y. When a child, however, his parents moved to Hyde Park, in Dutchess County. Here his earliest occupation was that of a herdsman; and, passing the long summer days solitary and alone, save his cattle, he doubtless imbibed that habit of quiet thought and meditation that has such a tendency to nurse the growth of youthful genius, and give an elevation and serenity of soul. His mother, who left this lower sphere many years since, was a sympathetic, tender-hearted woman, distinguished for her kindness to the sick and suffering, and her care and attention in all scenes of sorrow and distress, to which it was her delight to minister. But her greatest peculiarity, and one that is most interesting to us in this connection, was her faculty of spiritual vision, second-sight, or natural clairvoyance. This led to her being consulted to find missing articles, etc., by her neighbors, as are mesmeric subjects, or artificial clairvoyants, at the present day; and we have facts, gathered from authentic and reliable sources, to show the power she possessed in this way. Thus the boy imbibed from his mother, not only the tenderness and sympathy for the sick, the suffering, and the dis

---

\* Mr. D. is one of a large class who do not believe the beard was given to man merely to scrape off with a piece of sharp iron, but to protect and beautify the man.

tressed, that was such a peculiar trait in her character, but, also, her mental vision and power of clairvoyance.

And this leads us to observe, that although in every age of the world's history, and among all nations, this faculty of spiritual insight, this opening of the interior vision of the soul, has been noticed in a few rare instances, especially with people of a religious organization, yet, it has never—at least till now—been recognized as a power common to all men, a native and universal property of the mind, as yet only partially and feebly developed. Doubtless, however, the time is rapidly drawing near, when it will be as distinctly enumerated among the faculties of our nature as Imagination, Causality, Marvelousness, or any other mental attribute; and when clairvoyant mothers, through the law of hereditary transmission, shall give birth to children that shall, even in earliest years, evince this now marvelous power of spiritual vision. Accordingly, at the early age of eight years, young Davis manifested, in a state of natural somnambulism, the germ of this clairvoyant faculty, rising in his sleep, to pursue in the hours of night and darkness, the occupation of drawing and painting, for which he evinced a great fondness. This somnambulatory tendency, we are aware, is not very uncommon among children; and many published accounts, as well as private anecdotes, may be easily gathered of remarkable feats of mental sight performed in such states, indicating a great susceptibility of temperament, and a tendency toward unfolding the interior vision, that should be carefully fostered, and cautiously developed. Indeed, it is from this faculty of inward sight, this clairvoyant tendency, as we shall proceed to show, that Mr. Davis has received his education and training, and derived all the various learning, the marvelous lore, and the divine and elevated wisdom, for which he is so distinguished. That such is the case, and that he has been without other sources of information and instruction, are matters susceptible of every proof, and may be readily gathered from the facts of his life. His parents were simple, uneducated people; his father a mere cobbler, and always acquainted with poverty, with whom, after his removal to Poughkeepsie in 1838, Jackson worked for eighteen months—till he was fourteen—at shoemaking. Immediately

after which, he went into a grocery store, which his father subsequently purchased. Here he continued for a year or two, till 1841, when, at about the age of fifteen, he was regularly apprenticed as a shoemaker, to Mr. Ira Armstrong. The shoemaker's stall, indeed, is no poor preparation for the prophet's closet. The wonderful German mystic, Jacob Böhme, graduated from the cobbler's bench, and that earnest man of God, George Fox, was a worker in leather. Roger Sherman, of Revolutionary memory, and our own inspired and true-hearted Whittier, one of the greatest apostles of freedom, humanity, and reform the world has ever known, followed originally this gentle calling. Love of liberty, justice, and the right, dwells in the humble shop of the shoemaker, and many of the "longest headed," and most thinking men we have ever known, worked their active brains with their busy fingers in this quiet, sedentary occupation, so favorable to thought and meditation. Thus, we see, the boy had no time for books. His parents, indeed, had little care for intellectual pursuits; and this, with their deficient means, and the necessity laid upon the son to earn his own living, allowed him none of the usual advantages of education. Accordingly we find that, save *some five months' attendance at a district school*, his whole life, up to the time of his appearance before the world as a Seer, was spent in manual labor; and Mr. Davis can still show his friends the only school-book it was his fortune ever to own. In attestation of these facts, says the Rev. Wm. Fishbough, "The boy's school tuition was confined to about five months, during which time he learned to read imperfectly, to write a fair hand, and to do simple sums in arithmetic. From early youth, until he entered on his clairvoyant career, he was mostly kept at such manual employments as were adapted to his age." With these duties and responsibilities constantly pressing upon his mind, he had neither desire nor opportunity to study and inform himself upon the simplest branches of science, history, or general literature. During the intervals between his hours of employment, he was never known to frequent public libraries, and was seldom known to take up a book. Several of those best acquainted with him through his childhood and youth, confirm this statement. Mr. Hinchman, of Hyde

Park, in whose employ his father was for several years, observes: "His only facilities for obtaining an education were such as are afforded by a district school, which he was not much disposed to attend." Mr. Southwick, of Poughkeepsie, remarks, "His opportunities of instruction, *if he had any*, were very limited."

Says S. S. Lapham, also of Poughkeepsie, who was well acquainted with him for three years, after speaking, as do all the other witnesses, very highly of his moral character, "Of his education—that which he obtained at school, or from books, I mean—I am constrained to say it is of a very limited character; he having never received more than about five months' schooling, as he has stated to me; which statement is corroborated by the testimony of those who have known him from childhood. His reading has also been limited, and of a character calculated to yield him no great benefit."

Mr. Armstrong, to whom he was apprenticed, declares, "His education barely amounted to a knowledge of reading, writing, and the rudiments of arithmetic. His reading was exceedingly limited, and confined to that of a light and juvenile description."

Rev. A. R. Bartlett, at the date of these letters (*viz.*, the winter and spring of 1847, and at the time Jackson was just come of age) "a settled and esteemed pastor in Poughkeepsie," writes: "I first became acquainted with A. J. Davis in Poughkeepsie, New York, early in the year 1842. At that time, and until his services were wholly absorbed in the mesmeric art, he was engaged in the business of shoemaking. He had no mother living; his father was very industrious, but poor; hence, at a tender age, the subject of this sketch was thrown, to a great extent, if not wholly, upon his own exertions, for the means of support and progress." "At the date of our intimacy, no one could resist the conviction, that his advantages had not been sufficient to give him common proficiency in the simplest elements of the English language. Decided disadvantages were all around him, and so continued, so far as obtaining an education was concerned; for during my acquaintance with him, which was most intimate from A.D. 1842, to 1845—and continued by correspondence till recently—he had not an hour's schooling,

nor could he have afforded it consistently with his circumstances."

This testimony, full, explicit, and reliable, as it most certainly is, brings the history of Mr. Davis up to the time of his clairvoyance, and proves, beyond doubt or cavil, that his education and learning were not obtained in any way from books or schools, and, that *up to such time*, his advantages in that way had been "next to nothing."

Let us next observe what, if any, were his advantages from outward sources, during his experience as a clairvoyant and Seer, at which time he was in a most humble condition, and wholly unknown and unregarded by the world. In the autumn of 1843, still a mere shoemaker's boy, humble and unnoticed, an excitement on the subject of animal magnetism was created in Poughkeepsie, by a course of lectures from Mr. Grimes, the phrenologist, who attempted, but without effect, to operate on young Davis. A short time after, Mr. Livingston, a tailor in Poughkeepsie, was more successful; and the youth, being magnetized, evinced wonderful powers of clairvoyance, such as reading with his eyes bandaged, through the cover of books, describing distinct objects and places that he had never visited, etc., thus establishing the power of interior sight in regard to himself, and confirming its existence and activity in the human mind and constitution. Soon, however, the youth refused to submit to such tests as only served to gratify vain curiosity; and, while in "the superior state," indicated it to be his present mission to *examine and prescribe for diseases*. To this end, he dissolved his connection as apprentice with Mr. Armstrong, and devoted himself to the use of his interior vision in the cure of diseases; and, as there is abundant testimony to show, with wonderful success. By degrees, however, in the gradual education and unfolding of his mind, his remarkable *perception of causes*, and *knowledge of science*, was developed, by which he was enabled to unlock the secrets, and fathom the mysteries of the universe, and of the human soul. At this time the boy still read nothing, and Mr. Livingston, his tailor-friend, having always been heretofore employed in the labors of his craft, was so little versed in science and literature, as to be entirely unable

to comprehend the technical terms employed by his youthful subject in his medical examinations. So that any theory that would explain Mr. Davis' acquaintance with scientific terminology, and with the mysteries of science, on the supposition of sympathetic reception, is thus seen to be wholly groundless. At the very outset of his career as a clairvoyant, his claim to derive his information and scientific wisdom wholly by his spiritual and interior vision, and not from men or books, was most openly, distinctly, and frankly presented; and, had there been the least ground of suspicion that the fact was otherwise, in the different places which he visited, and among the curious and inquisitive multitudes of all classes, professions, and orders of mind to whom he was a subject of intense interest, it would most undoubtedly have been made to appear. And yet by no one of all those who witnessed the phenomena, and observed and examined Mr. Davis during his career as a traveling and medical clairvoyant, has a particle of evidence ever been brought forward to show, that he obtained any information from books or scholars, or that his knowledge of anatomy, physiology, psychology, and science in general, was obtained from any other source than whence it was professed to have emanated. This we deem to be utterly conclusive in regard to the matter. At this stage of his career, without the aid of his mesmerizer—7th of March, 1844—he entered into an abnormal state, characterized by spiritual or interior vision, at which time he seems to have been first impressed with the general idea of his mission. And, on the 27th of November, the year following, he commenced, in a clairvoyant state, a course of lectures, afterward published in a large volume, under the title of “Nature's Divine Revelations, and a Voice to Mankind.” Various theories have been started to account for these productions from the brain of a boy of nineteen, without having recourse to the solution, claimed by Davis and his friends, of spiritual vision and spiritual intercourse, the most plausible and frequently urged of which is, that of sympathetic influx from the minds of others, especially from the minds of his mesmerizer, and his scribe. But, allowing even that this theory of a reception from other minds, through sympathy, made the matter any more simple

and intelligible, these lectures presuppose a vast amount of learning and scientific information derived from extensive reading, and various and thorough research in the two gentlemen who acted as mesmerizer and scribe. Now, the facts of the case are, that both of these gentlemen were young men, and however *worthy, intelligent, and talented*, neither of them were educated men. And, had they enjoyed the advantages, they had not yet had the time or the years to master any great acquirements; Dr. Lyon, the mesmerizer, as we are informed, having then recently commenced practice as a botanic doctor, after having been engaged in some mechanical (or manufacturing) labors; and Mr. Fishbough, the scribe, a young clergyman of the Universalist denomination, having never enjoyed the privileges of a University, or even a theological school; and both being thus wholly self-educated men, of no *uncommon* attainment, to say the least, in science or philosophy. We deem this fact a very *important one* in the statement of the case. Mr. Fishbough, the scribe, emphatically declares, in his introduction to the lectures, "Many facts, principles, and theories are presented in this volume, which were before *totally unconceived and unbelieved* by either of Mr. Davis' associates, especially on cosmological, theological, and spiritual subjects." With neither of these associates had his acquaintance been longer than a few months, and "Dr. Lyon was an utter *unbeliever in clairvoyance* previous to his acquaintance and examination of Mr. Davis." The scribe testified also, with the confirmation of other witnesses, of the unexpected character of his connection with the youthful Seer. Happening to be at Bridgeport, the May preceding the lectures, he says he "fell in with Mr. Davis and Mr. Livingston, who were then at that place on business connected with their occupation. During a most interesting consultation; which we then, in company with Rev. S. B. Brittan and several other gentlemen, enjoyed with the clairvoyant, in respect to various scientific and spiritual subjects, we learned, for the first time, that he was soon to commence a series of lectures and revelations upon subjects such as are embraced in this book. But not until about *thirty hours previous* to the commencement of these lectures, had we the least anticipation of being connected with him as his re-

porter." And, again, he says: "On the 27th of November, 1845, residing at the time in New Haven, Connecticut, we received per mail a note from Dr. Lyon, stating that we had been appointed by Mr. Davis, while in the clairvoyant state, as the scribe to report and prepare for the press his lectures, which were to commence immediately. The appointment was entirely unsolicited (we will not say undesired) by ourself: and so far from anticipating such an honor, we were then busily engaged in making arrangements to remove to Massachusetts. The next day, however, we embarked for New York, and in the evening wrote Mr. Davis' first lecture at his dictation, *subsequently* agreeing to write and prepare the whole for the press." So much for the theory of "sympathetic influx." The idea that Mr. Davis gathered, selected, and arranged the matter of these lectures from books, and committed the substance of each lecture to memory, with all the difficult scientific technology employed, absurd as it may seem, has also been urged by not a few skeptical objectors. Now, in answer to this most incredible hypothesis, in the first place, we say, that such a theory presupposes, not only that Mr. D. should have obtained a minute and thorough acquaintance with the science of cosmogony, astronomy, geology, mineralogy, chemistry, anatomy, physiology, psychology, etc., etc., from standard English works, but, that he must have perused and studied the most erudite and profound French and German writers. But were such an amount and kind of reading possible to his means and state of culture, the want of leisure for such studies and investigations must have altogether precluded him from them. Beside the time occupied in the delivery of one hundred and fifty-seven lectures, during the space of fifteen months, some of which were four hours in duration, we are assured that the rooms, "when the clairvoyant was not lecturing, were freely accessible to *all* persons, from seven o'clock in the morning, till ten o'clock in the evening, including the hours of medical examinations. All questions were promptly and candidly answered, and the clairvoyant's manuscripts were always open to the inspection of the curious." In such a state of things, even could we conceive of an association of gentlemen banded together for the purpose of carrying on such a con-



summate piece of fraud and villany, they must have been immediately detected, and exposed to the scorn which such a course would merit. But, we find, that beside three selected witnesses chosen to be present, as far as possible, at the delivery of all the lectures, twenty-three others, incidentally present, have given their respectable names; and, that, to the original lectures, as taken down from the clairvoyant's lips, are attached two hundred and sixty-seven signatures. Says one of these witnesses, James Victor Wilson, now deceased, in a little work entitled "*Magnetism and Clairvoyance explained, inculcated and applied*": "Perhaps over four thousand different persons, who have witnessed him (Davis) in his magnetical examinations, or in his scientific disclosures, live to testify to the astonishing exaltation of mind possessed by Mr. Davis in his abnormal state." And after a thorough examination of the testimony, we give full credence to Mr. Fishbough's statement, that "It is known to an absolute moral *certainty* to Mr. Davis' most intimate acquaintances, that he was, while in his normal state, totally uninformed on all the great leading subjects treated in his book, *until* he perused the manuscripts of *his own lectures*. Tracing Mr. Davis' history onward, we find him, shortly after the delivery of these lectures, freed from all necessary connection with the magnetizer, developing his interior sight, in such a way as to become "an independent clairvoyant," and still depending for his instruction in science, literature, and philosophy, and for his whole education, to the influences brought to bear upon him from the spiritual world when in the "superior condition," or state of absolute clairvoyance. Says Rev. Professor Bush of him at this time: "To every thing the inditing mind approaches with a certain latent consciousness of *mastery* of all its principles, details, and technicalities, and yet, without the least ostentatious display of superior mental prowess. In every one, the speaker appears to be equally at home, and utters himself with the easy confidence of one who had made each subject the exclusive study of a whole life." We might adduce various and most reliable testimony to prove, that he still lived without any acquaintance with books, or any dependence upon external teachings, or instruction of any kind. But, as our limits compel

us to hasten this sketch to its conclusion, we shall content ourselves with one witness, personally known to us, as a most sincere, earnest, and truthful man, as well as a person of a high order of intelligence, viz., Wm. Greene, Jr., formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., and now a resident of Hartford, Connecticut, in whose family the youthful Seer was embosomed most of the time after the publication of his first great work (Nature's Divine Revelations), and up to the period when his first independent work, vol. i. of the Great Harmonia, was given to the world. Says Mr. Greene, under date of March 15, 1850: "Mr. Davis has lived in my family nearly the whole of the last two years. He has composed nearly the whole of the present volume (Great Harmonia vol. i.), and many articles on other subjects, in my house, and I do not think he has read a book since he has been in my family; indeed, I do not remember ever to have seen him read any thing but the manuscripts as he wrote them; neither have I ever seen any scientific books of reference, or otherwise, in his possession; nor do I believe he has had any to refer to, except occasionally to a dictionary, for the purpose of *verifying* the authority of a few words. During my intercourse with him, I have witnessed frequently the exhibition of his remarkable powers; and I have questioned him, under every variety of circumstances, respecting different subjects and phenomena; and it has been my privilege to receive from his lips the most prompt and soul-satisfying replies. His mind seems to be unfolding more and more, constantly; his superior condition—as he terms his illuminated state—seems to become more and more identical with his normal, or waking existence."—"I have ever found him as much at home in one department of human inquiry as in another; the technicalities of anatomy and physiology, of geology and astronomy, are familiar to him—as far as my acquaintance with these sciences enables me to judge—as they are to the *professor*, who has made one of them the study of a lifetime." And he distinctly declares, after two years' intimate acquaintance and observation, "I am fully persuaded, from various sources, as well as from observation, that Mr. Davis has *never* read a medical or a philosophical work."

In Mr. Davis' first published writings, his penciled impres-

sions were carefully copied out by his devoted and accomplished wife. But, latterly, his works have been—in some cases, at least—printed immediately from the penciled notes themselves. In Hartford, where Mr. Davis resides, a large and continually increasing congregation listen with deep and earnest interest to his lectures every Sunday, and hold also meetings for conference and discussion; and, throughout the whole country, from east to west, the disciples of the Rational Harmonial and Spiritual Philosophy he inculcates, are augmenting among all classes even the most intelligent, and from all sects of religionists, with a rapidity wholly unexampled, showing that the times are ripe for the new word, and that the hour but awaited the man. We regret that our limits forbid us to enter here, as we would wish, into an account of the various spiritual experiences and interesting and wonderful visions of the Youthful Seer. We hope hereafter, however, either in the pages of *The Shekinah*, or, if permitted, in a more ample and elaborate work, to do better justice to the subject, and to all the mystic and marvelous phenomena connected with it. We refer those interested in the matter to some personal details, in an account of his "Early Experience," vol. ii. of "*The Great Harmonia*." With the intimate friends and associates of Mr. Davis, it is a settled fact, wholly beyond doubt or question, that he not only has a facility of obtaining ideas and various information in regard to the nature and causes of things, while in an abnormal or clairvoyant state, from the great fountain of mind and thought in the Spirit-world, but also that without ever having seen or heard of a work or its author in his normal or natural state, he can so come in contact or "rapport" with the thought of the book or the writer, as to quote accurately, not only their ideas, but the very words of the originals, and this, not only when expressed in his own native tongue, but from works and authors in other languages. During some years' acquaintance with him, we have taken frequent occasions, incidentally, to test this matter to our own satisfaction; and we have known him frequently to characterize philosophers, thinkers, and authors, whose productions he could never by any possibility have read, and whose names even he could hardly have heard spoken; and this with the most express-

ive fidelity and accuracy of description. His own account of his methods is given in the early part of "Nature's Divine Revelations," and it will be difficult, if not impossible, to us, in the small space that remains, to describe such process. We can only suggest, in few words, what we think may aid the *attentive* reader toward an explanation of the phenomenon.

1. The great Positive Mind of the Universe, that fills all things with Life and Intelligence, is the source of all ideas as well as of all created existences.

2. These ideas are manifested in his creations, and under certain circumstances they flow into the Mind by *direct influx* through the Ideality or Imagination, the great creative or ideal faculty of the human soul.

3. New ideas are the original types or causes of all we perceive by the senses, *i. e.*, of all created things. They are only made to appear to us, or become actual, through our outward senses—what are properties to the senses being ideas to the mind; deprived of these outward senses, or divested of the body, all things come to our spiritual or interior senses as ideas. Nothing can be created and made apparent to the senses by human art, except it be first an idea to the soul. The statue of the sculptor, the forms that breathe from the painter's glowing canvas, with the humbler product of the handicraftsman, are all the outgrowth—often the imperfect expression—of inward ideas; and thus, as man's ideal becomes more and more elevated, the various arts of life become more beautiful and more perfect.

4. The invisible region of ideas is, therefore, in relation to the visible world, "the sphere of causes;" and by influx from the divine omnipresent Mind, the knowledge of causes flows into our finite minds.

5. This influx from the divine Spirit is *Inspiration*, as distinguished from the knowledge derived from the perception of the senses.

6. And, to a full recipiency of such divine Influx or Inspiration, a state of harmony, of quiet, meditative "receptivity" is essential; and the original ideas of seer, prophet, poet, artist, and inventor, come from this source and in this way to their minds.

7. But, in the clairvoyant state, the external senses being closed, and all causes of outward disturbance shut out, the mind, with nothing to destroy its inward harmony, is in the best condition for the reception of ideas through this divine influx or inspiration from the great Positive Mind, and, hence, the ideas thus received are more pure, unmixed, and truthful, and therefore more reliable, than those received in the common and less harmonious and quiet state. Thus, the Scribe, in the introduction to "Nature's Divine Revelations," in speaking of Mr. Davis, says, "While in the sphere of the body, excitement of any kind disturbed him, as also did the presence of persons whose 'spheres' were uncongenial."

The highest and most peculiar evidence of all spiritual refinement of character, of all moral control, Christian culture, and true harmony of soul is mildness, meekness, gentleness; and perhaps the greatest charm of this youthful Seer's presence, is this sweet and lovely grace of *gentleness*. He is always and wholly gentle; gentle in feeling and in thought, gentle in word and in life. Says his friend, Mr. Greene, "As to the harmony of his mind, I must confess I never witnessed such an example of self-control and individual tranquillity. He seems to govern his mind, or have it governed for him, by some invisible power, to an extent almost beyond belief." And his wife testifies to us "that she has never known him to utter a harsh or unkind word, or to have his temper ruffled in the least, through all her acquaintance with him." The spirit of love, which is the divine spirit, seems most fully to have taken up its abode in his heart, and to influence and harmonize his life; and no being walks the earth more humane and charitable, more sympathetic, tender, and merciful.

Our present limits utterly preclude any analysis of his Philosophy—the Rational and Harmonial Philosophy—the Philosophy of Reason, Humanity, and the Brotherhood.

With a conscientious sense of fulfilling a high and holy duty—as a friend to all the interests of humanity—as an earnest lover of science, philosophy, and true spiritual religion—we have thus attempted an examination of the peculiar and marvelous phenomena, and the wonderful manifestation of mental

development presented in the mind and life of the great American Seer, constituting, as it does, a new and before almost unknown phase of human development, and prophetic, as we believe it to be, of a *higher and fairer manifestation of all humanity* in the future, we only have to regret that our powers of thought and expression are all too weak and feeble to describe the mind and do justice to the divine and beautiful character of one so venerated and so beloved.

---

## IMPRESSIBILITY OF ANIMALS.

BY WM. FISHBOUGH.

It is known that, through certain interior sympathies, the *rationale* of which has not yet come within the scope of *the world's* philosophy, animals of certain species are unerringly prompted to acts adapted to the relief of their present wants, and to make provisions for the future exigencies of themselves and their offspring. Thus, it would appear, that a new swarm of bees, if not immediately provided with a suitable hive, will alight upon a branch of a tree, or adopt some other temporary residence, and thence will send out a *committee of exploration*, which, after they have found some hollow tree or other place suitable as a habitation for the swarm, will return and report, and lead the whole community to the newly-discovered retreat. Thus, also, birds, with the variations of the seasons, are infallibly guided to congenial climates; and thus, the thirsty camel, passing for the first time across the parched desert, and unacquainted by outer sense with its localities, will turn from his path despite of the urgings of his master, and travel directly to a fountain of water at a distance of many miles. These mysterious faculties of the lower animals have been called *instincts*.

But the old spiritualists have ascribed still higher faculties

to certain species of animals (particularly to the horse and the dog), viz., the faculty of perceiving the presence of spirits. Whether this opinion is well founded or not, it would seem that *dogs* have sometimes been subject to mysterious and providential impulses, as the following facts show :

Mrs. H., a neighbor of mine, informed me that many years ago, as she was crossing, one evening, in company with her servant girl, from New York to Williamsburgh, a strange dog, aboard the boat, showed a sudden and remarkable attachment to her, and that after the boat arrived at the slip, the dog followed her as she proceeded toward her home. The place not being built up as it is now, she traveled with her servant across the vacant lots, and, when near where Fifth Street now is (it being then dark), a man suddenly leaped out from behind a high rock, and seized her by the throat. Quick as thought the dog throttled him, and after handling him severely for a while, let him go, when the man, putting his hand to his neck, exclaimed, "O my God, I am killed!" He then fled, crying for assistance, and Mrs. H. and her girl, in passing homeward, stopped at a house on the way, and informed the family of the occurrence. One of the members of this family shortly afterward went to the Peckslip ferry-house, and was there informed that a man had just been carried over the river, nearly or quite dead, the jugular vein having, from some cause, been severed!

Another case, quite as remarkable, I find recorded in a curious book, entitled, "News from the Invisible World: a Collection of Remarkable Narratives on the Certainty of Supernatural Visitations," etc., by T. Otway. The story is to the effect, that Sir Harry Lee, of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, was one night, on retiring to bed, surprised and annoyed by the importunities of his large mastiff, which, contrary to all the dog's previous habits, insisted upon entering his bed-room and remaining after he retired. As often as the dog was driven away he returned, whined, and bounded against the door, as if in anxiety, until, wearied by his importunities, Sir Harry permitted him to enter the room, and take up his lodgings under the bed. During the night, Sir Harry was aroused from sleep by a terrible conflict between the dog and some person who had entered the room,

and, ringing for a light, he found that the intruder was an Italian servant of the family, who then lay upon the floor with the dog at his neck. On being examined, the servant afterward confessed that it was his intention to murder Sir Harry, and afterward to rob him.

To the foregoing I may add the following from Mrs. Crowe, who says she can vouch for its authenticity, the traditions being very carefully preserved in the family concerned, from whom she had it. "In the last century, Mr. P., a member of this family, who had involved himself in some of the stormy affairs in this northern part of the island, was one day surprised by seeing a favorite dog that was lying at his feet, start suddenly up and seize him by the knee, which he pulled, not with violence, but in a manner that indicated a wish that his master should follow him to the door. The gentleman resisted the invitation for some time, till at length, the perseverance of the animal rousing his curiosity, he yielded, and was thus conducted by the dog to the most sequestered part of a neighboring thicket, where, however, he could see nothing to account for his dumb friend's proceeding, who now laid himself down quite satisfied, and seemed to wish his master to follow his example, which, determined to pursue the adventure and find out, if possible, what it meant, he did. A considerable time now elapsed before the dog would consent to his master's going home; but at length he arose and led the way thither, when the first news Mr. P. heard was, that a party of soldiers had been there in quest of him; and he was shown the marks of their spikes, which had been thrust through the bed-clothes in their search. He fled, and ultimately escaped, his life being thus preserved by the dog."

If invisible intelligences can so act through the subtle forces of Nature as to produce concussive sounds, or move a table—a fact which we have a right to consider as established until certain multiplied and notorious phenomena are accounted for on some other and more satisfactory hypothesis—then we see no reason why they may not so act upon the life forces of *animals* as to develop instincts, or give impressions such as are exemplified in the foregoing cases. And if these facts, and the prin-



ciples suggested to explain them, are deserving of any regard, then we may moderate the contempt and pity which we have heretofore exercised toward the supposed superstitions of the ancient Egyptians, who claimed to receive oracles (in other words, spiritual communications) by certain signs given by (or through) the sacred bull Apis. But aside from all explanatory theories which we might here offer, the many facts, such as the above, showing the existence of mysterious instincts and preternatural susceptibilities to impressions, in certain species of animals, certainly form an interesting subject of contemplation, and of themselves prove the existence of a world of animal and intellectual life far removed from the ken of outer sense.

---

**RAPS RECOGNIZED.**—The following fact was lately stated by Rev. Mr. B. at a spiritual conference. Mr. B. being at a spiritual circle with a number of his friends, it was concluded by several of the party to call up the spirit of their old acquaintance, Captain —, whose calling, for many years, had been that of a pilot. No sooner was the spirit of the old man invoked, than two quick raps, and after a short pause, another and louder rap, were heard. The sounds bore other marked peculiarities, from which the old man was instantly recognized by those of the party who had intimately known him before his decease. The raps were precisely such as he had, for forty or fifty years, been in the habit of making upon his own door on his return home from his piloting expeditions, and by which his whole family and servants never failed to recognize his presence. Those of the circle who had been acquainted with the old man, all declared that they had not thought of his peculiar raps certainly within two or three years; and, as they were then all looking for some demonstration of a very peculiar kind, the phenomenon which did occur could not be supposed to be copied from their thoughts.

## STRIVE.

BY C. D. STUART.

STRIVE, when thou strivest, as a man  
Whose empire is the open world;  
From whom the tyrant and his ban  
Are, like a reed, to ruin hurl'd.

Thy heritage—what prouder boast  
Have children of the kingly line?  
From midland to the ocean coast,  
The sky, the air, the earth is thine.

And thou, too, humble as thou art,  
With throne nor regal diadem,  
Shalt bear and act the monarch's part,  
And be a royal prince with them.

Ho! toss ye up the shaken brand;  
The wrongs ye bide—for ye have borne—  
Shall crumble 'neath your wizard hand,  
And every fetter link be torn.

Have ye not brows as other men,  
And nerves to do, and hearts to feel,  
And kingdoms in the poorest glen  
That is not hemmed by shining steel?

Thy brother shall not bear thee down,  
Although a king of earth is he,  
But cast 'mid stormy hosts his crown,  
And turn with shame and cling to thee.

Not higher birth hath human one,  
Nor better walks the earth abroad  
Than he, who peasantry hath won,  
A free and fearless son of God.

---

## TRUE GREATNESS.

BY J. W. STORRS.

COUNT no man great, because at the nod  
Of his jewel'd and kingly crown,  
In meek submission—to kiss the sod  
Which he treadeth—his slaves bow down.

Nor yet, because at his tyrant will  
Whole nations have reeked in blood,  
For know, true greatness can only dwell  
In the breast of the truly good.

Count no man great, because he can boast  
Of millions of gold in store,  
For though, through the might of his shining dust,  
He may frown on the toiling poor ;

Yet greater by far, and richer he,  
In the wealth of the heaven above,  
Is the man whose heart from guile is free,  
And whose soul is filled with love.

## THE COMFORTER.

A FRIEND, who sustains eminent social and political relations, has handed us an interesting correspondence between one of our most distinguished citizens and an intelligent lady at the South. It will be perceived that the lady had been called to resign the object of her fondest affection, in the early departure of her child. With no well-grounded hope of meeting it again, nothing was left for her but to cherish the sacred memory of hopes and joys which sprang into being at its birth, only to perish as suddenly, even as spring-flowers wither when touched by the untimely frost. The bereaved spirit asks, with the moving eloquence which sorrow inspires, for some tidings of the absent one. The responses to her earnest questionings comforted her spirit, and they may afford consolation to others.—Ed.

Those who have never investigated the subject of Spiritual Intercourse, and whose ideas of it are bounded by mere physical manifestations, have but faint conceptions of its value or its importance. Others who have gone farther, and looked into it rationally, know full well how great a blessing it is to man.

The following correspondence shows one phase of it, of great interest, and yet this is but a single instance among many with which Spiritualists are familiar. These letters speak for themselves. It is not of much moment who are the writers, but in one of them will be recognized an individual who, it is well known, has given the subject a careful investigation, and who is a thorough believer in the reality, as well as the blessing, of spiritual intercourse.

\* \* \*

—, June, 1852.

To —:

SIR—The perusal of this letter will, no doubt, excite an emotion of surprise in your mind, at the temerity of the writer, in addressing you on such a subject; a person of whom you are and will, doubtless, ever remain totally ignorant. But the explanation I have given will, I hope, disabuse your mind of any false or injurious impressions as to my motives in thus addressing you.

As the daughter of a clergyman, I was early and strictly trained to believe. When, however, in the course of years, my love of study, and my somewhat speculative turn of mind, led me to the perusal of works adverse to the belief in which I had been trained, I unconsciously imbibed some of the opinions of their authors, without admitting it to myself or acknowledging it to others. With the Atheist, I found myself questioning the truth of revelation, and with the Materialist, doubting the possibility of a future. Thus my mind remained, until the death of one dearer to me than life, again directed my thoughts to the future state, and the possibility of there recognizing the being so dear to me in this. While engaged in the perusal and study of all that would throw light on that hidden world, your name appeared before the public as a believer in the "Spiritual Knockings," as they are called; a name that guarantees us against deceit and imposture, and which at once convinced my mind as to the truth of these revelations from the other world, which we of the South ridicule and denounce. I pray you then, sir, to tell me, Is there a Spiritual World? And shall we there recognize each other? I do not ask for arguments from the schools, but of your own personal knowledge. Can you tell aught of that world, which will console me for the loss of one I so prized? I hope you will pardon these queries, which to one not acquainted with me must convey a doubt of my sanity. And believe me, whatever you may see fit to write, shall remain locked in my own heart. For which purpose, I beg that should you do me the honor to answer this, you will direct your letter to —, in lieu of my real name as signed, as my letters are sometimes opened. And I also request that you *will not show* this to any one, but *burn* it immediately. Confiding in your generosity for an early answer,

I remain, with the truest respect, Yours.

\* \* \*

—, June 18, 1852.

DEAR MADAM—You need make no apology for addressing me on the subject of your letter. The privilege which I enjoy has not been conferred on me for my own benefit only, but also for the good of others, and it is at once my duty, as well as a

pleasure to me, to answer such inquiries so far as my other duties will allow me time to do so. My own mind was once very much in the condition in which you describe yours. I, too, doubted the truth of revelation and the existence of the soul after death, and I looked upon Spiritual intercourse (when I thought of it at all) as a humbug. I was led into an investigation of the subject from Above, and though not without my own volition, yet without any seeking on my part. I have pursued my investigations for a year and a half, with the utmost patience and scrutiny and under very favorable circumstances. I was slow to believe, and demanded proof with a pertinacity, and at times a captiousness, that must have tried the patience of those who were teaching me. The proof was accorded me, and I should have been demented to have withheld my belief any longer.

It is not practicable, in the limits of such a letter, to give you even a faint idea of what those proofs are. I must content myself with saying to you, that I have heard, seen, and felt the presence of departed spirits. My own judgment and reason, brought to bear on this evidence, have led me to such conclusions, and I have the most satisfactory evidence of the identity of those who have thus communed with me.

I have learned what is the nature of the next stage of existence after this life, and that the spirits of our departed friends are ever hovering around us, watching over us, breathing their influence upon us, and communing with us, whenever our grossness and blindness will allow them; that they have many ways of communing—some through the senses, as by the knockings, etc., and some through impressions made on the mind; that they are more happy to commune with us even than we are to have them, for their affections grow after death, and though they are free from earthly cares, they still participate in earthly joys and earthly loves.

I speak of the condition of the pure and good, of those who acknowledge Christ, not by worshiping his person, but by obeying his command to love God and our neighbor, and who recognize the great lesson he came to teach, namely, the spiritual nature of man, and his eternal existence.

These are some of the sublime truths which are taught by this

new dispensation, and they come to us through our dear friends who have departed, with a degree of affection and overflowing love that is inexpressibly touching, and that elevates the mind while it purifies the heart.

You will appreciate my reasons for dealing in such general terms. To enter into detail would require me to give you the contents of my written records, which would fill several hundred pages; and I can not expect you, or any one, to believe on my bare assertion. I do not ask any one to believe on less evidence than I exacted. But it is thus that I answer your questions, happy indeed if thus doing, I afford any relief to you 'mid your mourning.

Believe me, if you have in the Spiritual World one dearer to you than life, he is ever around and near you, watching over and guarding you, conscious of your every thought, rendered more happy by every evidence of your purity and affection, and striving to make his presence known to you. You already have an inward consciousness of his presence, which he has produced, and it is to be hoped that, ere long, you will have the *sensible* evidence of his presence, which has been accorded to me.

I feel that this letter will not afford you all the consolation you deserve, and if at any time you desire more, do not hesitate to write me. If I knew who your dear one was, perhaps I might be able to converse with him for you.

I shall address this as you require, and it is fortunate that you gave me the address plainly, for I can not read your surname as you have signed it.

I am very truly yours,

\* \* \*

P. S.—I find that I have omitted to give a direct answer to one of your questions—"Shall we in the Spiritual World recognize each other?"

Indeed we shall; I have had most satisfactory evidence on that point—moral evidence addressed to the mind alone, as well as by sight and sound.

I have more than once seen congregated together, their thoughts bent on me, the dear ones who have left me here, my

wife, my children, my parents, my brother and sister. And when I have asked whence this strong affection for me in the Spiritual World, it was answered, "Because you have many here whom you dearly loved on earth."

My wife once said to me, "We shall soon be again united, where no change can sever us. I have our dear children with me, and we have a mansion prepared for you, not made with hands, but a structure perfect: and the holy altar around which we kneel in fervent prayer to God for the advancement of spiritual progression is built in the center of our holy mansion.

"Think of us, in our happy home, awaiting your arrival with patience."

This is a little only of the abundant evidence I have on this subject, but it is enough to answer your question.

—, *July 8th, 1852.*

DEAR SIR—Allow me to return you my sincere thanks for your kindness in answering my letter. I must acknowledge that sincerely as I desired it, I scarce expected a reply; and I now doubt not that the almost resistless inclination to address you came from a higher source than the grief of a despairing mind. You have acted the part of the good Samaritan, and poured oil into the wound of one like to die; and you will have rendered a death-bed, sooner or later, calm and hopeful, which might have been disturbed by doubts. For this I again thank you. Nor could any other have afforded me this comfort, since in the integrity and judgment of no other could I have placed the same confidence.

I have also to thank you for the promise of communicating with the departed one, through you. She was but a little child, my little —, scarce five years old; but as an only daughter, had become doubly dear to me. To others my grief may appear excessive, but you, who have lost children, may conceive of the anguish of a mother's spirit, in seeing suddenly snatched from her arms, in the space of a few hours, the idol of her heart; and without a full belief of ever meeting her again. I would fain know of her happiness—if she still remembers me—and who in that Spirit-world can replace the mother in this. We know



nothing of the progression of mind in that happy world; but it would give me pleasure to know, that it advanced in proportion with their happiness. Adieu, sir. I need not assure you of the comfort and happiness you would give me, should you be able to communicate with my little one; and my confidence in your benevolence assures me that I will receive this consolation if it be possible.

Most respectfully yours,

\* \* \*

—, *July 14th, 1852.*

MY DEAR MADAM—I have just received yours of the 8th inst., and sit down to commence my reply while I have a moment's leisure, though I may not complete it to-day.

It affords me exquisite pleasure to learn that I have been instrumental in conveying comfort to you 'mid your afflictions. The knowledge that it is permitted me to do so, is a comfort to me in the trials to which I also am subject, and affords me ample compensation for the inconsiderable annoyances to which I am sometimes subjected by my known belief in spiritual intercourse. You are by no means a solitary instance of the kind. It was but a few days ago that I was enabled to convey like consolation to a lady in Tennessee, who, within a brief period, had lost a tender husband and an only child, and who felt as if she had nothing to live for. I was not only able to assure her of the continued presence around her of those she loved so well, but to convey to her a message from them fraught with the purest and most ardent love. "Tell her," was part of the message, "my spirit loves to linger around her haunts, grieves with her grief, and sorrows with her sorrow. Tell her that loved child comes with me and twines its little arms around its mother's neck, and caresses that mother it so much loved on earth, and so much loves in heaven."

I once witnessed a death-scene, where a similar feeling was exhibited. It was of the father of a lady, who thus, within the short space of three months, lost her father and her only two children, the eldest an interesting boy of six or seven years old. I saw the spirit as it departed from its body of clay, and assumed

its new form. In his departure he was attended by the spirit of his son, who had died some thirty years ago, by that of my wife, and of this lady's eldest son. While the attention of this gentleman's son was directed solely to his father, and that of my wife partly to her friends who were present, the child's attention was confined solely to its mother; his face beamed with joy and affection for her, and he was anxious to throw himself upon her bosom, so that she might perceive his presence.

I mention these things to you, as from my own experience, as they will tend to answer one of your questions, independent of all information you may receive as to your own child. I will, of course, as far as I may be permitted, add the evidence as to her.

There is another topic upon which also I can speak, irrespective of her, and that is, as to their advancement or "progression of mind in proportion to their happiness." Nothing is more satisfactorily revealed to us than the truth of this proposition. As sin flows from ignorance, so does happiness flow from knowledge. And children, who, from an early death, can not be taught here, are taught there those things which must be learned sooner or later, and which bring happiness in their train.

The great law of Progress which this new dispensation teaches, pervades all created things, from the most inanimate and sluggish particle of matter to the Great Mind that seeth all things. The immortal soul is not exempt from it, and it is most wisely ordered that in proportion to its development in knowledge and goodness, is its happiness.

This lays at the very foundation of the new dispensation, and is far too vast a theme to be more than barely alluded to, within the limits of such a letter as this.

It was this which Christ came to teach us—our spiritual nature—and with it, the duty and destiny of eternal progress. His teachings have passed through ages of blindness and ignorance, and have been warped from their true purpose, until they have, in a great measure, lost their power over the minds of men. That power is now to be revived by these new revelations, that all may learn how essential it is to happiness hereafter to enter upon the plane of everlasting progression. With-

out knowledge that can not be done. And the knowledge requisite is not that which is to be found in the glosses of men, but in the great book of Nature around us, where God has written it with his own almighty hand.

I have written more than I expected to when I commenced; but the subject is so vast that it can hardly be touched without expansion.

My chief object was to give you an idea of the condition of infants in the Spirit-world, as it has been revealed to me, yet now I can do so only in a limited degree.

It is one of happiness, of course, for they have never sinned, and, therefore, exempt from the sufferings which sin *ever* brings in its train. They are in schools where they are taught those things which it would have been better that they should have learned here. They are never without the attendance of some good spirit, whose happiness consists, in a degree, in developing their minds. They grow in stature as they would have done here, and the affection which they entertain for friends here is cherished by them and by their teachers, for it is love, as well as knowledge, which lays at the foundation of progression.

Independent, then, of all information that I may be permitted to obtain in respect to her, you may be assured, from the workings of a universal law, that her condition is one of happiness, and that her affection for you is cherished as one great cause of that happiness.

And now I lay down my pen that I may leave room for the information I hope to be able to-day to obtain for you.

—, July 17.

I resume my pen to conclude my letter; for, as I leave town to-day, for a few days' absence, I do not think it well to delay sending my letter any longer. I have not yet been able to make my inquiries about your loved one. I need not detail the difficulties that stand in the way of effecting our purpose in such cases as readily as we desire. They are not insurmountable, but they cause delay sometimes. In the case of the lady in Tennessee, it was nearly a month before I could answer her inquiries and obtain the communication she wanted. In your case, as in hers,

I will not be unmindful of your wishes, but avail myself of the first opportunity, and then write you again.

In the mean time, I ought to say to you, that I did not comply with the request contained in your first letter—to destroy it. I was confident it would be of service to the cause, and I, therefore, preserved it. That and your second letter have been read to many friends, and have afforded great joy and satisfaction to many, as I expected they would; and thus you see that the joy which has thus been given to you is reflected back from you to others, as much strangers to you as you are to me.

Last evening I read them, and a lady present, dressed in black, a stranger to me, was bathed in tears as I concluded.

Of course, I do not reveal the name of my correspondent, nor even the place whence the letters come. Thus far I preserve your confidence.

I am persuaded, however, that if I had your permission to use the correspondence freely (with or without your name, as you please), it would be the means of doing much good to others, for it teaches a most instructive and beautiful lesson. That, however, I commit entirely to your wishes, and will obey them, even to the destruction of your letters.

If, however, you consent to my using the correspondence, I will have to ask you to send me copies of this and my former letter, for I have not retained any

I hope soon to be able to write you again, and, in the mean time, I am, as ever,

Yours truly,

\* \* \*

After writing the letter of the 14th of July, I obtained the desired information as to Mrs. ——'s child, and wrote to her that she was under the guardian care of her grandmother, and was often taken to her mother to caress her and preserve in her the love for her mother.

—, *July 28th, 1852.*

DEAR SIR—I owe you an apology for not having, ere this, answered your kind letter of the 14th. Indisposition must in part

plead my excuse, though I acknowledge I could not at first decide to grant your request with regard to my letters. I have, however, concluded to leave the matter entirely with you; for, notwithstanding I can not conceive of any possible advantage to be derived from their use, I would not willingly throw an obstacle in the path of good. I must, however, stipulate for an entire suppression of both name and address; under no other circumstances would I allow of their being read. I will send you a copy of your letters as soon as my strength will permit of my copying them. To part with the originals is more than my philosophy can well bear. They are treasured by me next to my Bible; for when distressed or disturbed by doubt or sorrow, I derive always renewed comfort from their perusal; for I must not conceal from myself that my conviction of the truth of this revelation is founded on my belief in your integrity, and the soundness of your judgment; for although I argue that a man whose reasoning powers and judgment have been disciplined in the severe and exact schools of the law, and by long service on the bench, is not one likely to be deceived or carried away by his imagination or by cunning fables, others can with reason contend that the most powerful intellects have been deceived by shallow pretense and designing hypocrisy. There is no system, say they, so absurd, that advocates can not be found for it among the learned.

One sentence in your letter of the 14th, troubles me. You say, "They are in schools where they are taught those things which it would have been better that they could have learned here." Why! we would naturally suppose that the instruction there would be much more perfect, and knowledge acquired with more ease than with us.

I thank you a thousand times for the information contained in your last note, and also for the incidental proof it conveyed of the truth of the theory of revelation. I had not told you that my little — possessed a relative in that happy land. I thank you also for the pamphlet. You need not have feared misconstruction; it contained precisely the information I was anxious for; and who would not wish to know and become familiar with the face of a friend, and my best friend I must always regard

you; for what do I not owe you? tranquillity, peace, and comfort, and in return I can give you nothing but gratitude and thanks, and both of these you may be always certain of receiving from

Yours, with the utmost respect,

\* \* \*

P. S.—Should you have occasion to again address me, you may direct to my own name. Should you thus favor me, you must inform me whether you wish those copies immediately, as in that case I will try to forward them. You must pardon this scrawl—I have been obliged to lie down, from weakness, several times since I commenced.

—, *August 2d, 1852.*

DEAR MADAM—I hasten to answer your note of the 28th July, which I have just received, in order to relieve you from the necessity of hurrying in sending me copies of my letters. The sooner I get them, the sooner I can do good with them, but that is all the occasion there is for any haste in the matter. And I am anxious you should fully understand my reasons for wishing them.

One great recommendation of this new dispensation, is the consolation it affords to the afflicted and dying. I have already the record of many examples of this, and your case is a most interesting addition to the number. So that when I am asked, as I often am, to what end is all this? I may point to it as indeed "The Comforter." In that respect you will readily perceive that our correspondence can not fail to do good to others when made known. Therefore it is that I have made to you the request which you are so kind as to comply with; and you may rely upon my taking care to suppress every thing that would be likely to point out you, rather than any other female in the United States, as my correspondent.

You are entirely right in supposing that the conclusion at which I have arrived on the subject of Spiritual intercourse, is not the effect of delusion, but the result of most calm and deliberate judgment. It would be quite out of the question in the limits of a letter to give you a detail of the measures I adopted

to guard against deception—self or otherwise. A general statement in that regard is made in the Shekinah, but it is very general, and, I may add, in equally general terms, that if it is ever permitted one to believe in the conclusions of his own deliberate judgment, founded on the deliberate and long-continued evidence of his senses, I may be allowed to believe in the reality of Spiritual intercourse. Nay! I can not help believing so long as I am sane.

Still, I can not help regretting that you are compelled to found your belief on any assertion of mine. It would be so much better for you, with your acuteness of intellect, if you could see and judge for yourself—if you could apply your own reason to the evidence your own senses. For, there never was any thing that more emphatically and earnestly addressed itself to our reason than does this new dispensation in all its parts. Blind faith it utterly repudiates, and it appeals only to the true god-like quality of man—his reason. But I am afraid it will be long before it will make much progress where man is held in mental bondage of any kind. Freedom and intelligence are both necessary for its spread.

But I pass from that topic to answer your inquiry as to the education of children in the Spirit-world, and I can do that best in the language of my spiritual teachers.

On the 25th November last, it was said to me: "Those who die in infancy grow up to manhood, and are instructed in the Spirit-world in those things which they ought to have learned here. It is a misfortune and a violation of a law of Nature to die in infancy, because the object of their first stage of existence is thereby thwarted. In the Spirit-world, infants are placed in a sort of intermediate condition between the lower and higher conditions, and they are there taught and attended to by superior spirits. They are never without such attendance. They are, there, carefully instructed, yet their condition is, in some respects, unfortunate; for though, by their early death, they escape the physical sufferings of this sphere, that very ignorance of our sufferings takes away from them the capacity to enjoy the happy change which they would have attained if they had remained here to maturity. They know nothing of the contrast

between that stage of existence and this, which adds so keen a zest to the enjoyment of those who depart from this sphere after having experienced all its sorrows and sufferings.

“Another disadvantage is, that they never learn many of the feelings and emotions which a longer continuance on earth would have taught them, and which enter much into the happiness or misery of the next state of existence.”

So much for the spirits’ teachings. I add from my records some remarks of my own on the subject.

“These remarks explain what I have already observed, and what has sometimes hurt me, namely, that neither my son nor daughter (both of whom died in infancy more than twenty-five years ago), though they evince a strong affection for me, have evinced the same sympathy with my feelings that my adult friends in the Spirit-world have. They seem, indeed, to be unconscious that there are any such feelings in me. So, too, the spirit of my nephew, when attending the death of his father, was solely intent upon him, and seemed to have little or no sympathy with the sorrow of the living, while my wife, who was present also, evidently had.”

I ought also to add what, doubtless, made a difference. These were all cases of persons who had died twenty-five or thirty years ago, while children who have recently died have displayed the strongest affection imaginable. With them, doubtless as with us, time comes with healing on his wings and a weaning from earthly ties.

This is what I meant by the remark to which you allude, and I owe to you the explanation, lest you may be misled by a remark so very general in its character.

I regret very much the impaired state of your health. I know well how difficult it is, amid continued physical suffering, to bear the mind bravely up to the full discharge of our higher duties.

I hope, however, soon to hear from you again, and to learn of your recovery. If at any time you wish farther information on this all-important and interesting subject, do not, I pray you, hesitate a moment in making known your wishes, for aiding you gives me more pleasure than you are aware of.

I am, as ever, truly yours,

\* \* \*



## THE GOOD.

BY C. D. STUART.

THE great have names in marble graved,  
On pillars which the storms have braved,  
And bust, and scroll, and worship-shrine ;  
The good have only hearts to tell  
How true they were, how long and well  
They bore the yoke of love divine.

The rich have mines of sparkling gold,  
And furs around their forms to fold,  
While throngs are daily starving by ;  
The good ask not of yellow ore,  
But, thankful, spread their little store  
To hush misfortune's lowly sigh.

The proud sit high in lordly state,  
Have place among the rich and great  
And toss their heads with scorn ;  
The good care not for rank or place,  
The true soul, speaking through the face,  
To them is only royal born.

The great, the rich, the proud shall pass,  
Like showy fields of summer grass  
All blasted by the Autumn wind ;  
The good, like roses 'neath our feet,  
Though bruised and crush'd, have fragrance sweet,  
And, dying, leave their deeds behind.

# THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

SCENE I.—SANTIAGO, *a Squire* ; LIONARDO, *a Priest*.

*Scene, a Mountain Pass in the Cordilleras.*

*Santiago.* Up, up above the beetling crags, where grow,  
Beneath a tropic sun, the Alpine plants ;  
Where mountain peaks, in high succession piled,  
Recall the stories of the Giant wars ;  
For many weary days we march, and yet  
Tower in the distance, far above our gaze,  
The stern, dark crests. Lo ! yonder royal palm,  
Which grew alone amid the mahoc groves,  
And won each eye toward its crown, but now  
In one short hour has grown diminutive ;  
So that we scarce can trace its shaft, which, like  
An Oriental column, springs aloft,  
And seems to him who gazes from its base,  
To bear the weight of heaven's high vault. To thee,  
Most reverend sir, I turn for counsel now.  
May we not wonder hopelessly, nor find,  
Amid the mazes of eternal mounts,  
At last an egress to that Southern sea  
Of which the Mayas tell so many tales ?  
Long, long ago, we left behind us paths  
By huntsmen's feet e'en now but faintly marked,  
And ventured boldly in the wilderness  
Of the untrodden woods, where never was  
The home of man before.

*Lionardo.*

Not so, my child.

See you that rugged pile of solid rock,

O'er whose sharp angles twines the scented vine,  
Which fitful climbs the Caryatides ;  
With stern, sad brows, recalling statues strewn  
Along the Memphian lake, beside the Nile ?  
There stood a temple once ; beneath its walls  
A people knelt, and on that basalt block  
Oblations of the worshipers were placed.  
We stand, my child, upon a nation's wreck ;  
And God, perchance, has swept it from the land ;  
That we, his servants, hither come, might plant  
Above yon fallen altar this blest sign  
Of safety and eternal love. Lo ! here,  
Within the idol temples, do I fix  
This hallowed standard of the unknown God—  
Unseen, unheard, who writes upon the heart  
Of all mankind the knowledge of a realm  
To which this grosser world is as the porch  
Through which we pass into some holy shrine.  
Now, in the language of our holy Church,  
I take possession of the soil we press,  
For God and for Castile. Look through yon grove,  
Where, by the smaller stature of the trees,  
You still may trace the line of some old way  
Which westward led ; and whither could it lead  
But to the strand of the vast Southern sea ?  
Onward, yet onward ! till we plant this cross  
Within the heaving of its ocean breast.

*Santiago.* So be it, then ; my foot is on the route, my belt  
Is girded for the march, and I will on.  
Yet far, far better were it to have gone  
With Cortez to the Aztec wars, or sate  
Beside the dark-eyed Maya-maids below.

*Lionardo.* On, on ! our captain follows us. On, on !  
For I would gaze upon the sea,  
And tell them in Castile, this wrinkled brow  
First felt the wooing of an ocean breeze  
That ne'er before had kissed the cheek of man,  
Regenerate and baptized. On, on, my son !

*Santiago.* So be it, father; though my heart be sick  
And weary with our hopeless search. Come on!

SCENE II.—*The same.* BALBOA enters alone.

*Balboa.* Both mind and body weary with the cares  
That press upon me, and my heart, so gay  
And happy once, seems near to break apart.  
Alas! and is it I who was so happy erst—  
So gay upon my native hills?  
What fills my heart? Not crime. Of that, oh, God!  
My hands are pure as when, an acolyte,  
I knelt beside the lowly village shrine.  
No; 'tis the conscious trust, the fervent faith,  
That on me rest the fortunes of the band  
Who followed in my footsteps from the shore  
Of Hayti's isle, to what they know not now;  
Nor do I know. Yet, when I look upon  
The lofty peaks, the bold volcanic spires  
Which rise before me, on my teeming brain  
Come visions of a sunny land beyond,  
Where billows, rolling from the Mogul's realm,  
Break on its golden strand. Yon barrier stern  
Is not the limit of the land, or if it be,  
Some ocean reaches far from thence,  
With spicy isles, and beds of silver pearl,  
Of which Venetian Polo told the tale.  
Well I remember, while a dreaming boy,  
I conned the legend o'er, and sighed with hope,  
Some day to wander where the voyager strayed.  
Ah! if I do, ne'er, since the Genoese  
Who found the path we only follow in,  
Such rich reward has shone upon the crest  
Of navigator as will deck my brow.  
But if I fail, all dark Enciso's hate,  
Though baffled now, will burst upon my head,  
And the whole world will say, Balboa failed,  
False to his monarch, traitor to himself.  
Lo! far before me now I see two forms,

Which ever lead the vanguard of our force :  
My youthful squire, leader of older men,  
And the old priest, who strains his feeble limbs  
To bear the cross beside our battle flag.  
Ho ! Santiago ; thou, too, father, pause ?

*Santiago.* Sir, onward ! We have marched the livelong day,  
Until the even's shadows reach behind  
Us far, and the bright sun is gone. Yet, still  
Before us are the pinnacles, which lift  
Their solemn fingers to the twilight stars,  
As if to say that there alone will end  
Our weary march. Each chiseled stone we passed,  
Methought a solemn warning to us all,  
A record of our wandering, which said,  
"Thus far toward your ruin have ye sped."

Sir, I have been your trusting squire, nor now  
Would break allegiance, but I humbly sue  
To you, for your own sake, retrace your steps.

*Balboa.* No, Santiago ; by your patron saint  
I still will on, though through the solemn woods  
I take my lonely way.

*Lionardo.* On you doth rest  
The burden of our fate. If you decide  
Yet to advance, I, with this holy cross,  
Far as your Alferez shall dare to bear  
The blazonry of old Castile, will march,  
And none shall say the soldier of the Church  
Shrank from the peril of an earthly war.  
I march with you, my lord, until I plant  
This cross upon the strand which lies beyond  
Yon crags, or clasp it to my heart and die.

*Balboa.* I thank you, father. By the holy mass,  
You soldiers of the cross are resolute,  
And peril all to win success. Alas !  
The priestly vow e'en now is more sincere  
E'en than the knightly oaths.

*Santiago.* Not so, my lord :  
My oath I'll keep, but when I look around,

Above, below, my heart will fail. Alas !  
 Would that a hostile army lay before  
 Us now, my sword would spring as gayly forth  
 As any blade Castilian ever bore.

*Lionardo.* My child, the soldiers of the king and Church  
 Must ever hold them ready not to do, alone,  
 But bear. Vaster than any stricken field  
 The world will deem this toilsome march, nor all  
 The trophies wrested from the Infidels,  
 Compete with honors that the queen will grant  
 To him who says his eyes first looked upon  
 The mighty ocean rolling peacefully  
 Beyond those mistful peaks. Courage, my son !

*Santiago.* Father, I have learned to look all fearlessly  
 On peril, and from it I will not shrink ;  
 Not e'en from toil. Now, by the knightly spur  
 I hope some day to clasp within the shrine  
 Where kneel a conquered nation's priests, my hand  
 And heart are both your own.

*Balboa.* Hark ye, my friends !  
 My heart is lighter now, and buoyant hopes,  
 Like prophecies, persuade me that the bourne  
 Of all our care is near. Come, let us on !  
 From yon gray peak, at least, we may discern,  
 E'en in the fading light, the Carib sea,  
 And think the waves we look on come, perhaps,  
 Across the ocean from our native land.

SCENE III.—BALBOA, SANTIAGO, LIONARDO, and a group of SOLDIERS and PRIESTS, on a tall rock. *Time, night.*

*Santiago.* Lo ! where we stand the waters of the rock  
 Come rushing forth divided at its foot,  
 And haste on this side to the Carib sea :  
 Whither those go no living man can tell.  
 Now, o'er us, pall-like, hangs a misty cloud,  
 And in the distance nothing we discern  
 To tell us of success.

*Balboa.* Yet on, my friends !

Our journey is fulfilled. Descent is sure,  
As easy to the South as to the sea  
We left. On, on once more !

*Soldiers.* We march no more ; we spend our time in vain ;  
And will not wander farther from the sea.

*Balboa.* Hear me, my men ; with banner in my hand,  
The cross beside it, and with naked blade,  
I speak to you. Onward once more, my friends !  
Or, by my father's bones, I cleave to earth  
Each rebel, and alone I take my way.  
Saints ! can it be these are sons of men  
Who reared the banner of Castile above  
Granada's walls ?

*Soldiers.* Unto the death, my lords,  
In battle we will fight. To rest alone  
In earth unblest, to toil, to die in vain,  
We dare not do. Let us return, my lord.

*Lionardo.* Be silent all. The end is come, for now  
I feel the ocean breezes on my cheek,  
And hear the murmur of the waves, too far  
Removed for eye to reach. Lo ! now,  
Above the dim horizon's verge, I see  
The Southern cross, which, o'er unchristian realms,  
Our God has made the token of his power ;  
To say, e'en there, at some no distant day,  
The anthems of triumphant hosts should swell.  
There beam the stars to which the mariners,  
Upon these unknown seas, confiding look,  
As on our native shores they fondly gaze  
Upon the Polar star. The end is come.  
Kneel now, my children, all in thankfulness,  
Before that deathless sign of safety and success.

[*All kneel.*

*Soldiers.* Pardon, my lord ; we follow where you will.

*Balboa.* I thank thee, God ! Now, let the world scowl on !  
Enciso can not rob me of my fame ;  
And history, in coming time, shall say,  
My army first beheld the Southern Sea.

## FRAGMENTARIA.

BY C. D. STUART.

### NEWSPAPERS AND BOOKS.

OF the agencies man has created or discovered to affect his own character and progress, the newspaper and book are among the most potent. Long before the era of universality in newspaper circulation, experience had uttered the motto, "Knowledge is power." Dull matter and hidden forces, only answer in greater triumph to the most comprehensive mentality. Knowledge was, in the olden time, a terrible power. The king and priest hoarded it to compass empire and slaves; prophets and philosophers wove from it systems and fables, whose fictions were easily impressed on the ignorance of mankind. Knowledge, which is the sum of human observation and experience, was never more than a doubtful favor or blessing to man, until the book and newspaper had beaten down its exclusive boundaries, destroyed the monopoly of intelligence, and laid open to all men whatever the human mind had attained. The book is mighty—though not always for good—but the newspaper is mightier. Made universal by its cheapness, it falls like the rain-drop and snow-flake, to peasant as well as prince, stripping away the disguises of craft and fraud, by which mankind have been cheated of the truth for ages. The newspaper has broken a thousand fetters wherewith the credulous and ignorant were bound and sacrificed to wicked ambition and lawless power. It has brought men to a level, destroying the vulgar distinctions devised by barbarous and feudal times, and armed them to run and combat equally for the prizes of manhood. A century hence, when the newspaper and book shall find their way to every hearth, neither tyrants with the sword, nor tyrants under the cowl, can afflict mankind. Slavery and oppression



will live only in traditions, and now impudent error will walk the earth a cringing and shame-faced thing. The newspaper has wrought a vast revolution in this generation, and every day but widens the sweep of its power. It is shaping the destinies of nations wherever civilization exists, and must shape them while the brotherhood of man is but a partial realization, and while the possession of social and moral truth, by men, is less than universal.

## POETS.

True poets have ever been true patriots. Korner sang not more nobly for his country than he fought—his lyre and sword were twin weapons in the conflict. And Korner was but a type of thousands of heroic souls who have, from first to last, consecrated their song with their blood. In the late revolutions in Europe, Germany had her warrior poets in Herwegh and Freiligrath, and Italy hers in Pilla and Poerio. The latter, to the altar of liberty gave their lives. The death of Poerio was a rare spectacle. Rushing forward with the victors over Austrian despotism at Mestre, he fell pierced by Croatian bullets, crying, as his soul ascended serene above the conflict, "Viva l'Italia!" What pantheon, what apotheōsis could exalt such a soul—such a death. Pericles said to the Greeks, "It is noble to die for one's home and country," but it is nobler to die for home, country, and liberty. So died Pilla and Poerio. Venice wept for her dead bard, who, returning from exile, returned but to die for his country—and the beauty and chivalry of Italy poured their homage and their grief over the ashes of genius. Let it never be said that he, whose songs incite nations to braver and better deeds, and whose arm and heart are ever a ready sacrifice for liberty, works a poor work on God's earth.

## LABOR.

Honest labor is beautiful and mighty. Activity is the ruling element of life, and its highest relishes, luxuries, and conquests are the result of labor. We can imagine nothing without it—not even the existence of creative power. Who dares contemn the swarthy brow of honest labor? What is its analysis? The

grandest conceivable to human thought. Labor is a business and ordinance of God. It rolled the spheres from chaos, and gave man the earth for a habitation. God does not scorn toil. He could stoop to build a universe, clothe it with beauty, and sustain it in life and motion. Suspend this creative force of God, and chaos is again the universe. Suspend it, and where are the pomp and glory of earth—the fruit-fields, the temples and palaces, and all fashionings of matter for which men strive and war? Let the labor-scorner look around him, look to himself, and learn what are the trophies of toil. From the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, unless he be a Carib, living like the beast, he is its debtor and slave. The labor he scorns has tricked him to the stature and comeliness of a man. Who reared his dwelling and his altar? Who fashions and furnishes his table? Where gets he his garmenting and equipage? Let labor answer—labor, which hews down forests, plants fields, rears hamlets and cities, tunnels mountains, bridges rivers and spans oceans—labor, which makes music in the mine, the furrow, and at the forge. O, scorn labor, do you, man with the soft hand, who never yet earned a morsel of bread? Labor pities you, proud fool, and laughs at your scorn! You shall pass to dust, and be forgotten; but labor will live on forever, glorious in its conquests and in its monuments.

## SOLITUDE.

Talk about solitude; there is no solitude to the reflecting mind, like that of a great city in its extremest motion. The moving million, to such a mind, are noiseless—they are shadows flitting to and fro, reflected in the mirror of life. Go into Wall Street; mount the steps of the Exchange at mid-day, when the merchant and banker are feverish with the vibration of stocks; when bonds and gold change hands with the rapidity of magic; go there, where paupers are made princes in wealth, and where princes in wealth are made paupers, and, gazing over all the multitude, look forward into the serene future, where time and death await to pass judgment upon all things mortal, and as this mass of moving beings dissolve like dust in the vision,

thou shalt feel that the thronged city, with its proud, gay, and busy life, is an awful solitude. But a quiver of the wings of Time's angel, and all these hearts will cease to beat—the shadows that flit to and fro, moving with feverish instinct their strange mechanism, will reflect no longer in the mirror of life. It needs not the wilderness nor the desert to impress us with the idea of solitude. In the wilderness are the unfailing voices of Nature, while the solemn stillness of the desert is, of itself, a voice of God; but these voices of the city are neither Nature's nor God's—they are the absence of both: a solitude vast and profound.

## SPRING.

Thou comest like a truant, gentle Spring,  
Thy breath all spicy from the Southern land,  
And o'er the meads and mountains thou dost fling  
Delicious verdure from thy open hand,  
And swift unclasp the rivers with thy smile,  
So firmly bound by Winter's chains erewhile.

With ice-dissolving kisses thou dost come,  
The balm of dews upon thy blossom-brow,  
And pattering rain-drops from thy Southern home  
Thou bring'st, and scatter'st on the earth all low,  
And the young boughs of fringed trees are full  
Of joyous birds, at morning musical.

Aye! thou dost come, with tread of violets  
That shake their tresses when the day-beams pass:  
When the fresh wind, with soft embraces, frets  
The dewy children of the springing grass,  
And meek-eyed daisies from the blushing sod  
Bespeak of thee, thou truant, and of God!



JOHN BROWN.

Jacob Behmen was of humble parentage, and possessed none of the advantages of scholastic education and favorable social position. He was born in the year 1575, in Old Seidenburg, a small market-town in Upper Lusatia, and a short distance from the city of Gorlitz. His first employment was taking care of the common cattle in connection with other youths of the town. But when grown older, he was placed at school, where he learned to read and write, and he was afterward bound as an apprentice to a shoemaker in Gorlitz.

A short time after he commenced his apprenticeship, the following incident occurred, which, as it appears to have been spiritually prophetic of his future life and experience, deserves to be noted. His master and mistress having one day gone from home and left the shop in his care, a stranger of grave and venerable appearance came into the shop, and, taking up a pair of shoes, desired to buy them. The boy, not knowing the price of the shoes, at first refused to sell them, but being overcome by the importunities of the man, he finally fixed a price which he was sure would satisfy his master, and which the man paid, and took the shoes and departed. When a little distance from the shop, he stopped, and in a loud voice called, "Jacob, come forth!" The boy, frightened at the singularity of the proceeding, and marveling that the stranger had called him by his right name, went tremblingly forth, and as he approached, the man took him by the hand, and with a severe, though friendly expression, and a piercing and sparkling eye, looked him steadfastly in the face and said: "Jacob, thou art little, but shalt be great, and become another man, such a one as at whom the world shall wonder. Therefore, be pious, fear God, and reverence his Word. Read diligently the Holy Scriptures, wherein thou hast comfort and instruction. For thou must endure much misery and poverty, and suffer persecution, but be courageous and persevere, for God loves and is gracious to thee."

This stranger was probably what in our day would be called a "medium," and this prophetic and admonitory address probably came through him from the Spiritual world, and was intended to produce such an effect upon young Behmen's mind, as would prepare him for his future mission, with its trials. Be

this as it may, the prediction, in point of fact, had great effect upon the boy's mind, and from that day he grew more serious in his thoughts, and more cautious as to the conduct of his life. In reading the words of Jesus, in Luke xi. 13, promising the Holy Spirit to them that ask for it, there was awakened in him an earnest and petitioning desire for the promised Comforter. Having persevered for a long time in this desire, he finally, as he believed, obtained its object; for being on one occasion with his master in the country on business pertaining to his vocation, he was, to use his own expression, "surrounded with a divine light for seven days, and stood in the highest contemplation and kingdom of joys."

After this vision, he grew still more accurate in his deportment, and still more attentive to all moral and religious duties. Scurrilous and blasphemous words he would rebuke, even though used by his own master, who, at length, not being able to bear reproof from that source, discharged him from his services, with full permission to seek his livelihood as he thought best.

About the year 1600, and when in the twenty-fifth year of his age, he was again "surrounded by the divine light," insomuch that, while walking abroad in the fields, and viewing the herbs and grass in his inward light, he saw into their essences, properties, and uses, "which were discovered to him by the lineaments, figures, and signatures." In like manner, he beheld at a general view (as he claimed) the whole creation, and declared that with this "gate" of knowledge open to him, he "saw and knew more in one quarter of an hour than if he had been many years together at an university." The unfolding of these mysteries to his understanding was attended by great interior peace and joy, yet he scarcely intimated to others any thing concerning these wonderful experiences and revelations, but continued to live in quietude and retirement until the year 1610, when, being again taken into the "divine light," he was irresistibly impelled to write his first book, entitled "Aurora, or the Morning Redness."

This book was written solely in obedience to interior promptings, and without any distinct view to publication, the author supposing that it could be useful mainly as a memorandum to

himself, so that his impressions might not be forgotten. It was afterward, however, discovered in his possession by a man of quality, who visited with him, and whose appreciation of its contents was so high, that he caused the sheets to be divided, and the whole work to be copied in the course of a few hours. Thus, contrary to the author's intention, it was made public, and after a while fell into the hands of Gregory Rickter, the clerical superintendent of Gorlitz. A thunder-storm of persecution forthwith arose in this holy man's soul, which soon found occasion to vent itself; and as the facts in this portion of our history forcibly illustrate the spirit and power of the clergy in those days, as well as the trials and Christian temper of Behmen, they may be briefly related.

Behmen had been called upon to intercede with the minister, for the purpose of appeasing his wrath against a poor man whom he had cursed, with little less than damnation to his soul, for having offered him an unsatisfactory amount of interest for the loan of a dollar for two weeks. Behmen offered to pay the minister his full demands, and entreated his favor to the perplexed soul whom, by his curses, he had almost driven to despair. Upon this, the choler of the holy man was turned upon the intercessor, whom he drove from his presence, calling him a wicked rascal, and throwing his slipper after him as he departed. But Behmen, nothing daunted, took up the slipper and laid it at the clergyman's feet, entreating him not to be angry, and praying God to have him in his keeping, and so departed.

Still further enraged by this mild treatment of Behmen, the minister, on the next Sunday, denounced him violently from the pulpit, and thundered against the senate of the city for tolerating such a pernicious heretic, who, not content to write blasphemous books and pervert souls, had presumed to come and disturb the minister in his own house; and told them, that if they did not forthwith expel him from their territories, they would move God, in his wrath, to sink their city as he did Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, who withstood Moses and Aaron.

The poor senators, trembling in their shoes, and fearing that some terrible calamity would befall them if they did not bestir themselves in the execution of the prelate's desires, assembled

the next morning, and cited Behmen to appear before them and answer to any charges which the minister might formally prefer against him. But, on being requested to attend the council and specify his charges, the minister again fell into a rage, saying that he had "nothing to do with the council-house;" that "what he had to say he would speak from his council-throne, the pulpit;" that "what he there dictated they must obey without contradiction," and that they must, "without more ado, banish this wicked heretic from their city, or the curse of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram would rest upon them all."

Upon this, after some further consultation, the terrified senate proceeded, upon mere vague rumors, to pass sentence of banishment against the innocent man, requiring him to leave the city immediately, and refusing him permission even to return home for a few hours to arrange the affairs of his family and take leave of them. Behmen, meekly submitting to his fate, presently left the town, and spent the remainder of the day in a melancholy walk in the neighboring fields, and the night no one knows where.

On further reflection, however, the members of the senate were ashamed of these proceedings, and, assembling again the next morning, "repealed their sentence, and sent to seek out their innocent exile, and brought him back with honor." Still the angry clergyman raged, and in course of the proceedings which ensued, the senate seized upon Behmen's book, and commanded him not to write any more books for the future, and besought him, by his regard for the peace of the city, to seek a habitation elsewhere, in which latter request he gratified them, at least for a time. All of these persecutions, and many others not here related, were borne by Behmen with the most perfect meekness and Christian resignation.

After this, Behmen was cited to appear at Dresden before the Elector of Saxony, where he was examined by six learned doctors of divinity and two professors of mathematics. After a protracted interlocution, during which he answered their profoundest questions with great sagacity and propriety, they dismissed him with honor, finding nothing objectionable in him. After the learned doctors had questioned him to their satisfac-



tion, he put some questions to them, displaying a depth and comprehensiveness of intellect which they were greatly amazed to see in a man whose mental acquirements, from external sources, had been so limited.

In compliance with the command of the senate of Gorlitz, Behmen refrained from writing for seven years, when, on receiving further inspirations, his impulses to write became so strong, that he could no longer resist them, and he proceeded to compose his second work, entitled "The Three Principles of the Divine Essence: of the Eternal Dark, Light, and Temporary World." Afterward, without any further interruption from man, he proceeded, according to his interior promptings, to produce his other works, which, counting the small with the great, amounted to about thirty in number.

The account which Behmen himself gives of his own impressions, with the difference between his ecstatic and ordinary state, as also of the nature of his impulses to write, will be sufficient to stamp him as holding a very high grade among that class of persons which, in our day, are called "mediums." "I saw it" [the system of things], says he, "as in a great deep in the internal. For I had a thorough view of the universe, as in a chaos, wherein all things are couched and wrapped up, but it was impossible for me to explain the same. Yet it opened itself in me from time to time, as in a young plant, though the same was with me for the space of twelve years, and it was, as it were, breeding; and I found a powerful instigation within me before I could bring it forth into external form of writing; *and whatever I could apprehend with the external principle of my mind*, that I wrote down. But, however, afterward the sun [elsewhere called by him the 'divine light'] shone upon me a good while, but not constantly, for the sun hid itself, *and then I knew not nor well understood my own labor*. So that man must acknowledge that his knowledge is not his own, but from God, who manifests the *ideas* of wisdom to the soul of man in what measure he pleases."

Concerning the *impulses* under which he wrote, he also says: "Art has not written here, neither was there any time to consider how to set it punctually down according to the right un-

derstanding of the letters, but all was ordered according to the direction of the Spirit, which often went in haste. . . . And though I could have written in a more accurate, fair, and plain manner, yet the reason was this, that the burning fire often forced forward with speed, and the hand and pen must hasten directly after it; *for it comes and goes as a sudden shower.*" And further he says: "I can write nothing of myself, but as a child which neither knows nor understands any thing, which neither has ever been learned, but only that which the Lord vouchsafes to know in me, according to the measure as himself manifests in me."

The manner of these interior impressions, and these driving impulses to write, of which Behmen speaks, was, as to all conspicuous features, precisely similar to the manner of the impressions and impulses of mediums at this day, though these latter, in many instances, have never known of any parallel cases. This fact manifestly proves the existence of a *law* here, whose operations and results, under given conditions, are similar in all times; and the undesigned, and to the mediums frequently unknown, coincidences in professedly spiritual phenomena in all times, prove almost to a certainty that the motions are not generally feigned, but that they, at least frequently, originate in some source of power and intelligence existing *without* the person who is their subject.

Yet Behmen did not, as do mediums at this day, suppose that his impressions originated with the spirits of departed men, but attributed them to a *higher* Source. His idea upon this point is manifest from the extracts above; in addition to which it may be stated that he directly *disclaimed* holding commerce with a familiar spirit, when a certain man who came to consult him intimated a supposition that such was the source of his superior intelligence. He constantly taught, on the other hand, that the purified interior nature, whether of man, or of spirit, or of angel, was so homogeneous with God, that God dwelt *within* it according to the degree of its receptibility, and made it his point of contact with flesh, and through that with the world without; and this explains his saying, as above quoted, that he knew only what the Lord vouchsafed to know in him.

He taught, indeed, that spirits and angels were frequently cognizant of, and had influence upon, the affairs of men in this world. On these points I quote his own language, in which the spiritualistic reader will be pleased to recognize a strong resemblance to many of his own ideas, as received from other quarters :

“ You ask,” says he, “ whether the separated souls take care of human matters, and approve or disapprove them? Now, this you must understand to be in three different manners concerning three several sorts of souls. First, those souls which have yet not attained heaven, and so stick in the source, in the principle, in the birth ; they have yet the human essence, with the works in them ; they diligently search out the cause of their retention. And, therefore, many of them come again with the astral spirit [a refined essence derived from the body], and wander up and down in their houses and places of abode, and appear in a human shape, and desire this and that, and often take care about their wills and testaments, and think to procure the blessings of the saints, that they may rest ; and if their earthly affairs still stick to them, they take care many times also about their children and friends.” These, after the “ astral spirit is consumed, and they are received into rest, take no further care of earthly affairs ;” “ but,” says he, “ there is something still behind, which is this : a living man hath such power that he is able, with his spirit, to go into heaven to the separated souls, and stir them up about some question by a hearty desire ; but it must be earnest, it must be faith that can break open a principle. And this we see in Samuel the prophet, whom the king of Israel raised up. . . . .

“ Now, secondly, the other sort, which sink into death without a body (in Christ). . . . All these take no evil affairs upon them ; . . . but when the honest souls which are alive send them their works, with their spirit and will, they rejoice in them, and are so friendly and ready that they appear to men magically in sleep, and show them good ways, and many times reveal arts which lie in secret—viz., in the abyss of the soul. . . . Thus, know that no soul separated from the body enters into any wicked matter, unless it be a damned soul, which, indeed, enters

in magically, and has its joys therein, and teaches great masterpieces of wickedness in dreams."

"The third sort of separated souls are those who are in Abraham's bosom in Christ, having the heavenly essentiality; none can stir them, except they will themselves, as when they bear a favor to a soul that is like themselves. They take no earthly thing upon them, unless it makes for the glory of God, and then they are restless to reveal something in a magical manner."\*

Behmen also taught that angels take an active interest in the affairs of men, protecting them against dangers and evils, physical and spiritual, and leading their minds into higher spheres of affection and thought;† though he held that angels were special creations and epitomes of the Divine Mind, and not the elevated spirits of human beings, as was subsequently taught by Swedenborg.

We have not room here for so full a description of the voluminous writings of Behmen as deserves to be given. It may suffice for the present to say that they abound in hard words, involved sentences, and mysticism; and though they contain many crudities, and many errors in science, philosophy, and theology, which the author could scarcely have committed had he lived in the nineteenth instead of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, yet to those who could master the "interior sense" of his writings—who could enter into his sphere of thought, and see things from his light—they would be as a rich mine of intellectual and spiritual wealth. They certainly manifest a prodigious range of thought, however fanciful much of that may appear to merely external minds. Much of the imperfection and crudity which superficially appear in his works, may, doubtless, be accounted for by the fact—stated by himself—that it was often difficult for him to apprehend and interpret his visions by his external mind, so as to reduce them to writing; and had he possessed externally the finished education of a Swedenborg, he would, doubtless, have given his works a form which would have insured more general appreciation.

\* Answers to Forty Questions concerning the Soul. Quest. 26.

† See his "Threefold Life of Man," chap. xiv. verses 57-63, *et passim*.

Behmen's house was the frequent resort of philosophers, chemists, and theologians, from different parts of Europe, who generally acknowledged his conversations and answers to their questions as highly satisfactory and edifying. His writings were afterward extensively read in Russia, Sweden, Poland, Denmark, England, Germany, France, and several other countries. The spirit of his times, characterized much by the speculations of the Fire Philosophers and Rosecrucian Brethren, who then spread over Europe, predisposed many to the reception of his doctrines; and at one time, as is acknowledged by Dr. Mosheim himself, he had "a very great number of followers."\*

Among Behmen's thirty treatises, the most important, perhaps, are "The Aurora," "The Three Principles of the Divine Essence," "The Threefold Life of Man," "An Answer to Forty Questions concerning the Soul," the "Treatise on the Incarnation," the "*Signatura Rerum* ; or, The Signature of all Things," and the "*Mysterium Magnum* : an Explanation of Genesis." Among these, the "Answers to Forty Questions concerning the Soul" would, perhaps, be of most general interest in these times, and may be read with profit, especially by all Spiritualists, notwithstanding it contains many things "hard to be understood." His works were translated by the Rev. William Law, and published in four quarto volumes, in London, in 1764; and to the biography accompanying these volumes, now lying before me, I am indebted for the principal facts in his life, as recorded in this sketch.

Our Theosopher, it appears, was not diverted by his sublime visions of interior and divine things, from his humble occupation as a shoemaker, which he followed, in comparative poverty, to the end of his days. At a suitable age he married, and reared a family, with whom he lived in great peace and harmony, and closed his eyes to this nether world on the 17th of November, 1624, in the fiftieth year of his age; his last words being, "Thou crucified Lord Jesus, have mercy on me, and take me into thy kingdom!" His remains were deposited in the churchyard at Gorlitz, and a significant monumental de-

---

\* See Mos. Eccl. Hist., b. iv., cent. xvii., sec. ii., part ii., chap. i., § 40.

vice was placed over them, to remind those who might resort thither, of a man in whose amiable and unostentatious life the Christian virtues had found some of their brightest illustrations, and of an instrument employed by influences from on high to elevate the groveling and sensualized souls of men to a far higher sphere of thought and affection.

---

LINES.\*

BY MRS. S. S. SMITH.

Our dear friend who composed the following exquisite lines is being perfected through suffering, only that she may enter the golden portals with a diviner joy, having the dross of her nature refined away. It is a severe ordeal to which Mrs. Smith has been subjected, and her case affords an example of patient endurance and serene faith far more worthy of applause than the heroism which the world delights to honor. She has suffered long and keenly, but only the flesh is faint and weak; her spirit finds new strength and activity amid the very elements of decay. All day long she sits close by "the pearly gates," and her minstrelsy is so tender and musical, and yet so strong and hopeful, that Heaven seems mirrored in the tranquil Spirit, and we almost fancy that angels sweep the chords of her lyre.—ED.

I.

Oh, had I thy wings, beauteous bird, I would fly  
 Far above this wild region of sorrow and pain;  
 The song of a seraph allures me on high,  
 But the strong chords of love draw me Earthward again.  
 Ah! why, dearest love, wouldst thou fetter my flight,  
 Since I long to escape from the trammels of clay?  
 The wings of my spirit, too strong in their might,  
 Have outworn its frail temple, that sinks to decay.

---

\* Written in sickness, on hearing a robin singing near my window, on the first morning of spring.

## II.

I love thee! no dream of thy radiant youth  
Can reveal the full meaning these fond words convey;  
I leave thee to trust in their beautiful truth,  
When the dark cloud of sorrow o'ershadows thy way;  
When the cold stars of midnight beam soft o'er my grave,  
Then fear not the angel that bends by thy side;  
While the soft dew of peace thy worn temples doth lave,  
Thou wilt think of me kindly, thy loved spirit-guide.

## III.

I go to the home of our Father above,  
Whose kindness ne'er faileth the truthful in heart;  
The broad, boundless universe hymns of his love,  
Whence evil and error ere long shall depart.  
Then arouse thee, dear love, from the Earth-cares which throng  
Round thy pathway; oh, list to the teachings divine,  
Which will banish from earth all oppression and wrong,  
And in bonds of sweet union all hearts will entwine.

## IV.

The cry hath gone forth, "Watchman, what of the night!"  
A deep prophet-voice breathes the thrilling reply,  
'The beams of the Morning are startling and bright;  
We have seen its proud oriflamme glow in the sky."  
The joy-bells are ringing so sweetly above,  
My leal heart responds to their low, thrilling call;  
know thou wilt cherish my memory, dear love,  
When the autumn winds blow and the fading leaves fall.

## SPIRIT WARNINGS.

BY JAMES S. OLCOTT.

MR. EDITOR:

As you are anxious to get facts in regard to Spiritual communications rather than theoretical views and opinions, I will make a plain statement of what I witnessed as facts between 1816 and 1822, at a plantation-house in Georgia, about sixteen miles from Savannah, and leave you and the readers of your excellent paper to dispose of them according to the laws of your respective organizations as connected with this and the higher spheres. The only way I could ever dispose of them before I received the light of the present manifestation, whether I attempted either as a sincere Christian believer, or, afterward, as a sincere infidel philosopher, was to let them alone.

On the 26th of Dec., 1816, I was married to the youngest of three sisters, a beautiful and intelligent girl of eighteen. She had been brought up in Savannah, and had all the habits and feelings of a city life. Her father had in part hired, and in part purchased, the plantation. The house was an old plantation-house, which had stood from before the Revolution. It was one story, spread out, and having two main rooms in the center, with four rooms, one on each corner. Between these side rooms there was a piazza of some twelve feet wide, covered by the same roof, with windows opening on each side of the doors from the central rooms, called the parlor and sitting-room. The parlor windows had no curtains. We occupied the southwest corner. The house stood in the center of the yard, the kitchen, store-house, etc., being separate, as is the custom of the South, entirely from it. An avenue from the west and east, of considerable extent, conducted to the yard. The house was wood, and unpainted. The chambers over the main rooms were only occasionally used.

The first night I occupied the room which I continued to occupy during eighteen months, and occasionally slept in till 1822, I heard a remarkable noise. It resembled that which



would have been made by a large panther weighing six hundred weight, at four or five springs mounting up on the roof by the corner of the house, over our heads. It shook the entire corner of the building. My wife, Mary Ann, heard it. "Is it possible," said I, "that any one could be so rude as thus to disturb us?" "You must not be surprised," she replied, "when I inform you that the house *is haunted*. There was a soldier, a young man, murdered, in the parlor, during the Revolutionary War. We hear various noises, and you must become used to them." I laughed at her as a believer in ghosts. The next day I carefully examined the corner of the house, expecting to find unmistakable evidences of a spirit connected with flesh and blood. I could find none, not even of a cat.

About four months after, as I was on a bright moonlight evening lying awake, about midnight I heard a tremendous scuffle, struggle, and fall in the parlor. I arose, opened my bedroom door, and stepped suddenly barefoot to the window and looked into the parlor through the window. All was perfectly still, and the cat quietly asleep on the hearth. I heard this same noise during three months, at three different times. It was the same active, heavy, deadly struggle. I became convinced that the noise was made by an invisible agency, and in time became habituated to it. A month or two after I was awoken by the heavy rumbling of fresh earth upon a coffin. It was the same deep, hollow, unequally interrupted sound. To this also I became habituated. It was directly under the parlor. Of its locality and nature I had no doubt. The last ominous noise I heard was the slow, steady pacing of a sentinel over my head. He marched one half the distance over the piazza and then regularly returned. It annoyed me exceedingly. No matter when I awoke, there was the eternal tramp; I set my door ajar, and again and again, on a clear, bright moonlight night rushed suddenly out into the yard to see if possible the cause of my disquiet. There was nothing to be seen. Some five years after my first disturbance, an old house-servant, called *Sauraur*, sickened and died. She was filled with horror at the thought of dying. She became a fearful object to her fellow-servants. It happened to be at the time all the three sisters were at their father's. A yellow girl

came in, saying, "Do, for God's sake, Missey Hannah, come and see old aunty Sauraur. She want to see you. She can't die. She want to tell you something—so bad!" Hannah, the wife of Col. Nowlan, an active business woman, and who had strong sympathy for the sick, white or black, was soon by her side. "Oh, Missey Hannah," said Sauraur, "me can't die! me can't die! me so wicked!" "Why, Sauraur, you are very old—we all have to die, and you have always been a good and faithful servant." "Me can't die! me can't die! so bad! so much blood! so much blood!" "Well, if any thing is on your mind, tell me, and if you get well, I will never tell it." "Oh! I can't tell—so bad! bad! bad! So much blood!" Unable to get her to disburden her conscience, Mrs. Nowlan sent her sister Eliza. It was the same terrible lament, an agonizing desire *to tell*, mingled with a still more fearful apprehension of the story told. The wretched woman now called for Mary, saying, "Oh, I can tell Missey Mary." Mary was unable to get the revealment. Toward night she died in horror, the tale to the white people untold. It was said by the servants that she had confessed before she died that she had given information which caused the death of the young soldier; and that as an old Mrs. Ash, a somewhat cruel mistress, lay sick, she had stopped her breath by laying a folded cloth heavily wet upon her face. Be that as it may, the old lady was found dead; and after old Sauraur died all *noises* ceased. I have lain again and again alone in the same room and no noise whatever disturbed me. I could not have been mistaken as to these noises, any more than I could have been as to the pronunciation and distinct reading of the English, Latin, or Greek languages. I was cool, collected, took my time, and had years to test the verity and nature of the noises. They are facts, and as stated. I understand well mesmeric biologic operation; but I can see no first and second station, no concatenation of *visible human agencies*, which could obtain to produce these effects. I can now ascribe them only to the agency of the spirits of those who when living in the body had been deeply wronged, causing these noises either from good or bad intention to arouse inquiry in regard to the guilty causes of their wrongs. The noises were as the reality of the things they represented.

## TO AN ARTIST.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

Oh, thou that in the forms the world calls real  
Art ever seeking type that shall impart  
A higher beauty to thy soul's ideal,  
A near approach to Nature's vailéd heart.

The shifting forms whose evanescent glory  
Enslave our love and admiration still,  
When crystalized in sculpture, song, or story,  
Think not to equal with the copyist's skill.

The soul which giveth life is aye the real,  
And but a shadowy truth shall he obtain,  
Who, trusting not unto his own ideal,  
Follows the outgrowth of another's brain.

The beauties of the Olden World's creations,  
The wonder and the worship of all times,  
Were not reflected from the inspirations  
Of other ages, or of other climes.

Too long hast thou by stronger wills been molded  
To ape the poverty of outward seeming,  
Thy highest powers within thee wrapped and folded,  
Have slumbered with a restless, troubled dreaming.

Awake, and read in Nature's face more surely  
The true expression of her secret soul,  
So, shining through thy works, divinely, purely,  
Shall glow the life which animates the Whole.

## WHAT AND WHERE ARE WE?

BY HON. WARREN CHASE.

It is indeed cheering, in this spring-time of metaphysical development, to witness the shooting forth of different minds, exhibiting new and various theories in their efforts to account for the world of effects in which we now reside, and to which we too often attempt to make the world of causes subservient. New theories of creation and of development tend to elicit thought, to stretch out and expand the mind—each filling its place in the mental universe, and assisting to make the infinite variety in harmony, as each blade of grass or mighty tree does the variety of forms in the vegetable kingdom.

It must be amusing to minds whose development has carried them far outside of any of us, to watch each author of a system of creation, as he gathers around him a little class of kindred minds, and teaches them that *his* is the great Divine law of creation by which God has unfolded his power in a universe—each, in turn, supposing he has found the starting-point of eternity and infinity. The mind which studies men and things may pass along the busy streets of our cities, and witness here and there a group of persons gathered around some boisterous speaker, who is elaborately explaining *his* theory, either of the properties of a cigar or an oyster, or of political or religious power and government. His delighted audience look on him as a profound discoverer. Each of these is, in an absolute sense, as near perfection as the most profound and elaborate theorizer in creation—the laws of matter and mind—we each discover a point, or a few points, of harmony in the universe around us, and then attempt to make an infinite variety and an eternity of time all come *to* and unfold *in* that little circle. Br. Fishbough, finding the beautiful little circles of harmony in music and in colors developed in sevens, concludes the whole

universe is unfolded in sevens ; and thus attempts to establish a theory of infinite development *in* and *around* a single finite radius. Br. Courtney, finding a beautiful trinity in many little developments of nature, readily admits that *all* and *every* manifestation is *in* and *of* a trinity. As well might the little violet declare that the whole floral kingdom was blue, or a rose that it was white or red, because its own sphere of development was there, as for us to attempt to bring infinity and eternity into the little circles in which our knowledge now revolves. Every human or finite conception has its center and circumference, but infinity has no center or circumference. Humanity spaces off eternity by events into times, and by so doing tries to reach back to a beginning ; but time or eternity had no beginning, as it has no ending. It ever was, ever is, and ever will be *now* : no past or future, but forever *present* time. We express or show ourselves here in this earth-world for a moment, and being unable to trace our existence back of this condition or expression, we attempt to trace ourselves and all else around us back to *chaos*, or disorder, and a beginning. Infinite and eternal harmony could *never* admit of a chaos or a beginning ; order has *never* sprung from disorder ; something has *never* sprang from nothing. Matter and mind are eternal, both collectively and individually : expressions, or forms, alone are fleeting, evanescent, transitional—these alone begin and end as forms or phases. That which aggregates, segregates—that which begins, ends—*expressions, forms, phases*—are infinite in number and variety, and are no more confined to trinities, or sevens, than the universe is to our solar system, or our existence to this earth-life. For a mind to attempt to bring the universe into the narrow circle of expressions on this earth, either in time or correspondence, is as futile as to attempt to prove that the whole stellar universe revolves around our sun. For a mind to attempt to trace human intelligences back to a beginning, is as futile as an attempt to trace matter or God to a beginning. An attempt to trace harmony or development back to chaos, is as futile as trying to find the end of a circle.

No man supposes his individual existence began with his memory, and yet most men deny a pre-existence, because they

can not remember it. No logical mind denies the *infinite* divisibility of matter, yet most minds believe in its *particled* condition, which utterly refutes its divisibility. No mind can demonstrate how order and harmony can spring from disorder and confusion, legitimately, and yet most minds attempt to trace creation back to chaos—to an undeveloped universe and an inactive Deity, with infinite powers sleeping in embryonic existence through endless ages prior to the commencement of creating *forms*, out of which he was to develop intelligences.

All these systems seem like the steps of developments in the mind of an individual in its earth-life. The child conceives the room to be the world, and its familiar faces to be every body; widened more, sees the village as a world, and its inhabitants as every body; widened again, sees the earth as the universe, and its forms as every thing created; widened more, believes other planets have inhabitants, perhaps a little older than the inhabitants of our earth, but all *must* have had a beginning not *very* remote; widened a little more, finds itself in the midst of a boundless universe of infinite time and space, with an infinite variety of conditions and expressions—with an eternity of order and forms, past as well as future—with an infinite variety of elemental and material existence, the higher or more refined and positive ever expressing itself in forms of outer life in the grosser negative or positive matter—can trace its outer form or expression back to its beginning and forward to its ending, but can not trace its elemental being back or forward to an end, because it has none. So it looks to me, a searcher in this field.

---

TRUTH contains the elements of its own expansion, and even the blighting atmosphere of cold indifference can not arrest its growth. It is not the tender plant that must be kept alive by artificial heat. It is more like the sweet flower that lifts its head and sheds its pure fragrance above the Alpine snows.

S. B. B.



## SPIRIT LIGHT.

One night, after enjoying several hours of calm slumber, I awoke about one o'clock, and saw a round luminous spot upon the wall above the foot of my bed. As the position of the light entirely precluded the supposition that it could have entered from the window, I at first supposed that it might be an optical illusion, owing to the condition of my eyes while in a state of but partial wakefulness. I therefore moved my head, rubbed my eyes, and assured myself that I was entirely awake, and, the luminous appearance remaining as before, I commenced interrogating it as to its origin. I requested it (mentally), if it was a Spirit, to signify it by two flashes of greater brilliancy. The two flashes immediately occurred. Then said I, mentally, "If you are a Spirit, to satisfy me still further of the fact, make those flashes a little farther along the wall to the left." Presently the flashes appeared at the place which I had mentally indicated. I then asked it if I should wake up my wife, so that she might witness the phenomenon? (No response.) "Is she connected in any way with this phenomenon as a medium?" "Flash, flash." "Would the influence be disturbed if I were to arouse her?" "Flash, flash." The interview being thus commenced, I proceeded to ask a great variety of questions, at some of which no manifestations occurred, and others were answered the instant they were conceived in the mind. Among other questions I asked the intelligence whether my present theological views were correct? This, however, was not answered; but on asking, "Would you encourage me to follow my deepest intuitions on that subject?" there was instantly a magnificent transverse scintillation of light, about two or three feet long, which resolved itself into two globes of fire, one at either end, which continued visible for some time, but gradually disappeared. After about an hour and a half, I bade my celestial visitant good-night, turned over, and resumed my slumbers.

## BELIEFS REJECTED ON REALIZATION.

BY C. D. STUART.

I HAVE heard of a man, a well-to-do farmer, who, plagued by doubts on the subject, declared he would willingly give his best yoke of oxen to have it proved *to him*, conclusively, that man has a conscious spirit which will survive the dissolution of his mortal body. This poor, blind earth-grub was not a doubter for the sake of doubting—he desired much to be satisfied of his immortality; and, because of the superabounding of the flesh, pampered by store of worldly goods, he had no witness for the spirit within himself. I do not feel that, had I a thousand yoke of oxen, I would give one for a mathematical demonstration of the point on which this farmer so doubted. I have never been troubled with a doubt of the existence of a wise and loving God, and of legions of angels, cherubim or seraphim, or by whatever names known; and of myriads of spirits of God's earth-children released from the bondage of the flesh, and made like the angels, God's ministers to earth and co-sharers of heaven. The earliest and by far the most beautiful teaching I remember, was belief in these things. Over my cradle, for many days and months, bent my mother, herself not unworthy the name of angel on earth, and in heaven, whither she is now gone, an angel I am sure—singing this sweet, this ever-precious song:

“Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber,  
*Holy angels guard thy bed,*  
Heavenly blessings without number  
Gently fall upon thy head.”

The teaching of this song I believed, implicitly, from the moment I could exercise sufficient reason to believe, and I have not as yet faltered from that belief. I believed it first, because my mother believed and taught it to me, and because it was a



rational, desirable, and beautiful belief. How could the spirit or heart of childhood refuse sympathy with the idea of hovering and nestling angels watching and guarding the paths of young life from evil? By-and-by I believed it only the more, from an indwelling faith, born of communion with all beautiful things in nature—born, too, of the native longings and needs of the soul, when it had expanded to feel its way in the universe. And there was much more to confirm my belief. Only here and there, at wide intervals, did I hear one doubt that the spirit of man was the child of God, and that angels and the spirits of kindred and friends were man's ever-present, though, to the eye of sense, invisible earth-guides and brothers. In childhood I found this belief common and universal. Sung at the cradle of infancy, it was preached from the pulpit to youth and manhood; and when age bowed itself under the mild shadow of death, holy men consoled each mourner with the assurance that God's angels were waiting to bear the soul of man home to heaven and immortal life and joy. I heard it on bright and calm Sabbaths, when the church choir sang the morning hymn—

"Serene I laid me down  
Beneath His *guardian care*,  
I slept, and I awoke and found  
*My kind Preserver near.*"

Or when, at evening, they chanted :

"Saviour, breathe an evening blessing  
Ere repose our spirits seal;  
Sin and want we come confessing,  
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.  
Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrow near us fly,  
*Angel-guards from Thee surround us—*  
We are safe, for Thou art nigh."

All this was confirmation of the spirit of the sweet song first sung to infancy by a mother, and of that divine faith in its immortal being which awakens instinctively in the expanding soul. If, in my manhood, I wonder at one thing most, it is that any soul can expand, surrounded by such teachings, from the cradle to the grave, and still doubt that it has a higher and diviner life

than mortality. And I wonder more that, of the vast majority whose faith in immortality and the communion of the soul with God and his ministering spirits (according to the lesson of Scripture and the Church) they allow not to be questioned, there are so few who will, or who dare, stand by that faith, when its realization is proposed. The mother tells her child that "holy angels guard its bed," and the preacher tells the dying man that "angels are waiting to bear his spirit to God;" but if one has the presumption to accept these teachings, so universal, and declare, in the fullness of vision and faith, that he has seen and conversed with an angel, or whatever spirit from God, he is branded with fanaticism and blasphemy.

Think not that I am approaching a confession of any new faith. No modern discoveries nor developments, and no special theories or evidences, have affected my belief. My faith is just as old as my conscious life. I have been thinking how strange it is that, all the world having spoken and written its belief in God, in some form or other, and in a world of spirits only separated from our own by a thin veil of sense—that veil thrust aside in Eden, and at epochs ever since, so that man communed not only with angels, but with God—the denial should be so universal, whenever it is claimed that communion with the invisible world has been and may be realized. I can not understand this mixture of theoretical faith and practical atheism. And I can not forbear asking if the great voice of the world, so united in its testimony as to the theory, be only a delusion and a lie, when we come to the practice? In its superabounding ideal of a relation, near and intimate, between God and man, and between heaven and earth, is there no reality? If so, what a mockery is the prayer, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done *on earth as it is in heaven*," and the utterance, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for *of such is the kingdom of heaven*," and the saying, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for *they shall see God*!" What a mockery, too, the cradle song, the pulpit teaching, the saintly consolation poured in the ear of sorrow, and the story told to the dying!

Either the Scriptures are false, and the prophets and oracles lying witnesses, and all religions empty fables, and the world-

wide beliefs of man in all that pertains to the spiritual, the supernatural, and the immortal, a weak delusion ; or they are the most momentous truth with which man has to do. If truth, then the material and the spiritual world are in communion. Such is the record. The mind and heart of all men, in all ages, have confessed and declared it. Whenever and wherever the human intellect has risen above material things, it has looked in upon a higher state of being. All nature and all revelation have so taught. Why, then, this profound resistance to the idea, or faith, or belief, that man may, and does, under fitting circumstances, commune, while in his mortal state, directly, with the Spirit-world ? That he has done so is the perpetual teaching of all "sacred" books and all religions. Why, especially, should Christendom, whose religion is based upon the spiritual and supernatural, and whose faith, without an accessible Spirit-world, would be but a rope of sand or a shadow, rebel against an ever-present communion between heaven and earth ? Its Scriptures teach little else of moment ; its prophets, its oracles, its Saviour, and its miracles, are as nothing, if materialism triumph. If an angel loosed Peter from prison, if angels appeared to the Marys, and if John saw the vision he revealed from Patmos, why should angels and spirits more akin to earth, not now and then, at least, be visible to us. For four thousand years there was no lack of celestial visitants upon earth. They walked and talked with the prophets and seers ; and where is it taught that thereafter they should come unto men no more ? Has the earth less need of such ministries than of old ? I think not ; and I insist that I be permitted to believe in close communion with the world of Spirits, without being called a fanatic or blasphemer, or that my instincts, my sympathies, and my reason be erased as deceivers, and the cradle song and the pulpit teaching cease to utter fables. Until this come to pass, I must believe as I have believed.

And why is it that the "profane" intellect of the world—so-called—the literary mind, scoffs at and contemns practical faith in Spiritual relations. Strip literature of its ideal world and nothing is left. Do its professors simply utter fancies in all their imagery drawn from higher sources than earth and sense, or do

they utter an all-pervading faith and belief? Do they believe in the angels, and spirits, and genii, and nymphs, and fairies, and sprites, so populous in their vision-land, or do they but play with shadows? These questions are worth pondering. The soul of poetry, music, sculpture, and painting is ideal, Spiritual. Rob them of this divine light and fire and they are formless and soulless. What are the immortal thoughts of Homer, of Eschylus, of Plato, of Virgil, of Dante, of Tasso, of Goethe, of Bunyan, and Milton, or the better genius of the great souls of Psalm and Song in all ages, if the Spiritual world be a myth, or so far a myth that it only mocks at earnest belief and practical realization? And Art, which has glorified itself on the canvas of Apelles or Raphael, and through the chisel of Phidias or Angelo, shall it be stripped bare of heaven, leaving to it only the harsh, sin-stained anatomy of mortal man? If it has lied in its interpretations, shall we longer exalt and idolize it? And if "divine" poesy has but conjured scenes from tricky fables and unsubstantial fancies, shall we delight and glory in its strains?

To come direct to the heart of the matter, in how much of its own expressed or implied faith does the human mind believe? I see clearly that all exalted mind lives, and has lived, more in a Spiritual than in a material world. I see, upon a casual recurrence to its utterances, that it has devoutly believed in man's affinity with the Spiritual and supernatural, as well as with the material and natural, and I am not willing that it should go on preaching, and singing, and impressing the world with its imaginations, unless it stand by them itself. Let Milton and Shakspeare be held to as close account as Isaiah or David, and let either stand by their utterance, or fall. Let us know that they, or whoever rises in thought, song, or revelation above the material world, speak fancies or truths, fables or facts, illusions or realities. It seems to me that the mass of mankind little realize the faiths they confess at altars and shrines, and the only Spirit that exalts their religions and literature. I put it to the materialist, in and out of the Church, whether any credence is to be given to Isaiah, or Shakspeare, or Milton, or Dante, when they draw, in their sublimest strains, upon the Spiritual and supernatural. I ask, too, how the universal belief in these

came to man, if they have no bases in fact. If they are but the conjecture of disordered fancy, why has the world built upon them its most sacred and delightful revelations and faiths? But mankind hold to them as the most precious truth. That is, all men believe, theoretically, in what the earnest Spiritualist believes practically. They reject realization of their faith on earth, possibly for two reasons: first, because corrupt sense disputes with the Spirit for the possession of man on earth; and second, because realization of Spiritualism compels to higher life than man's corrupt senses incline to. It is convenient enough to the churchman or the worldling to have an invisible and un-meddling guard of spirits to bless and protect him; pleasant enough to think angels watch his slumber and wait to convoy his soul; but it is not so convenient to believe that Spirits, and angels, and God himself, do really have cognizance of all we think and act, and that our account with the Creator may have to do with the every-day record of our lives. Such a belief, reduced to sincere and realizing faith, would startle the soul of sin, in the midst of its religious and social formalism and hypocrisy, and force it to sacrifices disagreeable to sense. Suppose earnest belief in man's power to commune intimately with Spirits and with God entailed no repentance and reform of his earth-courses, would there be one man in the universe to reject the extremest claims of Spiritualism? Nay, not one!

But I wander somewhat from my purpose in these thoughts. My design in touching upon this theme was chiefly to show in how far the most exalted minds of earth have declared their sympathy with, and their belief in, man's relation to God, and earth's to heaven. I find that the highest elements and the best value of all literature, "sacred and profane," lie in the ideal or Spiritual world, in connection with man. I find Homer beggared when shorn of his draft on the supernatural; that Tasso can not deliver his Jerusalem; that Dante has no vision of hell; that Milton is shut from a survey of Paradise; that Bunyan abandons his Pilgrim; while Shakspeare halts and staggers in a dull and darkened universe. And treading on holier ground, no angels walk in Eden or with the prophets, nor appear to release Peter or comfort the women at the sepulchre; no revelation

breaks upon the eye of John, nor upon the vision of Constantine or St. Augustine, and the Bible itself is a stupendous fiction. In fact, the kingdom of heaven, the great world of Spirits, shut out from the literature of earth, and man has little knowledge or consolation above the beasts that perish. If any mind is capacitated more than another to fathom truth that lies above materialism, it is the mind inspired with the ideal. If the divine afflatus has fallen upon man, it has fallen upon prophets and poets. From these the world has accepted its revelations and beliefs in whatever transcends the narrow vision of sense. The faith of prophets and poets is not doubtful, unless all their noblest utterances are a falsehood and deception.

"Ah!" says one, "all necessary revelation is made; the day of miracles and direct intercourse with Spirits is past. More than is accepted in the canons of the Church and the schools, is a dream—a distempered fancy. Trust not to fancy!" But Milton, who has created more theology for Christendom than the Bible, says: "Fancy is the eye of the soul," and that,

"Of all external things  
Which the five watchful senses represent,  
She forms imaginations, \* \* \* \*  
Which reason joining, or disjoining, frames  
All what we affirm, or what deny, and call  
Our knowledge or opinion."

And Coleridge, whose vision was not dull, and whose evidence weighs, if man's can weigh, on a point like this, says:

"Fancy is the power  
That first unsensualizes the dark mind,  
Giving it new delights; \* \* \* \*  
Emancipates it from the grosser thrall  
Of the present impulse, teaching self-control,  
Till superstition, with unconscious hand,  
Seat reason on her throne."

Coleridge gives this credit to superstition, doubtless, because fancy, in its first exercise by the mind, peoples the universe with false and obscure fears of beings invisible. When it rises to a

more calm and disciplined survey, the false fears vanish, but the beings (Spirits) remain, made visible and beautiful to reason and faith.

Whoever has read Milton can not doubt his belief in the communion of the material with the spiritual world. I take it that the sentiments and faith he puts on the tongues of his characters, in "Paradise Lost," for instance, are his own—that he has but written out his own faith and belief. How his great epic teems with God, with angels, and archangels! They are with Adam; they speak with him face to face. Indeed, Heaven is ajar with war, and the whole world of spirits concentrates its interest, on account of our progenitor, in that garden of the East. Before and after the "Fall," Adam is admitted to converse and communion with spirits. On the completion of the world, Milton puts this song on the lips of the "angelic harmonies, the heavens, and all the constellations:"

"Open, ye heavens! your living doors; let in  
The Great Creator, from his work returned  
Magnificent, his six days' work, a world:  
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign  
To visit oft the dwellings of just men,  
Delighted; and with frequent intercourse  
Thither will send his winged messengers  
On errands of supernal grace."

When Satan has worked his mischief in Paradise, Milton's God does not abandon our first parents, but sends (or rather the archangel directs) Ithuriel and Zephon to search for the tempter, and to watch the bower of Adam and Eve. The obedient angel finds Satan squatted like a toad,

"Close at the ear of Eve,  
Assaying, by his devilish art, to reach  
The organs of her fancy."

A touch from Ithuriel's spear causes Satan to upstart,

"As when a spark  
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder."

Milton confesses his faith in the direct communion of divine

agencies with our race, even in sleep, when he makes Eve, waking from slumber in Paradise, say to Adam, just returned from conference with an angel :

"Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know ;  
*For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,*  
*Which he hath sent propitious, some great good*  
*Presaging."*

Milton a believer not only in spirits, but in the divinity of dreams ! What say the churchmen to this ? But he bears strongest witness when he puts a final speech on the tongue of the angel addressing Adam, after the expulsion :

"Said the angel, From heaven  
 He to his own a Comforter will send,  
 The promise of the Father ; who shall dwell  
*His Spirit within them ; and the law of faith,*  
 Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,  
 To guide them in all truth ; *and also arm*  
*With spiritual armor,* able to resist  
 Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts.  
 What man can do against them, not afraid  
 Though to the death ; against such cruelties  
 With inward consolations recompensed ;  
*And oft supported so as shall amaze*  
*Their proudest persecutors, for the Spirit*  
 (Poured first on His Apostles, whom He sends  
 To evangelize the nations ; then on all  
 Baptized) *shall them with wondrous gifts endue,*  
*To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,*  
*As did their Lord before them.* Thus they win  
 Great numbers of each nation, to receive  
 With joy the tidings brought from heaven."

But the sublime poet warns (or rather his angel warns) that wolves will seek place in this spiritual fold :

"Who all the sacred mysteries of heaven  
 To their own vile advantages shall turn,  
 Of lucre and ambition ; and the truth  
 With superstitions and traditions taint,



Left only in those written records\* pure,  
 Though not but by the spirit understood.  
 Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,  
 Places, and titles; and with these to join  
 Secular power, though feigning still to act  
 By spiritual; to themselves† appropriating  
 The Spirit of God, promised alike, and given  
 To all believers; and, from that pretense,  
 Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force  
 On every conscience. \* \* \* \*

What will they then  
 But force the spirit of grace itself—  
*Unbuild his living temples, \* \* \* \**  
*Whence heavy persecution shall arise*  
*On all, who in the worship persevere*  
*Of spirit and truth. \* \* \* \**

Truth shall retire,  
 Bestruck with slanderous darts; and works of faith  
 Rarely be found."

Milton owed nothing of the noble conceptions in his great poem to the mediation of sense, and little, if any thing, to the outward world. Inspired records, and his own sublime imagination and faith, were the agencies that began the unfolding of the Spiritual world. He was blind to material things, but his mortal blindness only kindled his interior perception to a brighter glow. Dr. Johnson, criticising Milton, says: "God and the angels seemed to approach nearer, and the world of Spirits to open more and more, as the poet retired deeper within his own soul. Earth could no longer attract or distract his spirit, through sense, and, chastened by meditation and faith, he saw that higher world to which imagination points, but which the pure, enlightened, and rapt Spirit only can behold. And he saw there the drama of Paradise, Lost and Regained, and his tongue was inspired to utter what the eye of his soul beheld."

---

\* The records of those whom God endued to "speak all tongues, and do all miracles," as set forth in the preceding quotation.

† What can be meant here but creed-men, ever thirsting for secular power, and ever bent on confining God and God's spirits within the narrow limits of their dogmatic theology! Surely this angel (or his interpreter, Milton) told Adam great truths, which all time has amply verified.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Johnson's vast mind believed in Spirit-affinities and communion, since he has been so widely ridiculed for believing in "ghosts," in the common acceptation of the term.

The most interesting, and by far the most striking and dramatic portions of Shakspeare's writings depend upon characters drawn from the world of Spirits. Did Shakspeare believe in the relations he institutes between the material and the supernatural; in his ghosts, and fairies, and elves, or did he but adopt the common belief of his own and all times in these beings? He certainly endorsed the belief by his unqualified use of it. Did he believe in the universal impression (if not belief) that midnight was the hour that loosed unquiet Spirits to walk the earth? In his *Midsummer Night's Dream* he makes the fairies sing:

"Now it is the time of night,  
That the graves are gaping wide,  
Every one lets forth his sprite,  
In the church-way paths to glide."

And in *Hamlet*:

"The dead waste and middle of the night,"

is the hour when Shakspeare bids the ghost of Hamlet's father walk abroad. Then follows what, "the old superstition?" the troubled Spirit, with a crime to confess or a wrong to avenge, which can only be done by mortal aid. Did Shakspeare believe in such things? They are an immemorial story; others believed them, why not he of Avon? Hamlet and Horatio wait to lay the ghost of the murdered king:

"*Ham.* What hour now?  
*Hor.* I think it lacks of twelve.

*Enter GHOST.*

*Ham.* Angels and ministers of grace defend us!  
Be thou a Spirit of health, or goblin damned,  
Bring with thee airs of heaven or blasts from hell—  
By thy intents wicked or charitable,  
Thou comest in such questionable shape  
That I will speak to thee: \* \* \* \*

Why has the sepulcher unlock'd  
His ponderous and marble jaws  
To cast thee up again?

*Ghost.* I am thy father's Spirit,  
Doomed for a certain time to walk the night,  
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,  
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature  
Are burnt and purged away."

If Shakspeare believed not in the Spirit of his drama, he consented to use it, according to the strict letter of common theory and belief. The hour, the invocation to good spirits for defense against evil, the resolve to question the ghost, and the most orthodox response of the latter, are in perfect keeping with the universal ideas of Christendom on this subject. Undoubtedly Shakspeare uttered his own belief, guided by the ghostly canon for particulars.

The ghost and witch scenes in *Macbeth* are but a further illustration of the theme. True to tradition (sacred and profane), the Spirits appear only to those with whom they have directly to do. Hence Hamlet alone sees his father's ghost, and *Macbeth* that of Banquo. The queen thinks *Macbeth* mad or distempered, and tells him, in the materialist style, when he beholds the dagger-armed ghost:

"This is the very painting of your fear,  
This is the air-drawn dagger!  
\* \* \* \* when all's done,  
You look but on a stool."

But the guilt-stricken murderer swears:

"If I stand here I saw him—  
\* \* \* \* The times have been,  
That when the brains were out, the man was dead,  
And there an end; *but now they rise again.*  
\* \* \* \*  
They say blood will have blood,  
*Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak."*

*Macbeth* is made to utter, in accordance with, not only his particular case, but in agreement with the popular idea touch-

ing all such as he, under similar circumstances. Shakspeare and his age knew the customs and peculiarities of Spirits, and, doubtless, believed all and more than the poet wrote. He revealed his impressions only so far as was necessary for his emergency. He well says, through Hamlet:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

The philosophy alluded to was, probably, very like that of our day, which cries, "beautiful!" when the priest and the poet bring heaven and earth together, but which scouts the union when its practical realization is hinted at.

Shakspeare was no niggard spiritualist. Here is his confession of belief in presentiment—a theory not a little ridiculed in our day. At her last interview with Romeo, Juliet is made to say:

"O God, I have an ill-divining soul ;  
Methinks I see thee (Romeo), now thou art below,  
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb."

Juliet's soul divined aright. Did Shakspeare believe the soul could look beyond time and sense, and divine the future? Evidently he did, else why the above not indispensable utterance? Did he believe that daybreak bounds the earth-tryst of fairies (the popular belief) when he made Oberon, their chief, say:

"Until the break of day  
Through the house each fairy stray."

Of course he did! Who doesn't believe in fairies and fairyland? Most assuredly I do, and so does all the world in its secret soul.

Coleridge, of all great, inspired souls, has endorsed the belief in man's power to commune with spirits above him most decidedly and manfully. He believed that a part of the mission of higher spirits is to descend to the lower, to inspire, guide, and exalt. Having expressed this belief, he says:

"If there be Beings of higher class than Man,  
I deem no nobler province they possess,  
Than by disposal of apt circumstance  
To rear up kingdoms ; and the deeds they prompt,

*Distinguishing from mortal agency,  
 They choose their human ministers from such states  
 As still the Epic song half fears to name ;\*  
 Repelled from all the minstrelsies that strike  
 The palace-roof, and soothe the monarch's pride.  
 And such, perhaps, the Spirit who (if words  
 Witnessed by answering deeds may claim our faith)  
 Held commune with that warrior maid of France†  
 Who scourged the invader."*

And here is Coleridge's rebuke to those (plenty among us) who fly to science, art, jugglery, or any thing absurd, to account for whatever passes their dull, narrow, materialistic comprehension ; persons who acknowledge the spirit and power of God in the growth of a grass-blade, but who would deny that spirit and power in man if they could :

"Some there are who deem themselves most free  
 When they *within this gross and visible sphere*  
*Chain down the winged thought*, scoffing assent,  
 Proud in their meanness ; and themselves they cheat  
 With noisy emptiness of learned phrase,  
 Their subtile fluids, impacts, essences,  
 Self-working tools, uncaus'd effects, and all  
 Those blind Omniscients, those Almighty Slaves,  
*Untenanting creation of its God."*

And here is an intelligent and noble apostrophe, worthy of Coleridge and his theme :

"Contemplant Spirits ! ye that hover o'er  
 With untired gaze the immeasurable fount  
 Ebullient with creative Deity !  
 And ye of plastic power, that interfused  
 Roll through the grosser and material mass  
 In organizing surge ! Holies of God !"

---

\* Republics are doubtless meant, and I can conceive of no greater temporal good angels could work for man, than to guide and inspire him everywhere to upbuild republics and overthrow despotisms.

† Joan of Arc, said to have been directed by a spirit, in visions of her youth, and who proved herself worthy to have been chosen of God for the work she accomplished. Is it not a common saying, that God raised up Washington for the salvation of his country ?

And how Coleridge pictures the power of the soul to expand, even in its mortal state, and compass and comprehend the universe, when he says :

“ There is one Mind, one Omnipresent Mind,  
Omnific. His most holy name is Love.  
Truth of sublime import ! with the which  
Who feeds and saturates his constant soul,  
He from his small particular orbit flies  
With bless'd outstarting ! *From himself he flies,*  
Stands in the sun, and with no partial gaze  
Views all creation ; and he loves it all,  
And blesses it, and calls it very good !  
*This is indeed to dwell with the Most High !*  
*Cherubs and rapture-trembling seraphim*  
*Can press no nearer to the Almighty's throne.”*

Coleridge clearly believed that life is only a vision of immortality—that mortals are spirits on their upward march toward heaven and God, when he uttered :

“ Believe thou, O my soul,  
*Life is a vision shadowy of truth ;*  
And vice, and anguish, and the wormy grave,  
*Shapes of a dream.”*

But I have sufficiently shown his spirit, yet I can not forbear quoting this burning prayer—a prayer now needed on the lips and from the hearts of all true men :

“ O return !  
Pure Faith ! meek Piety ! The abhorred Form  
Whose scarlet robe was stiff with earthly pomp,  
Who drank iniquity in cups of gold,  
Whose names were many and all blasphemous ;  
Hath met the horrible judgment ! *Whence that cry ?*  
*The mighty army of foul spirits shriek'd,*  
*Disherited of Earth ! For she hath fallen,*  
*On whose black front was written MYSTERY !*  
She that reeled heavily, whose wine was blood ;  
She that worked whoredom with the demon power,  
And from the dark embrace all evil things  
Brought forth and nurtured : *mitred Atheism,*  
And patient Folly, and pale Fear. \* \* \* \*

Return, pure Faith ! return, meek Piety !  
 The kingdoms of the world are yours : each heart  
 Self-govern'd, the vast family of Love  
 Raised from the common Earth, by common toil,  
 Enjoy the equal produce. *Such delights*  
*As float to earth, permitted visitants !*  
*When in some hour of solemn jubilee*  
*The massy gates of Paradise are thrown*  
*Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild*  
*Sweet echoes of unearthly melody,*  
*And odors snatch'd from beds of amaranth.*  
*The favored good man in his lonely walk*  
*Perceives them, and his silent spirit drinks*  
*Strange bliss which he shall recognize in Heaven.*

Shelley, the most ethereal of poets, while he struggles for "annihilation," and to dethrone God and his angels, as it were, to avenge some stinging wound religion's ministers had inflicted upon him, is perpetually thrown upon the world of spirits for aliment. No one can doubt that much of the longing and passionate utterance he breathed through his *Revolt of Islam*, *Prometheus*, *Alastor*, *Queen Mab*, and *Adonais* were but his own profound belief—deny it as he might. He is ever spurning the grossness of earth and wrestling against the fetters of mortality. He sees the soul of Adonais (his friend Keats)—

"Outsoar the shadow of our night ;  
 Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,  
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
 Can touch him not and torture not again.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he ;  
 Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn,  
 Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee  
 The spirit thou lamentest is not gone."

Shelley might cast by the tradition—he rebelled his life-long against it ; but he could not cast off instinct. His own soul had need of a God, a heaven, angels and ministering spirits—of communion with intelligence higher than unfolds on earth, in mortal state ; and if he was too proud to confess it directly, he did it indirectly, uttering his inmost faith through the lips and

longings of his Prometheus, Adonais, and Alastor. What he bids Asia utter to Panthea is his own utterance. Who more than Shelley could say :

" My soul is an enchanted boat,  
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float  
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing ;  
And thine doth like an *angel* sit  
Beside the helm conducting it ?"

Yes, his soul was an enchanted boat, and the Spirit of God hovered in and over it, and beautiful and blessed angels consoled the poet life-voyager (struggling to doubt the evidence of his own nature) by flashing their radiant wings on his misty, yet far-circling vision. Shelley's unconscious confessions, scattered all through his song, more than disprove all his studied declarations of belief. No soul ever lived less on earth, and upon the things of earth, than his. His sympathies were above grossness and corruption, and lifted him into the sphere of purer and loftier spirits.

The Greeks believed in a variety of evil spirits who had power, under some tutelar deity, to lure mortals by taking upon themselves fascinating forms and characters. The Circeans who ensnared the mariners of Ulysses, turning them, over their cups, into swine, were a specimen ; as were, also, the Lamias, of one of whom a charming poet, Keats, has sung :

" Upon a time, before the faery broods  
Drove nymph and satyr from the prosperous woods,  
Before King Oberon's bright diadem,  
Scepter, and mantle, clasp'd with dewy gem,  
Frighted away the Dryads and the Fauns  
From rushes green, and brakes, and cowslip'd lawns."

This belief not only contributed to the themes of ancient and modern poets, but a grave philosopher, Philostratus (quoted in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*), in one of his books gives a " veritable" history of the incident sung by Keats. It runs thus: " One Menippus Lycius, a young man twenty-five years of age, going between Cenchreas and Corinth, met a phantasm in the habit of a fair gentlewoman, which taking him by the



hand, carried him to her house in a suburb of Corinth, where she persuaded him to tarry, and sup and drink wine with her. The young man, a philosopher, 'otherwise staid and discreet,' finally married her, to whose wedding, among other guests, came Apollonius; who soon discovered her (being a seer) to be a serpent, a Lamia; and that all her furniture was, like the gold of Tantalus, described by Homer, only illusions. Finding herself discovered, she besought the old seer to keep silence, but he refused and exposed her, whereupon she, and her house, and all that was in it, vanished instantly." Philostratus goes on to say that "many thousands took notice of this fact, for it was done in the midst of Greece."

We may smile in our day at these old beliefs, but our incredulity does not remove the fact, that the mind of the human race, in all ages, has reposed more or less, indeed universally, on belief in an intimate relation between mortal and supra-mortal beings. And this belief is born more of intuition than from tradition. The character of the supra-mortal has been elevated and beautiful, in proportion to the intelligence of the mortal. Circeans and Lamias may have ceased to infest the earth, but it requires little effort of our reason to fancy that quite as gross and evil spirits prey, in other forms and ways, upon man in our times. We see men, fashioned outwardly like ourselves, transformed from all the characteristics of true manhood, into *beasts*. The Circeans could do and did no worse with Ulysses' companions.

Without a spiritual world in close affinity with earth, so close, in fact, that prophet and poet can clasp the hands of the two in tangible, sympathetic embrace, poet and prophet are dumb. Keats, to whom we have just alluded, for instance, depends, in his chief poems, *Hyperion*, *Lamia*, *Endymion*, and *St. Agnes' Eve*, mainly upon the supernatural for his characters. One of the most beautiful poems of a gifted countrywoman, Mary E. Hewitt, is founded on an old belief of the Greeks that, long after the battle of Marathon, they at times beheld the gigantic shade of their ancestral Theseus, completely armed, and bearing down before them upon the foe. Thus the poet's nutriment flows from the faith and belief (often called superstition and credulity) of ages:

"When midnight to the peasant yields  
 The meed from labor won,  
 'Tis said the sleeping legions rise  
 On storied Marathon.\*

Their banner, with its sacred bird  
 Flung proudly to the sky,  
 Down sweeps again the Athenian host,  
 To conquer or to die.

Again the air-forged falchion cleaves  
 The turban of the Mede,  
 And sinks beneath the shadowy spear  
 The Persian and his steed.

Amid the pale, contending hosts,  
 The watchers may behold  
 The shade of THESEUS lead the fight,  
 As on that day of old.

The rush of spectral war is heard,  
 And clearly on the breeze  
 Comes from the fiercely charging band  
 The cry, 'Miltiades!'

Where'er that glorious shape appears,  
 Wherever sounds that cry,  
 Again the phantom cohorts reel,  
 Again they turn and fly.

They fly, as from that field of gore  
 The smitten Asian fled;  
 And Marathon lies calm once more  
 Above her silent dead."

It is easy to say this is but fancy—may it not be fact? How many instances are on record of legions seen, as it were, contending in the skies! It is illusion, possibly, but the illusion has been witnessed from all points of the compass, and in differ-

---

\* Curiously enough, in a late letter in the *Journal of Commerce*, written from Paris, by Mr. Walsh, is the following. Mr. W. is speaking of Professor Creasy's book, "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World:" "Recent travelers confirm the statement that, to this day, the field of Marathon is believed to be haunted, as in the time of Pausanias, with spectral warriors, and the shepherds are alarmed in the night by their shouts and by the neighing of their steeds."

ent ages ; why not call it a fact, somewhat above our mortal comprehension, even as is the life-principle of a blade of grass, and let Marathon have her battle re-fought by the spirits of her heroes. Modern art has accomplished one of its finest triumphs in a painting representing a scene witnessed during a fierce battle between the Romans and the Huns. The spirits of the fallen warriors, on either side, were seen to ascend above the field of battle, organize, and rush to a fresh conflict. The terrific sight caused the earth-combatants to pause in the midst of their carnage.

Some of those who read this article will, no doubt, remember Mrs. Sawyer's (wife of Rev. T. J. Sawyer) beautiful thought, "The Boy and his Angel," from which we quote portions :

"Oh, mother, I've been with an angel to-day !  
 I was out, alone, in the forest at play,  
 Chasing after the butterflies, watching the bees,  
 And hearing the woodpecker tapping the trees ;  
 So I played, and I played, till, so weary I grew,  
 I sat down to rest in the shade of a yew,  
 While the birds sang so sweetly high up on its top,  
 I held my breath, mother, for fear they would stop !  
 Thus long I had sat, looking up to the sky,  
 And watching the clouds that went hurrying by,  
 When I heard a voice calling just over my head,  
 That sounded as if ' Come, oh brother ! ' it said ;  
 And there, right over the top of the tree,  
 Oh, mother, an angel was beck'ning to me !"

The mother interprets the vision as a premonition of the death of her boy. As the film of death gathers on his eyes, the young angel-seer whispers :

" ' I see you not, mother, for darkness and night  
 Are hiding your dear, loving face from my sight—  
 But I hear your low sobbings—dear mother, good-bye !  
 The angels are ready to bear me on high !  
 I will wait for you there—but, oh, tarry not long,  
 Lest grief at your absence should sadden my song !'  
 He ceased, and his hands meekly clasp'd on his breast,  
 While his sweet face sank down on pillows of rest,  
 Then, closing his eyes, now all rayless and dim,  
 Went up with the angels that waited for him."

And here are "Angel Footsteps," by Longfellow, from his  
"Voices of the Night:"

"When the hours of day are numbered,  
And the voices of the night  
Wake the better soul that slumber'd,  
To a holy, calm delight;  
Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful fire-light,  
Dance upon the parlor wall—  
Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door;  
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more;  
And with them the Being Beauteous,  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.  
With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine,  
And she sits and gazes at me,  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies."

And here is an angel from Leigh Hunt:

"ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)  
Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace,  
And saw within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it bright and like a lily bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold.  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,  
And in a voice made all of sweet accord,  
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'  
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'  
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,  
But cheerily still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.'

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night  
 It came again with a great waking light,  
 And showed the names whom love of God had blest,  
 And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

And here are Whittier's "Angels of Grief:"

"With silence only as their benediction  
 God's angels come,  
 Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,  
 The soul sits dumb.

Yet would we say, what every heart approveth,  
 Our Father's will,  
 Calling to him the dear ones whom he loveth,  
 Is mercy still.

Not upon us or ours the solemn angel  
 Hath evil wrought ;  
 The funeral anthem is a glad evangel—  
 The good die not !

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly  
 What he has given ;  
 They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly  
 As in his heaven."

And here are angels from Bryant :

"The hours are viewless angels,  
 They still go gliding by,  
 And bear each moment's record up  
 To HIM who sits on high.

The poison or the nectar  
 Our heart's-deed flower-cups yield,  
 A sample still they gather swift,  
 And leave us in the field.

And some fly by on pinions  
 Of gorgeous gold and blue,  
 And some fly on with drooping wing  
 Of sorrow's darker hue.

And as we spend each minute  
 That God to us hath given,

The deeds are known before His throne—  
The tale is told in heaven.

And we who talk among them,  
As one by one departs,  
Think not that they are hovering  
Forever round our hearts."

And here is one from Barry Cornwall:

"Touch us gently, Time!  
Let us glide adown thy stream  
Gently—as we sometimes glide  
Through a quiet dream!  
Humble voyagers are we,  
Husband, wife, and children three—  
(One is lost—an angel, fled  
To the azure overhead)!"

And I tether a last one from Uhland:

"How softly beautiful those tones  
That rouse me from my sleep!  
Oh, mother, see! Who pours sweet strains  
Into the night so deep?"

"No sound I hear, nor see I aught;  
Then slumber on in peace!  
All serenades for thee henceforth,  
Poor sickly child, must cease!"

"The music springs not from the earth  
That makes my heart so light;  
Angels are summoning me with song—  
Oh, mother, dear, good-night!"

Yet, wherever my eye glances upon a page whose thought is above the earthly and perishing, I find angels and spirits, the progeny of the world's hope and belief, and of the prophet's and poet's faith and vision; the progeny, also, of God. The more he is enlightened the more man looks heavenward, and desires and aspires to Spiritual communion. He can no more live without commune with angels than he could without the Spirit of God.

The utterances I have quoted are but a meager fraction of the world's confession of faith in the Spiritual—not abstract, and cold, and distant, but near, ever-present, and actual. What I have said is disjointed, for the theme is too broad for my space, and I have crowded such things into the space as may most suggest the fullness of my purpose, were it accomplished. Those who read what is written can easily pursue the theme for themselves; it is worth pursuing. And, finding the religion and the intellect of the world universally committed to Spiritualism (in theory, to the greatest familiarity and extreme), they may ask, as I have done, Does the world accredit its own expressed faith and belief to the point of reasonable realization?

---

## PRAYER OF A DYING CHILD.

BY HENRY CLAY PREUSS.

I CAN not bear it longer, this sharp and burning pain,  
 For, oh! the fiery fever is scorching up my brain;  
 I've gazed out through the window the long, long dreary night,  
 The stars, like weeping angels, are passing from my sight;  
 I can not bear it longer—the fever rages wild—  
 Have mercy, mercy, Father! and spare thy suffering child!

Oh, by the Bible-promise, which "raiseth from the dead,"  
 By all my mother's blessings when on her dying bed;  
 And, oh! for Christ the Saviour—the best beloved by Thee—  
 Who suffer'd little children to rest upon his knee—  
 By all, I do implore Thee—my brain is growing wild—  
 Oh, God! Thou art my Father—have mercy on thy child!

"Joy cometh with the morning!" the fever burns no more—  
 I feel the cooling breezes from off the *Golden Shore*!  
 I know that I am passing through that dark, silent vale  
 Where Zion-hearted heroes with palsied fear grow pale:  
 But, O what lamps to light me through yon blue, starry dome—  
 I hear the angels calling—dear Father, take me home!

## THE ALPINE CLIMBER.

THE ASCENT OF MONT BLANC BY A TRAVELER

BY ISAAC C. PRAY.

Who gives to Thought an Action is a Man!  
Thousands have scaled, Mont Blanc, thine icy walls—  
Yet only in their Fancy's dreams have trod  
Thy treacherous paths—thy stern acclivities.  
Not so with him, who, contemplating thee,  
Designed to reach thy summit as an act  
Well worthy man's ambition. He saw toil,  
And shrank not—felt the toil, and wearied not—  
But, bravely firm, passed up the rugged steep,  
In bold defiance of the avalanche,  
Till on thy bald gray head he laid his hand  
And conquered thee—the triumph of a Man!

The thoughtless world may scan the peril all,  
And not within the deed perceive the Good  
It has accomplished—but the Mind not thus  
Dismisses Bravery! It soars to link the name  
Of him who triumphs thus, with what his soul  
Has raised him to—Sublimity. Such acts  
Will live in time, far, far beyond the hour  
That holds the aggregated dust of him  
Who realized his thought, by having Faith—  
That most substantial of Man's attributes—  
Before whose power the Polar ice shall melt,  
And emerald verdure crown the crystal void,  
And arid deserts blossom as the rose—  
Instinct with vital elements which sleep  
Unnoticed and unheeded—viewless crusts



Of particles Philosophy half scans,  
 Believing now but half, and that the Seen—  
 The weaker half! Oh, unseen powers are strong!  
 And where is Strength man's finger has not touched  
 To grasp its form. It is man's duty yet  
 To find *the cells of Strength and move the World!*

So let this Alpine climber's lesson guide!  
 Think of an End for every act of Life,  
 And agonize to reach it, or to die—  
 A peril that exalts man's intellect,  
 And for the steep Hereafter fits the Soul,  
 That shall not rest in lazy luxuries,  
 But find—by deeds done bravely by itself,  
 Not fashioned by a brother's works—its God!

The lesson heed. The peak that pierces Heaven  
 In clouds is summited. Its base is bright  
 With flowers and fountains, gushing torrents, scenes  
 Charming the eye, and luring vales which spread  
 Their velvet pallets for the idle frame  
 And idler soul, subdued by slothful thoughts—  
 Inactive, purposeless, and aimless all!

Sleep not within Life's valleys, and let not  
 The Arvé and the Arveiron of the soul  
 Bear undistinguished, in their turbid floods,  
 Thoughts which, in action, would be useful deeds—  
 But if mere dreams, are swept into the sea  
 Of dark oblivion, wasted and unused!

Be braver, Man! Trace to their source thy thoughts—  
 Electric, leaping or distilling from the skies!  
 Whither they lead be thou so bold to climb,  
 Not with thy soul alone—but with thy hands,  
 Thy feet, thy frame—for every part of man  
 To gain a glorious end must harmonize!  
 Inactive dreaming will accomplish naught.  
 Toil on, as those who love their God will toil,  
 Then shall the summit of great thoughts in Heaven  
 Be known to thee—not in vain dreams which fade,  
 But felt and comprehended by thy soul,

Which will a part of them as they of thee  
Become—eternal and unfading Fact!

Stand not midway upon the mount of Life,  
Discouraged, and neglect its steep to climb.  
No! With an earnest Will bridge o'er each gulf—  
Heed no ravine—no icy barrier—scale  
The wall of doubt, and find a foothold there  
To help thee on! So shalt thou live as He  
Who formed for usefulness the soul of man  
Designed—in His own image—work to do  
Six-sevenths of our time, and then to rest!  
We all are wandering Alpine travelers—  
And he who climbs the highest in Life's steeps  
Is nearest Heaven—knows best the smile of God!

---

## MY MOTHER.

BY CARLOS D. STUART.

THREE hallowed name, upon the scroll of feeling  
In golden letters written and impressed;  
With every hour thy form before me stealing,  
Lights up my soul and soothes my troubled breast:  
In the gay world, or in the closet kneeling,  
Thy presence is to me a calm revealing  
Of one pure love, that sweetens toil and rest—  
Of Earthly loves the purest and the best.

### II.

I think of the young days when, bending o'er me,  
Thou watched the cradle where I helpless lay,  
And for my very weakness did adore me—  
O where is flown that happy childhood's day?

And as I strengthened marked the way before me,  
 Or bade me rest when labor weary wore me;  
 I think of those dear, loved times passed away,  
 Whose memory will, with thine, forever stay.

## III.

Is there a love all other love excelling,  
 I yield it up as homage at thy shrine,  
 Because I know, if God has deigned a dwelling  
 In this poor world, 'tis in that heart of thine,  
 Whose only impulse is true love, impelling  
 To good deeds—and fancy has been telling  
 If ever spirits in clay temples shine,  
 The life that warms my mother is divine.

## IV.

Dear mother, now, while manhood's cares are teeming,  
 And every day some added burthen brings,  
 With brighter luster every moment beaming  
 I feel thy presence, like a spirit's wings,  
 And in the wildness of my fancy dreaming  
 I see thine eyes above me, fondly beaming,  
 And I am happy—I forget the stings  
 That wound my heart 'mid these imaginings.

## V.

Dear mother, know that, wheresoe'er I'm straying,  
 Though near or distant I at times may be,  
 Alike thy memory or thy presence swaying  
 Through storm and calm, shall always compass me;  
 And when with age the path of youth surveying,  
 I chide the time that chides my own delaying,  
 Each scene, each wreck, each relic on life's sea  
 Will lead my soul to fondly think of thee.



ENGRAVED BY SIMONS.

ENGRAVED BY A. SARTAIN.

Horace Greeley

## HORACE GREELEY.\*

BY C. D. STUART.†

THAT capacity for the noblest effort and achievement is not dependent upon hereditary advantages, nor upon special training for some given profession or pursuit, is everywhere attested by the honest record of mankind. By no one thing is man's God-given, essential nobility more proved than by the fact, that over

---

\* For such as may be interested in details, we compile the following biographical data. Horace Greeley was born at Amherst, N. H., February 3d, 1811, and is the oldest survivor of seven children. A brother and three sisters are still living. His father and mother, who still survive, reside in Erie County, Pa. They were both born in New Hampshire—the mother of Scotch-Irish lineage and the father of English. The name on the mother's side is Woodburn. Both Greeleys and Woodburns have been farmers as far back as the record runs; the Greeleys poor. What little property he had, the father of Horace lost when his son was about ten years of age. On this emergency he removed from New Hampshire to Vermont. At eleven years of age Horace was rejected at Whitehall, N. Y., as a proffered apprentice to the printing trade, on account of his youth. At fifteen he succeeded in getting an apprenticeship, and worked at the trade four years. Almost self-instructed, he had made very considerable progress in the common branches of English learning previous to this time. In 1831 Horace came to this city, where he worked his first year and a half as a journeyman. He then, with another young printer, purchased materials and undertook the printing of a cheap daily paper for a person, who soon after failed. In 1834, having lost his partner (by death), Horace issued the "New Yorker," a journal of literature, statistics, and news, which achieved a very wide and solid reputation. In 1841, the "New Yorker" was merged in the "Weekly Tribune." In the mean time Horace had published and edited a political (Whig) paper, "The Jeffersonian," at Albany, "The Log Cabin," a Whig campaign paper; and started the "New York Daily Tribune," since resulting in the most noted and profitable journal in the country. Mr. Greeley was married in 1836, to Mary Y. Cheney, of Litchfield, Conn. They have had six children, but two of whom (the youngest) survive. Mr. Greeley has a residence in this city and one some twenty-five miles from the city, on the line of the Harlem Railroad, a snug little homestead of twenty odd acres, where Horace has fine opportunity to pursue his model-farming tastes.

† The writer of this sketch borrows the editorial "we," as facilitating his expression.

and above all disadvantages and obstacles, and in spite of the bars of caste and custom, here and there a human soul will manifest itself beautiful, grand, and heroic, solely by force of its native instincts and unassisted energies—by its own calmly reflecting and inquisitive spirit. Such a soul, emerging from a position of temporal obscurity and poverty, led forward by no genius save its own proud, unconquerable aspiration, and only hailed in the earlier stages of its career by contumely, disappointment, and, mayhap, scorn, yet triumphing in the flush of its mortal years—such a soul is a noble memorial and inspiration for all souls, present or to come. All patent nobilities, all privileged, self-lauding castes, and all assumptions of superiority based on hereditaryism, are rebuked and set aside by man's occasional development of transcendent native nobility, genius, and power.

And not so very occasional. If we examine the history of the past six thousand years, we shall find that its greatest spirits—its founders of nations, governments, and institutions—its patriots, martyrs, prophets, apostles, and even saviors, were seldom indicated for the destinies they fulfilled by splendor of birth, advantage of social position, or hereditary fortune. No; born of and among the obscure “unhistorical masses,” the world's best leaders and reformers have found their lesson and spur in the necessities of their kind. Who but men familiar with poverty and obscurity, and with the wrongs, degradations, and wants of the masses, could, possessed of hearts and intellects rich from the hand of God, and inspired with ambition and will to reclaim and regenerate their fellows, work out the world's social, political, and religious redemption? Doubtless for this reason God has lodged in comparative obscurity, here and there, in all ages, the light of genius and the fire of patriotism and holiest brotherhood. Under the shadow of thrones and universities, humanity, in her hours of greatest need and peril, has found nobler than coroneted lords and mitred priests, and more learned, in all true knowledge, than makers of books or doctors of law. She has found there earnest, faithful, uncorrupted men; men sagacious in discerning the rights, privileges, and duties of man; men, by their very nature, the perpetual foes of hypocrisy,

falsehood, fraud, and arbitrary power; men pledged by their conviction, ambition, and desire to establish the truth and the right, in so far as the power in them lay.

A soul and a man, somewhat such as we have here drawn, barely in outline, is he whose name stands at the head of this article—Horace Greeley. Without claiming for him any absolute perfection, we venture to say, that no man of Mr. Greeley's years, setting down the disadvantages he has overcome as nothing, has performed a greater or more varied humanitarian labor. We venture to say, with equal assurance, that, taking a careful observation of his life, private and public, to test him by, no man could have performed the aforesaid labor with larger conscientiousness and integrity of purpose, or with more generally firm and intelligent convictions. We speak decidedly, but not more so, we think, than some twelve years of intimate acquaintance with our subject will warrant.

Horace Greeley, we take it, stands at the head of the practical reformers of our day—at least in this country. No other man, to our knowledge, has struck right and left and all around against error, without respect to its fashionableness or obscurity, so bravely, so uncompromisingly, and so steadily as Horace Greeley. Placed for several years past at the head of a powerful and popular press (a facility of his own creation), no other man has found the public ear so accessible or the public mind so cultivable. There have been two chief reasons for these facts. The public's impression of Mr. Greeley, in spite of the malignance and calumny of envious competitors and enemies of various classes, has been and is, that he is, mainly at least, an honest man—honest, non-time-serving, and free-spoken. And how his case proves "that honesty is the best policy." What a mighty, conquering power there is in honesty! How even the most dishonest bow before it, and inwardly confess their own meanness and little worth! And then, Mr. Greeley has been a reasoning reformer, not a bigot nor a dogmatist. He has written, "An open field and fair play" on his banner, and in so far as we have been able to observe and judge, he has never shrunk from discussion or sought to evade the fair issue of any question to which he might be a party. Too many of our would-be leaders

and teachers insult the public they address, by their thorough ignorance and arrogant conceit. Horace Greeley is the advocate of no system or measure he does not understand. He never argues for mere talk's sake. He is no noisy controversialist, bent simply on getting most applause by whatever sophism or clap-trap, but rather one who seeks to convince, not so much for his own triumph as for his reader's or hearer's good.

It is some fifteen or sixteen years since Horace Greeley, having migrated to this city from the comparative backwoods, began to attract public attention and give promise of future eminence. The opening of his (all things considered) remarkable career dates at his starting of the "New Yorker," a weekly journal peculiar for its literature and statistics, and altogether indicative of Mr. Greeley's genius. By the way, there are some who deny genius to Horace Greeley. It is possible that a large, strong, and clear intellect, guided by a calm and patient judgment, and spurred by an indomitable energy and will, are all the abettors and aids Mr. Greeley has, and it matters little if they are, he can afford to dispense with the bare name of genius while he is conscious, and the world accords, that he has accomplished all and more than most so-called genius accomplishes. A not over-successful business enterprise, the "New Yorker" was sufficient to have given Mr. Greeley a large and enviable reputation. Therein eschewing politics, he began to unfold his reformatory ideas, speaking with an earnestness and boldness against chicanery and wrong, not at all flattering to the "milk-sops" in moral science. During the career of the "New Yorker," Mr. Greeley called around him many thoughtful and vigorous minds—a circle by far the most intellectual and spiritual connected with any journal of the day. But Mr. Greeley was not yet marked as a reformer. He was only known as speaking more and considerably plainer truth than people were accustomed to hear. He was yet a poet, full of pleasant rhythm, more than a thundering Titan, with brain crowded with rugged, crystalline songs, for the quick ears and stout heart of labor.\*

---

\* We subjoin the following specimen of Mr. Greeley's muse at this epoch, that



The "New York Tribune," founded by Mr. Greeley, some twelve years since, and the lecture-room, have been Horace Greeley's great fields of action. He could hardly have worked either more earnestly and actively, or with greater popularity, success, and profit, in every point of view. While in the face of an almost extravagant generosity (indicated by memoranda of money given or lent, and paper endorsed for any and every friend and acquaintance seeking his aid), he has won pecuniary independence, and a reputation as extended, substantial, and enviable as any reasonable ambition could desire. One might well have supposed, that the often radical denunciations of a bold reformer would not have tended to popularity or fortune, for the evils and crafts Mr. Greeley has most assailed were well fortified in public esteem and prejudice; but *they have so tended*, for the reason, we must believe, that the reformer has generally been found, upon a fair hearing, right, and the right and truth, in an age of intelligence and free discussion, are certain to triumph. They have tended thus, also, for the reason, that Mr. Greeley has never been a turncoat, nor a halting, doubtful, or indifferent leader. Taking hold of the plow, he has not turned back in the furrow. He has stuck to the text of his convictions,

---

our readers (should any of them not be aware of the fact) will not think we are joking:

#### PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

The blissful June of life! I love to gaze  
On its sweet wealth of ripening loveliness,  
And lose the thought that o'er my saddened days  
Grim care has woven clouds which will depress  
In spite of stoic pride and stern resolve:  
Beauty like this the waste of life redeems;  
'Round it—their sun—the coldest hearts revolve,  
Warmed back to youth and gladdened by its beams.  
But, lady! in that mild, soul-speaking glance,  
Those lustrous orbs, returning heaven its hue,  
I greet an earlier friend—forgive the trance!  
'Tis nature only imaged here so true  
That briefly I forget the painter's art,  
And hail the presence of a Queenly Heart!

however thorny and uninviting the way, preferring to be there with a forlorn hope, than in the front of victory with hypocrisy on his lips. It has ever been, and ever will be, true, that the masses incline to fearless, faithful leaders and teachers. It is so on the track of battle, in the path of martyrdom, and in the arenas of politics and religion. The masses have a supreme contempt for a changeling. Mr. Greeley has been no changeling, hence the devotion for him of thousands who are, more or less, attached to his many-devised standard.

Without particularizing too closely, it is safe to say, that scarcely a reformatory measure or question, of any value, has been started or urged for the past twelve or fifteen years, in the discussion of which Horace Greeley has not borne an active and efficient part. We may note, social reorganization, as proposed by Fourier; the freedom of the public lands to actual settlers; the non-extension of slave territory; the abolition of slavery; a more generous legislation in regard to the rights and privileges of women; temperance, to the extent of entire suppression of the ordinary traffic in intoxicating liquors; the abolition of capital punishment; a free-school system of education; and many minor questions, as among those in whose advocacy Horace Greeley has been a vigorous and distinguished champion. Very naturally, in occupying such a field, Mr. Greeley has provoked not a little jealousy and envy, and a vast deal of petty enmity and opprobrium. Being liberal in his theology, has not helped him in the good graces of the "Orthodox"—so-called—world. But while it has been easy to call and denounce him as an infidel, a disorganizer, a fanatic, etc., it has been vastly more difficult to answer his logic or silence his eloquence; and as to his moral character, no tongue has been bold or vile enough to dare attempt its slightest impeachment. Mr. Greeley has fought no little of his triumphant battle behind the shield of invulnerable character. This has panoplied all his other powers with a new and never-failing strength and beauty. What Mr. Greeley teaches and approves, he practices. If he denounces vice and wrong, he manifests virtue and does right. His bitterest enemies (knowing him at all) must eulogize the man.\*

---

\* The subjoined is an editorial expression, touching Mr. Greeley, by one who has

Of Mr. Greeley, as a politician, we have little to say. Our object is to look at the progressist and reformer. Yet we can not, with justice, entirely overlook his politics. His advocacy of many of the great questions in which all friends of progress and truth are interested, has been in connection with legislation and its relations to political parties. He has sought to infuse into politics more of the social and moral needs (or an apprehension thereof) of the age. As to his belonging to this party or that, matters little. Such a man is greater than the mere machinery of parties, and will be perpetually rebelling against their formulas. Parties mend their creeds and platforms only upon compulsion by the moral sense of the people; a great, true mind mends its creed every day if it finds a flaw therein. But it is worthy of note, that Mr. Greeley, reputed a chief radical, should have long been a recognized leader of the most conservative—indeed, the only conservative political organization in the country. This can probably be accounted for on the principle, that party *names* do not, necessarily, cover the principles they nominally represent. Mr. Greeley is a moral and social scourge, not only to his political enemies, and to legislators and rulers,

---

since, for very dirty political partizan reasons, hurled no little filth at Mr. Greeley's character. This expression was, undoubtedly, sincere; it is certainly very true.

Speaking of Mr. Greeley, this writer says:

"His (Greeley's) has been, not only a brave, indomitable mind, but a strong, free heart; a heart which has relieved even the mad war of politics with here and there a whisper of brotherhood or some hymn of love; a heart which, in every position, has shown itself enthusiastic in its wishes for the good of man. This is, after all, the highest merit. We have great minds enough in this country, but we have few great men who can be candid in all the wild discussion that agitates the people; who know, also, how to be just to an enemy in the conflict. At a time when coarse abuse passes current among the people for intellectual power; when the mere story-teller, the vulgar joker, the laughter at old institutions often sets himself up as a reformer, the just and generous man, who has still a clear and powerful mind, is the prop and support of true reform. But for a few such men in our midst, the free spirit of progress might be led astray into a mere ruffian outbreak against the honest prejudices of mankind, performing only the brute mission of destruction and overthrow, without rebuilding a single home for the wandering heart of man. Horace Greeley's mind is thoroughly constructional. It loves to build man a home. Of all the reformers in the country, perhaps we may say that he is one of the most enthusiastic, and yet the least fanatical."

but also often to his political party friends. He abjures the dry and absurd crotchets, or the vicious and corrupting dogmas of the one as soon as of the other. No man could be more openly and thoroughly defiant of narrow, illiberal restrictions, whether political, social, or religious. And this is what throws his moral and mental figure in such bold relief before the public eye and mind.

Touching certain peculiarities of person, with regard to Mr. Greeley, we desire to say a word. Our opinion is, that the public has nothing to do with the characteristics or idiosyncrasies of an individual, except they are publicly offensive. Mr. Greeley's personal peculiarities are often sought, by small minds, to be made a handle of, for purposes of ridicule or otherwise. They are called (his dress, walk, etc., for instance) eccentricities, put on purposely for notoriety. Now we presume to say, in the face of the whole world, that we know better than this. Mr. Greeley's dress, walk, etc., are as native to him as his breath. That he is noticeable for points in figure, head, costume, and manner, we admit, but only naturally, and never offensively. We have known him intimately for over twelve years; have had ample opportunity to observe him in public and in private, in the mixed assembly and at home, and he is one and the same in all places; ready wherever found to alleviate distress, rebuke evil, give money to the beggar, or loan it to a friend; and we defy any man to produce a tailor's bill or any other debt against him, or to bring forward the party who will say Horace Greeley has willfully, knowingly, and persistently wronged him—ay, or to bring a witness who will testify that he ever saw Horace Greeley *filthy* in his dress or habits, or in any way intemperate or unmanly. This quibbling about "personal oddities," when a great manhood shines out above them, is what we call small business. We care more, and form our judgments more from such facts as the one that Horace Greeley lately paid the last of his father's debts (accumulated when he was a boy), long ago outlawed, amounting to several hundred dollars. These are the acts that have the ring of the true metal in them.

But we have, perhaps, extended our sketch sufficiently. Mr. Greeley is too well and widely known, in all the aspects of his

character, for us to throw any new light or interest around it, We have only desired to recognize him as a noble and faithful worker in the van of progress; as one fearless of the anathemas of church, state, society, or political parties, so long as he is on the line of conviction and believes himself in the right. We admire, as we long have admired, Mr. Greeley. His sympathies are all earnestly on the side of humanity—humanity of the largest and most ennobling cast. He is a strong-brained and pure-hearted reformer, and a frank, true man. We wish there were more, many more such—of whom, in the language of the poet we could say:—

“He is the hero, first of all,  
Though spear nor sword he wield,  
Who holds the Wrong his only foe,  
The Right his only shield;  
Who dares to battle for the Truth,  
Though Error on her side  
Has gathered hosts, and shakes in wrath  
Her pennons far and wide.”

---

## THANKSGIVING.

BY MRS. L. A. MILLINGTON.

## I.

WE thank thee, Father, that thy love hath given  
A tint of beauty to all things of earth,  
That to our souls hath dimly visioned heaven  
Ere we behold it through the spirit-birth:  
We thank thee for each leaf and fragile flower—  
The untrod wild, with beauty hallowing—  
And tiny moss, in farthest forest bower,  
Gemming the circlet of each crystal spring.

## II.

We thank thee, that our wintry clouds are bright  
Though piercing winds may waft them to and fro  
And broad and golden is the evening light  
Upon the starry crystals of the snow :  
And pebbled brooks beneath their icy chains,  
Go singing ever in the same sweet tune  
As when they rove, 'mid purple violets,  
Beneath the leafy boughs of pleasant June.

## III.

We thank thee for the music, soft and low,  
That thrills upon the silence everywhere,  
When wild-birds sing, or pleasant waters flow,  
Or balmy breezes stir the freshening air :  
We thank thee that all sounds of earth are sweet,  
From the hoarse murmur of the restless sea,  
With its wild surges' never-ceasing beat,  
To the low music of the blossom-haunting bee.

## IV.

We thank thee, that thy love is over all,  
A pleasant sunshine in whose golden light  
Dim-haunting fears can never more appall,  
Or weave their shadows over scenes so bright ;  
And oh, we thank thee, that our earthly home  
Is but the entrance to a better land,  
To whose green fields and paradisaal bowers,  
Thy angels lead us gently by the hand.

## SPIRITUAL PHYSIOGNOMY.

BY WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

THE facts which accompany this paragraph suggest the following remarks: We know our friends in this life by their physiognomy—by the size and general form of their persons, the *tout ensemble* of their outer appearance, or even by some striking peculiarities of their isolated features. But, corresponding to this outer physiognomy, there is a physiognomy, so to speak, of *thought* and *action* which is equally distinctive of individuals to whom it belongs. I am acquainted with an intelligent *blind* man who, without difficulty, recognizes his acquaintances years after he has last met them, his only guide being their peculiarities of voice, of thought, and of mode of expression. Now, if a spirit (or an intelligence purporting to be such) assumes the name of our departed friend, we have this same rule of almost infallibly deciding upon the truth or untruth of his claims, even while dispensing with all those usual questions as to when, where, and how he departed this life, etc., the answers to which, whether correct, or incorrect, are seldom *entirely* conclusive upon the question as to the spirit's identity. We may reflect that every person in the character and subject of his habitual thoughts, in the manner of their connections and successions, and in his established and familiar mode of expression, has almost as many and as striking peculiarities as characterize his outer appearance. Let those, then, who wish to be satisfied of the identity of a purported spirit-friend, enter into free and unembarrassed conversation with such an intelligence through a medium so well developed as not to essentially dilute the communication with his own mental characteristics, and soon a number of peculiarities of thought, or expression, or other signs, will unexpectedly manifest themselves, which it will be either seen can only belong to the person whom the spirit claims to

be, or they will appear too inconsistent with that person's character and habits while in this life to be supposed for a moment to emanate now from him.

If it is admitted that intercourse between spirits and persons in the flesh is possible, then reason would seem to teach that our own departed friends would be the most likely of all others to first manifest themselves to us, and that spirits of total strangers would not be likely to present themselves unless they had some ulterior objects, either selfish or benevolent, to accomplish. Still, as believers in this new unfolding now generally admit, that, for *some* reason, spirits will sometimes assume the names of others, our attention to the foregoing rules may do much to secure us against imposition, and preserve to us the confidence that the spiritual intelligence, claiming to be our friend, is really such. Those spirits, however, who come to us under the names of Washington, Swedenborg, or other distinguished men, whom we have never personally known, will have to be tested by their wisdom and their moral principles.

A FACT.—A spiritual circle, which the writer attended, had just broken up, and the members were standing in different parts of the room, engaged in promiscuous conversation, when a speaking medium, an unsophisticated young girl, became suddenly possessed, and, addressing herself to a Mrs. T., said, in the tone and accents of a child, "*I love you, mamma; I love you, mamma.*" "How much do you love me, Georgey?" said the lady. "*All—all, mamma,*" said the child. The reader may conceive that, by close attention, several marked peculiarities might have been observed in the tone, manner, and matter of this communication, all of which the lady instantly recognized as those of her departed and beloved boy, who had left the body when three years old. The endearing prattle which was now uttered through this unconscious medium, was, word for word, and accent for accent, such as the child had been in the habit of uttering several times a day before he disappeared from mortal eyes. The lady and the medium were mutual strangers, never having seen or heard of each other before that evening, and there was no possible way in which the medium could have received an intimation that such a child had ever existed.



## TO SONTAG.\*

BY MARY M. BURBANK.

They have parted the dark, dreary curtains  
Away from my couch of pain,  
And in streams the beautiful sunlight  
To brighten my forehead again.  
Half soothed are my throbbing temples,  
In the breathing, new-born Spring,  
And there comes, to welcome my waking,  
The bird of the musical wing.

But think not that my soul is more happy  
With return of these earth-born things,  
Than in the land of its fevered dreamings,  
And wild fancy's imaginings!  
For what but fond images lovely  
Could through my visions have stole,  
*With thy star-beaming brow above me,  
And thine eyes so full of soul?*

Thy fine eyes, that drooped so in sadness,  
And wept for my sorrow and pain,  
Thy *voice*, touched with heavenly sweetness,  
Oh, I would die for these again!  
Thy voice, whose ravishing beauty  
Hath sprinkled the earth with gems,  
And borne from the brow of the Peri  
Its mystical diadems—

---

\* Lines to the Countess de Rossi—Madame Sontag—in gratitude for her active sympathy and gentle, endearing ministries, tendered through a long night of suffering, and her kind congratulations upon returning health. M. M. B.

Came more sweet and deliciously thrilling,  
And charmed more wondrously—  
Withdrawn from the world's warm plaudits—  
Whispering of hope to me!  
'Till my spirit wandered thy captive  
Away from its temple of pain,  
Where such visions of beauty came o'er it  
As never may come again.

I saw the dear home of my childhood,  
No tempest had reached it there,  
And I knelt by my Spirit-mother  
For the blessing of her prayer;  
There were bowers of perennial roses,  
Where no thorns of sorrow could be,  
And there came a band, so radiant,  
To welcome an angel in thee!

The high heart like thine, so gifted  
To capture the world with its charm,  
Is oftenest found with the suffering,  
Administering sympathy's balm.  
There were others, with sacrifice noble,  
And brows all wreathed with bay,  
Whose care, skill, and patient kindness  
No gift of mine can repay.

Thanks to the kind Giver of Mercy,  
Who has blessed your efforts of love,  
And would that this harp were gifted  
My gratitude earnest to prove;  
I would weave a lay of such sweetness  
As seldom with earth-power blends,  
And lay at your feet the rich garland,  
My dear, dear winter friends!

## THE TERROR KING.

BY E. G. HOLLAND.

### I.

I WALKED beside the lonely lake,  
And glanced upon its airy wave,  
And heard its waters rush and break  
Upon the shores they ceaseless lave;  
And one I saw upon its breast  
Exhausted by the waters' might,  
He seemed a moment there to rest,  
Then sunk into its soundless night:  
Again his form I did not see,  
He passed into eternity.  
I asked the sounding flood to show  
Its treasure from the realm below;  
The Depth low cried, "I can not bring—  
He's in the arms of the Terror King!"

### II.

Again I trod the forest green  
When the thunder-storm had spent its force,  
Where leaped the lofty waters' sheen,  
And flowering verdure crowned their course;  
*There* one I saw upon the ground,  
The seal of death upon her face,  
And o'er her form tall trees around  
Cast shadows of their waving grace:  
The oaken monarch where she lay  
Was shivered in the lightning's play!  
The breezes wept with moaning sound,  
And darkly still the scene around—

A specter there on hovering wing,  
Proclaimed, "I am the Terror King!"

## III.

Again I stood beside the bed  
Of one who feared a vengeful God;  
He saw Inferno flaming red  
O'er millions on its pavements trod!  
Lowly he spake of God's decree  
That, ere the world in splendor stood,  
Had doomed to hopeless misery,  
Unmindful of the ill or good  
That in his creatures might appear:  
He spake, but shed no useless tear—  
A sure disease was wasting there;  
He rolled his eyes in cold despair,  
And a ghostly echo wild did ring—  
It was the voice of the Terror King!

## IV.

But when I saw the rose-leaves fall,  
And infants die in silence sweet,  
And from the old barbaric hall  
Came earnest voices me to greet,  
Declaring Death a holy thing,  
If one in noble conflict die;  
No more I saw the Terror King,  
But one of golden form and eye:  
An angel from the hidden sun,  
Darkly flies the effulgent one!  
Ah, once was I in his embrace,  
And *know* I now his royal grace.  
This is the message that I bring—  
"There is no *real* Terror King!"

## PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY JUDGE EDMONDS.

"DEAR BRITTAN:

"Herewith I send you the second and third of the series of allegories which I promised you last November. This closes this series, but I will, for your next number, send you some visions of a different character.

"Yours truly, J. W. EDMONDS."

### TRANSIT FROM MENTAL TO SPIRITUAL LIGHT.

When thus he lay,  
Forlorn of heart, withered and desolate  
As leaf of Autumn, which the wolfish winds,  
Selecting from its falling sisters, chase  
Far from its native grove to lifeless wastes,  
And leave it there alone to be forgotten  
Eternally, God passed in mercy by—  
His praise be ever near! And on him breathed  
And bade him live, and put into his hands  
A holy harp, into his lips a song,  
That rolled its numbers down the tide of Time:  
Ambitious now but little to be praised  
Of men alone: ambitious most to be  
Approved of God, the Judge of all, and have  
His name recorded in the Book of Life.

*Pollock's Course of Time.*

A SCROLL is spread out before me, like that presented on the former occasion, on which was delineated the picture I then saw. This picture is a continuation of that. I see the same line of mountains extending far into the distance, steep, dark, and rugged as they recede from the view. The line is so presented to me that I see on both sides the mountains, while those on one side do not see what is on the other. It is to me like standing at the end of

a wall, where I can see what is on both sides, while those standing at its side can see only on that side.

One side represents the state of the inhabitants of this sphere, with all their perversions, aspirations, and mistaken views. There are many paths over that side of the mountains—some dark and intricate, filled with pits and dark places, and sharp rocks. Others look pleasant and cheerful in the beginning, but grow dark and misty in the distance, so that it is impossible to see their termination. Yet among all those paths there is one that is pleasant and easy, and its end readily to be seen. It is circular, and winds round and among the mountains, and is easy of ascent, for it avoids the dark places and the sharp rocks which terrify and obstruct so many in the upward passage.

The inhabitants at the foot of the mountains seem to be divided into companies—at least the majority are so—each having a leader to guide and direct him.

I asked: "And to think for them, too?"

It was answered: "They seem like a shepherd with his flock, and the sheep have so much confidence in him."

Now they are entering these paths, and all are full except the right one, and that has the fewest in it. As they enter, each company are certain that they alone have the right path, and they want the others to go with them. But those others, equally certain that they are right, refuse to go. Their countenances change. They look angrily and fiercely at one another.

Some select the most dark and dismal path, that which is most difficult and thorny. They throw away all happiness, every thing that is calculated to make this life pleasant. With avidity they seek for and grasp every obstacle that obstructs their way, for they think that the more difficult and dreary their passage, the more perfect will be their happiness at the end of their journey.

Another class are reckless and follow no leader, but yielding to the impulse of the circumstances which surround them, they throw themselves heedlessly into the most pleasant-looking path, wander carelessly and thoughtlessly on, until they become enveloped in the darkness which besets their passage, and are lost to the view.

I see behind them a Dark Spirit rising in the distance. He has tremendous wings, which overshadow the whole heavens and darken all the paths, so that they are scarcely discernible.

But nay! That dark wing can not envelop all the paths—that pleasant one is beyond its sphere.

Some have strayed into that path without meaning it. Unwittingly, and, as it were, by accident, they first find themselves in it, and wonder at all that is around them, for all is so natural and easy. They have no desire to go back, but they pause in order to persuade others to go with them, so beautiful is their path among the mountains, so pure and balmy the air they breathe, so cool and refreshing the breeze that fans their brows and lulls their passions to rest. But the Dark Spirit prevents by an influence they know not of. He is like a bat, neither beast nor fowl, neither mental nor physical, but a combination of the bad qualities of both. And as he spreads his huge wings over those benighted travelers, he revels in the darkness himself creates.

Some few, who have barely entered that pleasant path, pause and look around. The Dark Spirit is drawing them back. They know not what to do, for he is admonishing them of the evils in store for them here if they choose so pleasant and happy a path to the Spirit-World beyond the Mountain of Death. Some turn back, but, alas! they never know happiness more in their passage up the mountain. They have had a taste of nature in its beauty and its holiness, but fear of that Dark Spirit, who holds out to them a terrible evil in the future for the enjoyment of happiness here, has overwhelmed them. And it is terrible to be in the dawning of truth and then be plunged into the dungeon of error! Better far they had never known of a brighter light, for then they would not have sinned against light and knowledge.

I perceive spread abroad at the entrance to that pleasant path a large banner, having inscribed on it,

“Enter ye in at the straight gate, for wide is the gate and broad the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat; but straight is the gate and narrow the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.”

That Dark Spirit has interpreted it the reverse of what it

means, and all those under the shadow of his wing, and breathing the influence of his unhappy teachings, have, in like manner, misread it.

Few, indeed, do enter, but not because that pleasant path is too narrow to contain them. And many do indeed travel the other paths, but, alas! for the misdirection which leads them from a way broad enough to hold all who choose to enter it. And the destruction spoken of is not of the soul after it has passed the mountain, but of its happiness here. It is to this side of the mountain only that this banner speaks, or means to speak.

Now turn from this view of misdirected and unhappy beings, and behold the other side of the mountain. That Dark Spirit can not cast his shadow there.

The physical is thrown off, and with it the glory of his crown has gone—the scepter of his dominion has departed.

The valley and the side of the mountain correspond with the other, only this is Spiritual. The pathways are the same, but where on the other side they were dark, the light is subdued but beautiful, partaking in a measure of its gloom, but shorn of the pure and brilliant light which rests upon the corresponding way, over whose entrance that banner was spread.

And now I must watch those beings as they pass over the mountain. As they attain the summit the physical passes away, and it is the Spiritual alone that passes over.

I am impressed to see two persons in particular. They seem to have been leaders of vast numbers, whose guides and guardian Spirits they were in this sphere. They sought the most difficult paths. They courted obstacles and privations, and expected to find ease and perfect happiness when they passed. They thought to have entered at once the goal of all their hopes and aspirations. It is painful to witness their astonishment after recovering from their first bewilderment. Instead of finding nothing to do, they discover an immense plane of action before them, and they are as far from happiness as when they first crossed the mountains. They can see far in the distance the bright light that emanates from the City of Truth, but ages must elapse before they can attain to it. They are not yet ready to commence the journey. They must stop awhile till kind Spirits teach them



wherein they have erred—till the mists that have obscured their minds are rolled away—and till their reason is taught the great lesson to receive truth and comprehend it. After this is done, they will have to take up the volume of nature, at its first page, and study it carefully, line after line, page after page, until they imbibe its great lessons. Then comes the question, To what end all the suffering they have so voluntarily and foolishly endured? But it is too late now to lament their fatal error. No earthly power can undo what the Dark Spirit has taught—no Spiritual power remove the impression it has left behind. But the time will come when their minds will be freed from the mists of error and prepared for the reception of the light of truth, and then their progress will be onward forever, but that undercurrent of error will prevent their progressing as rapidly as otherwise they might have done.

I inquired: "If I might know what two particular persons, or particular classes those two beings were intended to represent?"

And I was answered, "No."

Then another class is passing over. They owned no teachers, they accepted no guides. They seemed to believe there was no other side to the mountain, that the whole of time was on this side, and no eternity on the other. Their astonishment on leaving the body is equally great as that of the others already described, but different. Their surprise is, that they still exist, but they progress more rapidly than the others, because not retarded by the errors the others have so sedulously cultivated.

And now let us look upon those who have entered that bright and pleasant path on this side the mountain. They are few in number, and there is no crowding there. There is room enough for them and for more—many, many more. Their way is that of wisdom, their pathway that of peace. When their doubts vanish and their wonder ceases, and they enter upon their journey, they feel the Spiritual influences upon and around them. No overshadowing wing throws a gloom upon their footsteps. They find nothing there to repel them, but are surrounded by Spirits that absorb them as it were into themselves. Upon the past they look with regret, upon the future with hope—a

hope that all the dark Spirits on earth can not affect, for they see into the future, and have an intuitive perception of the end of their journeying. They have learned that God is their Father, and he is instilling into their minds his principles of Love, Truth, Wisdom, Mercy, Kindness; that as they are his children they must love and enjoy all he has given them; that they are as much his children here as in the next stage of existence; that here, being in their infancy, they require tenfold his care; and that he does not require them to suffer here that they may exist hereafter.

Would you, as parents, require your little ones to bear cold and sickness, that when grown to maturity they might be happy? Would it be natural for you thus to torment your children to produce such a result? Your infancy, which is in this sphere, must be happy, and your youth and maturity will be so in the next. Can a little child, having a brutal father, learn what is a parent's love? And which has the most just ideas of parental kindness, one treated harshly, or one dealt with gently and kindly? And when a father is returning to his children, would he select, for their approach to his arms, the dark and steep and rugged path, or that bright and happy one? Does a parent whip his child to make him love him? The child but becomes afraid of him, and does not, in his heart, wish to approach him.

Such is the lesson which they learn of their Father who is in heaven; and it cheers them on their way, rendering bright their path, and brighter still the hope that glows at the end of it.

And behold them now as they pass to the Spirit-World. Myriads of happy Spirits come forth to meet them as they cast off their earthly covering; and rejoice with them that they are free—free to wing their way upward, singing praises, for all is well. Having selected the right path here, they take the right path there, and leave all unprogressed behind. They enter at once into progression, through bright spheres, where error has no place and darkness no abode. And we leave those unprogressed plodding on their weary way there as they plodded on here.

And now to the moral of this picture.

As the earthly parent loves his little ones, so does God love all his children, and infuse into them impressions of his love.

He would teach that he is not to be feared, that he does not willingly inflict pain upon them, but that it is transgression of his unalterable laws that causes their suffering. And, in accordance with those unalterable laws, the Bright Spirit of the Future is casting his wings over the earth, and the Dark Spirit poises his and slowly prepares to take his flight. Bat of Error that he is, he can not bear the light of truth, but turns from its glimmerings with a hideous scowl, and his benighted votaries shade their eyes from the light; for neither can they bear it, though their Spirit yearns to embrace it as it comes.

Superstition has too long enslaved them in its galling chains. I see them making a mighty effort to unloose their shackles. Some sink in the struggle, but I perceive for every one that falters, a good Spirit attends, lifts him up, points upward, and whispers a cheering hope for the future. He starts up with renewed efforts, and succeeds.

See how mighty is this Moral Truth, and it must prevail!

There shall be indeed a new heaven and a new earth; not literally, but truth will take the place of old errors, and it will be a new earth in mind and Spirit, and a new heaven, because Spirits prepared for its blessed regions will enter. And the old earth shall pass away in its errors, sufferings, and perversions, and nature and truth shall reign forever.

And now the scroll on which this lesson has been pictured is being rolled up again, leaving it to be reflected on the mirror of the mind.

#### HUMAN, SEMI-DIVINE, AND DIVINE LAWS.

One cause of folly, one especial cause  
 Was this: Few knew what wisdom was, though well  
 Defined in God's own words, and printed large  
 On heaven and earth in characters of light,  
 And sounded in the ear by every wind.

*Pollock's Course of Time.*

And now a scene arises before me. It is a vast plain, on which are great multitudes of men, women, and children. Around this large plain seats are raised, one above another,

and on them appear twelve men. The seats form a circle around that vast concourse, but they are not filled. There are long, vacant spaces between those twelve men, each of whom has a book open before him. I must see what those books contain. They seem to be the laws of different nations, written entirely by men. There is nothing spiritual in them. They are very contradictory, for they are based on the passions of men—on the perversion of all their faculties. They are blindly written and blindly carried out. But lo! another scene arises in the distance, and opposite to the former. A small desk appears, having on it a large open book. On one side of it stands a disembodied Spirit, and on the other a Spirit yet in the body, and they lay equal claims to its authorship. It seems that is the disembodied Spirit that is in reality the author, yet for every sentence he writes, the Spirit in the body writes one under it, interpreting it. That emanates solely from himself and partakes largely of his nature, yet he imagines that he is merely the Spirit's amanuensis.

And now I turn to the other side of the circle, at its outer boundaries. What a strange book there appears! The first page that is open represents a vast mist—a fog—chaos. I see no reason for this, no object in it, for there is no chance for any thing living to come from it. How short-sighted I am! As the page is turned, that chaos is changed into solid on one side and fluid on the other. It is forming land and water.

Another page is turned, and displays a scene beautiful exceedingly. Bright green leaves, little flowers, tall forests, beautiful mountains and hills, and gently sloping valleys are there. It is a scene of perfect beauty, yet all is so quiet, so still, so without motion or life, that I shudder; for it seems as if God had deserted the work of his own hand. There is nothing there to think or to feel. It is Paradise without an occupant.

The page turns again, and bright-eyed animals enliven the scene, running, skipping, and playing with each other in innocence and harmony. Nature has formed life. Those beautiful animals are young. They play with each other now, but it will not always be so. Their nature is unlike. Some of them have teeth and claws, but all their passions and propensities are as

yet but in embryo. Still in all this scene I feel alone. I have no companion here.

But now I see something different from any thing I have yet seen. I see twenty-four human beings, as unlike to each other as those animals were, though they have the same limbs and the same general formation. They have no intercourse with each other, except that they are arranged in couples, but each couple are in a part of the scene by themselves, and distinct from the others. Those came first who were in the warmest and most delightful part of the scene. Others came long afterward; yet they never knew each other.

And now many pages are turned, which I am not permitted to see. It is a long and dreary blank.

At length a page is turned which presents a scene, but oh! how different! It is not chaos, but a perversion of it. It is confusion itself. Some of the pages are blotted, but now a distinct and horrible scene presents itself. Where the beautiful flowers grew, I see spots of blood and broken weapons and dead bodies. The human beings, once so lovely, are now engaged in fierce contention. I see many large and powerful men who have bound some weaker ones, and are dragging them off. They cast them into dark dungeons, cold and wet and damp, and more dismal than chaos. Oh! shut the picture from my sight, I can not bear it! And can it be that this is the earth once so beautiful?

These poor, oppressed beings say they have sinned because they were not so strong as the others. This was their only crime. Those strong ones came and took away from them all their land and fruit, and they were in danger of dying, and so they took some of it back. But they were not strong enough to retain it, and see what has become of them! The light of the sun never enters their dreary dungeons; even the breath of heaven is excluded, for that is free, and nothing free can enter there.

And now on the page, in large letters, it is said: "Look on that vast plain; reflect, and be wise."

The twelve, having the books before them, are now passing in solemn files to the dungeons. They are opening their doors,

but not to set the captives free. They come to judge and to condemn, not to emancipate. They lead forth those poor wretches, yet cluster closely round them, as if they could escape even in their weakness.

As they are led forth, lo! those large circular seats are filled. The people that formed that vast concourse now sit upon them. Some of their countenances are lighted up with mild and pitying looks, but the majority are distorted with envy and hatred, and every diabolical passion.

Those poor, oppressed ones, criminals, as they are called, are to be judged by the laws in those books; yet in all those books there is not one law that pleads for them; not one that whispers mercy or anticipates reform; not one that would lead them back to happiness and light, but all are black as chaos, because made by the same heartless beings who are now enforcing them.

Now I see a concourse bearing in the book that has two authors. There is some hope in that. Half its letters are bright, and speak of truth, and hope, and peace.

Hope for a moment brightens the sad eyes of those unhappy prisoners, and they think there is something there to cheer and save them. Its Spiritual author is by its side. It is spread open, and he points to the words, "Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven." But his interpretation is not received. Instead of looking at the bright words of mercy, those dark minds look to the interpretation given by its physical author, and that says, "Ye shall be punished; eye for eye, tooth for tooth, blood for blood." Alas! poor prisoners, ye have no hope now. The dread fiat has gone forth. Man has conquered. Nature is perverted, and all her saving and redeeming instincts set aside.

Those books are closed. The poor wretches are taken back to a captivity worse than death—worse even than death as it appears to them. And the Spirit points, with sad and solemn warning, to the words written under that dark picture, "Behold the justice and mercy of man!" And so the revolting picture passes from my view.

Another is presented, but how different!

I see the same number of human beings, like the others, yet different. The Spirit that controls them is different, and the

light of love takes the place of base and dark passion. I see the same large number of weak and destitute beings, but no one chides or blames them. Those dark prison doors are lying shattered, far in the distance, existing now but as a sad memento of what has been. Those dungeons are raised to the ground, and in their place are pleasant cottages, with gardens and flowers and green fields. Each one of the high-souled and mighty beings there, high in intellect and mighty in their mental strength, is taking those weak and unhappy ones by the hand, soothing them and teaching them the laws of nature, that they may become like unto themselves. They point them to a bright light which speaks of the redeeming power of love and knowledge, and which comes to them in tones which can not be mistaken. To those who were once so sad and weary, it is, as it were, a vision of Fairy Land—too beautiful they fear to last, too dream-like for reality. Yet it is true, and its realization is upon you now.

They have now but one Judge, and he is God, with ministering Spirits to assist him. They have but one law, and that is His immutable law of Nature. The scene now is of nature pure and unperverted. It is "Paradise Regained." It is still of this earth's sphere, but it is preparatory for the Spirit-World, a foretaste and preparation for the land of everlasting progression.

And now the Spirit sternly says :

Judge of earthly courts! Listen, and be taught. The moral is for thee. Forget not that God is judge, and God is love. If thou forgettest this, thy spiritual guide will prompt thee. Set not aside his teachings. To him who knoweth to do good and doeth it not, it is sin. Thou must give an account of all thy talents. Do so and be happy, and take care that no regrets for thy short-comings now attend thee through time and eternity. Thy guardian Spirit will prompt thee. He will speak to thee in gentle tones, and teach thee how far to go. Let not fear of what man can do turn thee aside from thy duty.

I here interrupted the communication by remarking, that my hesitation arose in some degree from fear of the consequences to others, who were bound to me and would suffer with me. I spoke in these general terms, though my mind was dwelling on .

one person alone, who is dependent solely on me, but I did not say so.

The answer was:

Reflect and decide for thyself. But do not set aside a great truth from fear. Thou hast a great work to perform, and wilt thou shrink in the outset? When hundreds will listen to thy voice and profit by it, wilt thou withhold lest one should suffer?

My friend! do this: Do right, and thou shalt be laying up for thyself happiness in heaven. The thought that, by thy self-sacrifice thou hast benefited thy fellow-man, will cheer thee in thy onward progress here and hereafter, and secure to thee peace forever; peace with freedom, eternal emancipation of the mind and spirit. Is it not worth the trial? Dark clouds may indeed float across thy path, but the bright light of wisdom is beyond, and will beam on thy pathway, and kind Spirits will assist thee:

The time will soon come when thou must act. Act promptly, fearlessly, hopefully; seek counsel of the Spirits and thou shalt find it. Knock at the door of truth, and it will be opened to thee. Be true to thy trust, and may all good Spirits bless thee! Farewell!

---

## INTUITIONS.

TO —

I.

I've no answer to thy scoffing,  
But my pity, brother mine;  
Of the portion thou hast chosen  
All the pain and loss are thine;  
I have learned (divinest lesson!)  
Broadest charity to prove,  
And to hurl back words of scorning  
Is not taught us from above.



## II.

Though my senses may deceive me,  
Logic lead me wide astray,  
And the subtle powers of reason  
Fail to pierce beyond the clay,  
There is something purer, higher,  
Felt within me evermore,  
Every cloud of doubt dispelling  
From the angel-haunted shore.

## III.

In the *mystic circle* seated,  
O'er me steals a holy calm,  
And I *know* that loving spirits,  
Bringing sorrow-healing balm,  
On my head their hands are laying,  
With a benediction sweet,  
Every stormy passion stilling  
To a quiet most complete!

## IV.

Though not yet my inner vision  
To behold them is unsealed,  
Still in clearest *Intuitions*  
To my soul they are revealed;  
And thy logical deductions,  
Though so potent in thy view,  
Are all powerless to unsettle  
Faith in what I *feel* is true.

## V.

Let the cold and sordid worldling  
Sneer at what transcends his ken,  
And the narrow-minded bigot  
Turn him to his creeds again;  
We will patient wait the dawning  
Of the glorious coming day,  
Thankful for the faintest presage  
In the early morning's gray!

ERNEST.

## LOVE'S ENDEAVOR.

BY C. D. STUART.

### I.

Love is like the summer sunlight  
Over field and over flower,  
Nursing out of hardest bosoms  
Gentle tokens of its power;  
But it will not live unanswered,  
And forsaken is in pain,  
And oh! vain is Love's endeavor  
That brings Love not back again.

### II.

And the kingly crown is heavy,  
And the gold is only pelf,  
If there is no reed unbroken  
Where the heart may lean itself—  
Where the heart may lean unwounded,  
Like the rose that drinks the rain,  
And oh! vain is Love's endeavor  
That brings Love not back again.

### III.

As the sunsine on the river,  
As the dew upon the hill,  
So the heart by Love is strengthen'd,  
And can bear the keenest ill;  
But the shadows chill the river  
When the dew forgets the plain,  
And oh! vain is Love's endeavor  
That brings Love not back again.

## AMERICAN POETS.

NUMBER ONE.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

As a versatile and miscellaneous writer, Mr. Edgar A. Poe deserves to be noticed. He is more generally known from the severe asperity of his critical opinions; but it is only as a poet, and not in the character of a critic, that we wish to regard him. Ordinarily, it is just as easy to say how far a poet falls short of the title, as in what degree of fullness it is realized; but this was by no means obvious in our author. His tales are imbued with a wild, imaginative ardor, which constitutes poetry in its highest essence; but his poetry, or that which he intended for such, is altogether divested of any higher form or spirit than verse. He was so much the dissector of the ideas of others, that he became the mere anatomist of his own. He dwelt upon a conceit with the same rapture that a great mind would have dwelt upon an immortal conception. With such anomalies it is exceedingly difficult to define the characteristics of his muse. It was not pervaded by a chaste and classic grace; neither infused nor colored by the rich and genial spirit of the elder English school. Mr. Poe had that high idea of the art of poetry which springs from an incapacity to excel in it; and, moreover, a love of the wonderful power it gave him over the human understanding and heart. He wrote like a man acquainted with these triumphs, and who perpetually labored to achieve them. There is none of that deep observation of the wonders of nature which lights the verse of a great poet with the permeating rays of a Divine philosophy, and preserves the moral beauty of the scene where his imagination dwells. Inspiration was, in the view of our author, an æsthetical principle, and his mind, not naturally gorgeous or rich, deprived his verse of that sumptuous and

genial diction which in many authors makes amends for poverty of imagination. He would never admit that poetry could have any other spirit than that which his own mind had established as the necessary one. All this would answer perfectly well were an author powerful and persuasive enough to create a taste and form a school of his own.

It may naturally be conceived from this, that his opinions were exceedingly contradictory, as any one's must be who assumes a single and distinct standard of taste, when taste is as variable as is the course of nature itself.

One might declare, by the same token, that because the songs of Tom Moore possess beauty and classic polish, the songs of Dibdin have no merit; or, that if Wordsworth, with his calm philosophy be popular, that Burns, "half-dust, half-deity," is only fit for the half-enlightened mind of a Scottish peasant.

The popular intelligence is always comprehensive; to assert, then, that comprehension is necessary in ministering to, and estimating the quality of, that intelligence, is to repeat a truism.

Until the "Raven" appeared, Mr. Poe never wrote a line of poetry worth reading. The sentiment of his previous effusions was forced, fantastic, and unnatural. It was like some strange, opiate vapoing, born of moonshine and galvanized into life by hideous nightmares. This is precisely the spirit of the "Raven," which is no more like a true and genial poem than a conception fresh from Pandemonium. Here and there are picturesque lines, evincing some power of minute painting, but then the senseless repetition and grotesque treatment of the subject spoil every thing. To say that the "Raven" is a fine piece of versification, is to repeat what has already been admitted; but it appears, even in this, that the author has thwarted himself. There is no abandon in it; we wish to see verse all motion, quivering and leaping under the spur of a mind full and fresh with that divine energy without which no poet was ever great. The mind of a great poet is like a forest territory on fire, and it bows the minds of others as the trees are bowed, by the resistless sway of the living fire. The fervor and force of such an intellectual light makes amends for artistic deficiencies; even should these latent

qualities be totally wanting, we cease to observe that want, in the excess of brighter and higher forms of excellence. The proper blending of art with a lyric flow and fire—the weaving of the inspiration of the God-like mind that flows, as it were, suddenly and irresistibly, with a conscious effect of constructive unity, is the rarest of all qualities, innate or acquired. The entireness of this “unity of feeling” is best illustrated in the productions of such writers as Goethe and Tasso. “Poetry,” says a German critic, “is deep sorrow.”

The poet must possess this attribute of “unity of feeling” in a very high degree to produce the deepest sorrow upon the minds of others, without any having been felt by the writer. A poet is nothing without emotion; but he may summon to his aid so high an exercise of subjective art, that he may transmit the deepest impression to others without being moved himself. They borrow and reflect his light, but they can not analyze and explain its essence.

From the time of the first improvement of the drama, by Lopez de Vega, to the present, poetry has wonderfully improved as an art.

Dramatic literature has served a double purpose: it has been a closet study, and a great illustrator of human passion by active representation. In this respect we reap an advantage not possessed by the cotemporaries of that wonder of our race—Shakspeare. His plays could never have been, properly speaking, *acted*, owing to the low state of the art of representation in his time; and this may account for the fact, that none of his brother poets, Jonson, Fletcher, and others ever mention his plays separately; their laudation is bestowed upon the poet.

But this twin-born sister of the Muse is not merely adoptive; it is not acquired; consequently a painful striving for its unities intercepts and checks the inspiration of the poet. Horace is a living example of this fact; his most attractive charms are the ideas of both a laughable and melancholy tone which animate his verse. With all his grace and abandon, there is a surprising elevation and dignity of thought. We are indebted for this effect to a stamp of naturalness in his images, and they

blend harmoniously and luxuriously with the nature and order of every thing around him. It may be urged that they are antique unities of time and place, yet their spirit never flags; and he would probably, if faithfully and freely rendered, exercise a vast sovereignty over the modern mind. His traditions might be used for great national purposes.

It is obvious that any improvement in versification, or the general structure of poetry, must be followed by some credit to the improver. This is the case with Poe; he has originated a new verse. The germ of this verse may be found in Elizabeth Barrett, and in the musical repetitions of Tennyson. His mind, ever striving after new effects in his art, caught at once at the original and melodious flow of several passages in the writings of these two authors. The spirit of the production is to be found in his tales.

But suppose we adopt this style of versification to the exclusion of all others, what would be the advantage to poetry? We affirm, without hesitation, none whatever. It would lose in vigor what it gained in finish, for it is variety which gives life, lightness, and effect to verse. This blended mosaic, emitting every color, hue, and tint of human passion, diffuses itself most widely. In Shakspeare, it was as wide as the realm which makes God's universe our common home. In Milton, it was like the great ocean, sounding in creation's ear its mighty bass. In Tasso, it was a war-blast blown from the trumpet of the destroying angel. In Dante, it was a sharp, shrill cry of liberty, reverberating amid all the nations.

All true poetry must have some such legitimate mission as this; to be sure, a poet may form one of the band of fugitive writers, and their works serve as an imaginative chart, to guide them through all the depths and shoals of the waters of Castalia. The fugitive poetry of a nation is the first outbreking of the spirit of song; and though that nation may have no great enterprise of religion or of chivalry to engage and develop its power and spirit, such as formed the subject of "Jerusalem Delivered," yet a fervid and original school of fugitive poetry may have a decided political bias and tendency.

Mr. Poe possessed a constructive, not a creative mind; he was

destitute of that far-reaching and suggestive indication which often makes a verse a poem, and unseals a fountain of moral beauty, even in its slightest manifestations. His nervous organization originated an intense love of those wild, grotesque dreamings, and he looked for, expected, and apprehended that they should seize hold of the minds of others with the same intensity, and he thought to bend them in willing homage by this peculiar display of his idiosyncrasy. The symbols and images of our poet were rendered with great felicity of language, but they seldom arose into grandeur, neither was the general effect grand, although it might be impressive. No high ideal beauty graced his poems, but a picturesque sentimentalism designed them for a higher place in the estimation of many than a sudden oblivion. It may seem strange that a poet, who appeared to construct his effusions upon strict philosophical principles, should be open to objection upon philosophical and analytical grounds. The principles upon which his art was based were mixed with some unhappy alloy of abstraction and speculation. This was his great defect as regards method, although he was totally ignorant of such defects. The productions of Mr. Poe were designed for the closet rather than the world. There is no human sympathy in his verse; none of those strong appeals for human liberty and identification with human suffering, which make a poet's thoughts eternal.

Can it be affirmed with confidence that there is a spiritual element in our modern muse? Is it not, moreover, the highest attribute of the poetic faculty? Can any poet offer a sublimer testimony in her favor? Is not what is called spiritual, in our poetry, a mere philosophic moralizing? The subjects which compose the substance of our illustrations are not fashioned in the spirit of ideal and creative meditation.

The spiritual in poetry is an experience, and not an emotion. It is its greatest but most undefinable essence—a prophetic intuition which reads the great mysteries of the soul, and gazes, with its vast spirit-insight, beyond the boundaries of this narrow life. Let such a poet be mystical, shadowy, vague, and dreamy if he will, his touches lay bare all the varied and multiform varieties of being. The mysteries of life and death, of time and

fate, are all his own. He is warder of the gates of heaven, and keeper of the door of hell. The unclouded truth stands clear and radiant before him, whereas others only see it through a gradually dispersing mist. By little and little it breaks to their mental sight, but it spreads out before the *interpreter* like a broad and beauteous landscape, gilded with the rays of the rising and the setting Sun of Life.

It is nothing but a permeating ray of spiritual experience which makes Shakspeare so powerful. He has made as great a use of spiritual as of historical tradition. No one can doubt that the supernaturalism of Hamlet was all authenticated and believed, even in the time of the writer. He has used it very philosophically, but we all know and feel his design, which must have been to make the spirit of the king a mere agent in working out the strict retributive justice of the offended and Omnipotent power. The ghost was the arbiter of all their destinies, just the same as the great spiritual intelligence is the manifest ruler of ours, propose and dispose of things and events as we will.

The highest type and indication of spirituality in the human mind, irrespective of any form of development, either in poetry, science, philosophy, or religion, must be an anticipation of the thoughts of God, or the correct interpretation of the revelation of what has but just entered into his consideration to make to the world of intelligence. It is the going beyond nature for a discovery of decrees with which he intends to bless and hallow our existence—

“And all that we behold is full of blessings.”



## TO CORA.

BY HENRY FRY.

### I.

Thou art not forgotten—though tumult and strife  
Have encircled my soul in my wandering life—  
For in sympathies pure and remembrances sweet  
O'er the ocean's wide bosom our free spirits meet.

### II.

How pure and refreshing these meetings of ours,  
As those trystings of old in love's roseate bowers,  
And thy mild beaming eye, and thy sweet placid smile,  
'Mid life's varied trials my sad heart beguile.

### III.

When night casts her vail o'er the glittering sky,  
And darkness surroundeth, thy soul draweth nigh;  
I feel thy blest presence, thou fairest and dearest;  
Though seeming afar, yet still thou art nearest.

### IV.

I fervently love thee, thou star pure and bright  
That guardeth my steps and directeth aright,  
And my soul's deep responses, where'er I may be,  
Shall be mingled in prayer and in blessings for thee.

### V.

It may be I'm destined to wander away;  
From the home of my childhood still farther to stray;  
Yet I'll ever confide in thy promise once given,  
If on earth torn apart, thou wouldst meet me in heaven.

## THE DEPARTURE.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

MANY are the dreams of gladness  
That encircle round the past,  
And from out that tomb of feeling  
Olden thoughts come thronging fast.

Retrospection with its sadness  
Never could my spirit fill;  
And the tablets of life's errors  
All remain unwritten still.

Thus amid life's changeful vision,  
Summer's smile, or winter's gloom,  
Wore I deep within my spirit  
Light each shadow to illumine.

On the untried path before me,  
I can gaze with joyous eyes,  
Though the future's mystic shadow  
Like a veil upon it lies.

Oh! my soul hath caught the music  
Of the pleasant vintage strain,  
And a gush of glory flashes  
Like a brooklet through my brain.

I am going back to heaven,  
Where my spirit had its birth,  
Ere a taint had dimm'd its luster  
In its pilgrimage to earth.

MOUNT JOY, June, 1853.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**CURIOUS FACTS.**—Being recently at a circle of Spiritualists, at the house of Mr. Snider, at Greenpoint, L. I., the writer was made acquainted with the following singular facts: Mr. and Mrs. Snider had lost a little daughter, aged about six years, and whom they familiarly called "Gussy." Some months after her decease the family observed that a little adopted daughter, named Mary, and somewhat more than three years old, occasionally manifested a shyness, as of some object to them invisible, in a particular part of the room. When asked to explain her fears, she would say, "Mamma, I don't want to go there now; Gussy is there with her playthings, and she don't want me to have them." After waiting awhile, with her eyes fixed steadily upon that part of the room, she would say, "Now I can go there, mamma; Gussy's gone now."

The simplicity and unsophisticated character of the little child were such as to force the conviction that this alleged apparition must have had some foundation in truth, and that the child's actions and sayings concerning it were not connected with any intention to deceive. Mr. and Mrs. Snider being both mediums for the spirit-sounds, they were induced to interrogate the spirit of their little daughter directly concerning this affair. She responded to their inquiries, that she had appeared to little Mary on the several occasions when the latter had spoken of her appearance, because she did not want Mary to have her playthings, fearing that she would break or injure them. The alphabet being then called, she spelled out, in the usual manner, a request to her mother to arrange her playthings nicely in the trunk. After arranging them in a manner which she supposed would be satisfactory, her mother inquired if that was right. She responded that it was not entirely satisfactory, and stated, by means of the alphabet, that little Mary had taken away her cup. The

mother supposed that she had put the cup in the trunk with the other things, but the spirit persisted in saying that she had not, and that Mary had the missing article. Little Mary was called, and required to produce the cup. She at first denied having it; but on the spirit's still insisting that she had taken it, search was instituted, and it was found under the lounge, where the child afterward confessed she had hidden it. The cup was put into the trunk, and Gussy's spirit was asked if all things were then to her liking? She answered that they were not yet quite right, as Mary had her little cradle. Little Mary, being in the adjoining room, and hearing what was going on, at first cried out that she had not the cradle, but afterward, knowing that she would be detected, immediately produced it; and on its being placed in the trunk with the other toys, the child's spirit expressed itself satisfied.

Such simple occurrences as the foregoing, which it is not probable that any one would have previously expected or even imagined, afford sometimes far stronger proofs of the reality of spiritual intercourse than occurrences of far greater apparent magnitude, as belonging to the same class of phenomena. Another aspect of this case affords additional proof of a point which would seem to be established by numerous other facts that are found among the mystical records of different ages and nations; viz., That spirits, for a time after their departure from the flesh, frequently retain an affection for the objects of their earthly possession, and have a care as to their preservation or the manner of their disposal.

**MECHANICAL TEST OF SPIRITUAL FORCE.**—Persons who are most familiar with the Spiritual Manifestations are aware that tables, or other articles of furniture, are sometimes made apparently very light or very heavy by an invisible agency which they claim to be spiritual. A query, however, has arisen in some minds, as to whether the apparently increased or diminished weight of the article subjected to the experiment is not owing to some *psychological* influence exerted upon the person who lifts, or attempts to lift it. The writer, in company with some friends, recently tested this question in a manner which leaves no doubt as to its correct answer. A circle of ladies all gentle-

men being convened at my house, two of the ladies, who were mediums for "tippings," placed their fingers lightly upon a writing-table, peculiarly constructed with a block and pillar, which the spirits soon threw over upon the floor. The spirits then were requested to make the block, or foot end of it, "heavy," while the fingers of the mediums were resting lightly against the top of the table then turned nearly in a vertical position, and in such a manner that the mediums could not, by pressure, add any thing of consequence to the weight of the foot-block. Each person in the room then tried to lift the *foot end* of the table; they all succeeded easily except one lady, who could not raise it from the floor except when the spirits permitted her.

To ascertain beyond doubt whether the table was really heavier to her than it was to others, or whether contact with it abstracted from her muscular strength, as by a psychological process, I procured a spring scale, capable of weighing twenty-four pounds, and hooked it under the foot-block of the table as it lay upon the floor. Then taking the ring or handle of the scale, a gentleman lifted the foot of the table from the floor by the hook, when it was observed that it weighed *just twelve pounds*. The lady before mentioned then took the ring of the scale, and lifting in precisely the same manner as did the gentleman, raised the foot of the table about an inch clear from the floor, when the index of the scale showed a weight of *twenty-two pounds*, or a small fraction less! After this was carefully observed by the persons in the room, the scale was given again into the hands of the gentleman, when the weight indicated was twelve pounds as before. It was again changed to the hand of the lady, when the weight again became twenty-two pounds, as in the previous trial. And so it was changed backward and forward between the lady and gentleman for several times, until there could possibly remain no longer any doubt as to the difference of the weight. The party adopted the unanimous conclusion, in which the reader will doubtless concur, that that inanimate scale could not *lie*, nor even be *psychologized*; and the invisible force stood thus irrefutably established by a mechanical test. F.

## TABLE-TURNING AND TYRANTS.

FREQUENT have been the uprisings of the spirit of European liberty within past years, and as frequently has it been crushed down again by the iron hoof of despotism, until, when almost sinking in despair, the signs of succor begin to appear from a quarter whence men have been little accustomed to expect them. The inhabitants of the Spiritual World, as the messengers and instruments of God, are interposing in behalf of their down-trodden brothers upon the earth. In order that the battle to be fought may be peaceful and bloodless, if possible, they are now executing a feat of incomparable strategy. They go forth, not in their own proper characters as spirits, in which case they would be instantly repelled, both by Church and State, and all avenues to their entrance would be carefully closed and guarded; but they go forth in the *disguise* of a newly-discovered *force of nature*, in which character they are admitted, as objects of curiosity, into the hovels of the poor, into the counsels of philosophers, and to the firesides of kings, and bishops, and popes. Thus they are quietly and without resistance possessing themselves of all the secret fortresses of the enemies of human rights. When they shall have thus attained a position from which they can not be dislodged, they may gradually show themselves in their true character. Russian gold may be turned into ashes by their breath; Austrian bayonets may be blunted by their touch; ten thousand silent voices of inspiration may turn the thoughts and allegiance of counsellors and soldiers from their former channels, and tyrants may then find "*the tables*" completely "*turned*" upon them. And then it will be acknowledged, that deliverance from bondage cometh not of man, but from Him "whose right it is to rule."

## TO MY THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. E. R. B. WALDO.

BROTHER BRITTAN:

I send you the following lines at the request of a very dear friend. They were written between two and three years ago, at a time when the advancement of some spiritual ideas, not in accordance with established theories, rendered the author obnoxious to a charge of lunacy. They are at your service.

TROY, N. Y., *June*, 1853.

Respectfully, yours,

E. R. B. WALDO.

### I.

BACK to your cells, ye wild, tumultuous throng!  
What business have ye at your prison door?  
Cease your dumb clamor, go where ye belong,  
And ask for light and freedom, *now* no more.

### II.

What would ye in the world, ye stranger brood?  
A laughing-stock and by-word ye would be!  
Your simple language, little understood—  
Chilled and neglected, ye'd return to me.

### III.

Still would my anxious heart urge your release,  
For ye were born with wings, for light and air;  
It grieves me thus to mar your rightful peace;  
Where would ye rest, if not with me—O where?

## IV.

I could not bear to see ye fall a prey  
To ruthless critics and to senseless things,  
Who, fearful of your truth, lest ye should stray,  
Would cage ye up and basely clip your wings!

## V.

What! will ye of your strength and courage boast?  
And that ye've measured *well* the powers of earth?  
Then go: remember you're a countless host,  
Charged to give mighty revolutions birth!

## VI.

But dream no more of rest; for face to face  
With error's veteran troops ye now must stand,  
Who, like the bloodhounds in the furious chase,  
Will seek to kill, or drive ye from the land!

## VII.

Have patience still; for that eventful hour,  
Which, slowly coming, shall arrive at length,  
In which, arrayed in all your native power,  
Ye shall display the grandeur of your strength!

## VIII.

Your prison-house shall molder in the dust;  
Your enemies shall pass forever by;  
But live, and grow, and operate *ye must*,  
For ye are born *of* God, and can not die!



# Ministering Angels.

MUSIC WRITTEN FOR THE SHEKINAH, BY V. O. TAYLOR.

1. Mother, has the dove, that nestled Loving - ly up - on thy breast,

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Folded up its lit - tle pinion, And in darkness gone to rest!

This system contains the next two staves of music, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

**Tenor.**  
Nay, the grave is dark and dreary, But the lost one is not

**Alto.**  
Nay, the grave is dark and dreary, But the lost one is not

**Treble.**  
Nay, the grave is dark and dreary, But the lost one is not

**Bass.**  
Nay, the grave is dark and dreary, But the lost one is not

This system contains four staves of music, each for a different vocal part: Tenor, Alto, Treble, and Bass. Each part has its own lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues in the bottom staff. The lyrics for all parts are: "Nay, the grave is dark and dreary, But the lost one is not".

# MINISTERING ANGELS.

there; Hear'st thou not its gentle whisper Float - ing on the

there; Hear'st thou not its gentle whisper Float - ing on the

there; Hear'st thou not its gentle whisper Float - ing on the;

This system consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom three staves are a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes in the piano part, and quarter notes in the vocal part.

am - bient air? Floating on the am - bient air!

am - bient air? Floating on the am - bient air!

am - bient air? Float - - ing on . . . the am - bient air!

ambient air? Floating on the am - bient air!

This system consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom three staves are a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part continues with similar rhythmic patterns to the first system.

This system consists of two staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music concludes with a final chord and a double bar line.

# MINISTERING ANGELS.

2. It is near thee, gen - tle mother, Near thee at the evening hour;

Its soft kiss is in the zephyr, It looks up from ev - ery flower.

**Tenor.**  
And when night's dark shadows fleeing, Low thou bendest thee in

**Alto.**  
And when night's dark shadows fleeing, Low thou bendest thee in

**Treble.**  
And when night's dark shadows fleeing, Low thou bendest thee in

**Bass.**  
And when night's dark shadows fleeing, Low thou bendest thee in

# MINISTERING ANGELS.

prayer, And thy heart feels nearest heaven, Then thy an - gel

prayer, And thy heart feels nearest heaven, Then thy an - gel

prayer, And thy heart feels nearest heaven, Then thy an - gel

This system consists of four staves. The first three staves are vocal parts with lyrics, and the fourth is a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

babe is there, Then thy an - gel babe is there.

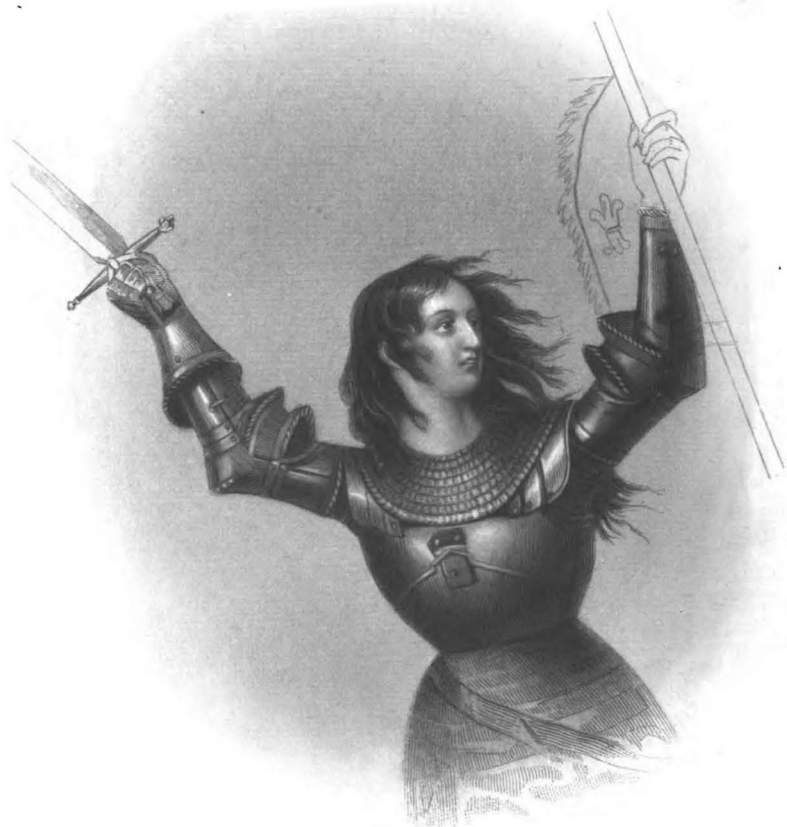
babe is there, Then thy an - gel babe is there.

babe is there, Then . . . thy an - - gel babe is there.

babe is there, Then thy an - gel babe is there.

This system consists of four staves. The first three staves are vocal parts with lyrics, and the fourth is a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

This system consists of two staves. The first staff is a piano accompaniment with a complex, flowing melody. The second staff is a vocal part with a simple melody. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.



Engr'd by A.H. Ritchie

JOAN OF ARC

## JOAN OF ARC, MAID OF ORLEANS.

BY W. FISHBOUGH.

WHOEVER will peruse the history of our race with a reverential and interiorly contemplative spirit, can scarcely fail to perceive that a chain of providence has wound through all the paths of humanity's eventful pilgrimage, from the exit from Eden to the present hour. Individuals, tribes, and nations have, as it were, constituted the foot-prints of God, as he has passed gloriously along the highway of human development toward the great and yet-to-be-attained goal of a terrestrial heaven, in which his own Spirit, joyfully and sensibly recognized by the universal heart of man, shall rule alone in the councils of nations, superseding all conventional governments based upon human cupidity and selfishness. And as during the geological formations new and higher races of living forms were repeatedly introduced at the expense of physical convulsions destroying preëxistent races, so the animalized and selfish race of man, proving itself immovable by the higher suaves of justice and love, is often compulsorily carried forward to higher stages of unfolding, or prevented from relapsing to a lower plane, by convulsions in the form of wars and other political catastrophes. These latter convulsions and catastrophes, therefore, may be considered as of equally divine appointment, though equally temporary in their duration, with the former; and the ends which they, as incidental and evanescent means, are designed to subserve are equally accordant with the divine goodness and wisdom.

A liberal reconsideration of the results of the wars whose annals are now considered as staining the pages of human history, will afford innumerable illustrations of this remark. They have, in *general*, been but the labor-throes which have attended the birth of higher national and social conditions, and their divine permission, or even temporary *appointment*, may therefore be

considered as not incompatible with that final and everlasting condition to which the divine Government is constantly striving, when the nations shall beat their swords into plowshares, and war shall be known no more. And while directing and arbitrating in the necessary conflicts of the nations, and thus ruling all things among the inhabitants of the earth, as well as in the armies of heaven, according to the councils of his own will, the Great Ruler sometimes makes use of the simplest human instruments to accomplish the most important ends. Of these general remarks, an ample illustration will be found in the following narrative, which will at the same time afford some striking examples of intercourse between mortals and an unseen source of intelligence:

Having been for a long time distracted by internal dissensions, and torn by the incursions of foreign powers, France, in the year 1428, was brought to a crisis which threatened her total extinction as an independent power. Province after province had been overrun by the victorious Britons, when at length the latter laid siege to Orleans, a town so important to the French that its loss would have been ruin to their cause. After many feats of valor, performed both by the besiegers and the besieged, the attack was so vigorously pushed by the English, that the French monarch, Charles VII., began to despair for the safety of the city, and even entertained the idea of withdrawing the remainder of his forces into the remote provinces of Languedoc and Dauphiny, and there defending himself so long as possible. But in this crisis, when all was about to be abandoned in despair, relief was unexpectedly brought to him, and the fortunes of the war were turned in his favor by the instrumentality of a simple peasant girl, whose extraordinary life, with her exploits in the deliverance of her native country, we now proceed to sketch.

JOAN OF ARC was born in the village of Domremy, near Vaucouleurs, on the banks of the Meuse, about the year 1411. Her father pursued the occupation of a gardener, and being poor was unable to bestow an education upon his daughter beyond that which was common to the better class of the French peasantry. Nor were the circumstances of her life the most favor-

able to the development either of intellect or the more gentle qualities of the female sex, being, for a portion of her time, employed as a servant at the village inn, where her duties were often such as might have more properly devolved upon the opposite sex. She was, however, of a slender frame, and endowed with an exquisitely susceptible constitution both of body and of mind; and her countenance, said to have been eminently beautiful, ever wore that gentle, spirit-like, though positive expression, designated by the French as the *force du calme*. From her childhood she possessed strong religious feelings, and was much given to devout meditations. While the youths and maidens with whom she occasionally associated would be sporting beneath *le beau arbre des fées* (the beautiful tree of the fairies), which grew near the fountain of Domremy—a tree formerly consecrated to the Druidical divinities, and famous in many a spirit-legend, Joan would be roaming in solitude through the neighboring groves, listening to the sighings of the zephyrs and the wild music of the forest birds, and weaving chaplets of flowers for her guardian saints. Thus gently and harmoniously her mind unfolded in the direction of celestial and divine things, until her spiritual sensibilities attained that exquisite degree of development which admitted of open converse with the angel-world.

Accordingly, when in the fifteenth year of her age, and while walking in her father's garden, she heard, as she declared, the voice of an angel, whom she called St. Michael, speaking to her; and after that she enjoyed frequent communion with spiritual intelligences. But the particulars of these alleged interviews with St. Michael, St. Catharine, and other celestial visitants, have not, I believe, been very circumstantially recorded, for the reason, probably, that they were for the most part of a personal nature; and had it not been for that remarkable episode in her spiritual experience, which made her the instrument of a nation's deliverance, incredulity might be excused in placing these minor instances of alleged converse with spirits in the category of mere girlish fancies. The circumstances and prominent facts of this portion of her life are as follows:

While King Charles VII. was, as aforesaid, about to abandon



the important city of Orleans to the English, and to submit to the probable subjugation of his entire realm, our heroine seeress, in February, 1429, and when only in the eighteenth year of her age, presented herself before Robert de Baudricourt, the governor of Vaucouleurs, and delivered herself in these remarkable words: "Know, O Captain, master, that God, within a short time past, has several times made known, and commanded, that I should go to the dauphin who should be, and is the true, king of France, and that he would put soldiers under my charge, and that I should raise the siege of Orleans, and conduct the king to Rheims to be consecrated."

Baudricourt very naturally considered her beside herself, and sent her away. Nothing daunted by this rebuff, however, Joan returned again in a few days, and said to the governor, "In God's name send me quickly, for this day the dauphin has met with a great misfortune near Orleans, and he will rally and experience a still greater one if you do not send me to him soon." The day on which this was spoken proved to be the very day of the battle of Rouvrai St. Denis, fought one hundred leagues from the place where our seeress resided, and who evidently had thus received spiritually the impression of its general events and results. When Baudricourt, several days after, received intelligence of this battle, struck with its singular coincidence with the prophetic announcement of the young girl, and being constantly importuned by the latter, he said to her, "Go, then, and let the consequences be what they may." This he said in allusion to his previous fears of exposing himself to ridicule, by listening to the propositions of a girl who claimed the guidance of visions, and of conversations with St. Michael and St. Catharine.

Allowing her to be accompanied by two of her brothers, the governor, therefore, placed her under the charge of two trustworthy gentlemen, and sent her forth to the king, who then resided, with his court, at Chinon. Her appointed escorts at first hesitated to accept of such a commission, inasmuch as the journey was long, and infested with unprincipled persons, who, whether enemies or professed friends of the tottering monarchy, were, in those times of anarchy and rapine, about equally to be feared. Joan however, manifesting great intrepidity confident-

ly promised them security, and the party set out. The journey lasted eleven days, and was in fact accomplished without any serious difficulty. Arriving safely at Chinon, she immediately sent to King Charles the letters she had brought from Baudricourt. The king at first, influenced by the fear of ridicule, refused to give her an audience; but finally, after consulting with his council he concluded to admit her to a personal interview.

Charles that day purposely dressed himself in very simple attire, and mingled with the multitude of his courtiers in order to ascertain whether the professed prophetess had any preternatural powers of perception which might enable her to recognize him. Without the slightest hesitation, Joan went directly to him, and in a free and unembarrassed manner unfolded the object of her mission. During the conversation which ensued the spiritual influence came upon her, and her visions returned, and her responses were so sagacious, so reasonable, and withal frequently so sublime, that the king was half inclined to accredit her pretensions. To dispel the uncertainty still remaining in his mind, she proposed to tell him privately of a fact which was known only to himself. He accepted the proffered test, and taking with him his confessor and four other persons as confidential witnesses, he retired to receive the private announcement of the professedly inspired maiden. What Joan said, Charles afterward declared with an oath was perfectly true, and that until then no person but himself could possibly have known it. Nevertheless, though convinced by this test of her spiritual illumination, Charles sent her, for re-examination, before the Parliament of Poitiers, and that august body appointed a commission for the investigation of her claims. They were, of course, predisposed to regard her as an enthusiast, but being frequently confounded by her sage and ready replies, they pronounced her, after a long consultation, truly inspired.

After passing through this severe ordeal, and on her return to Chinon, she was examined by the dauphin's mother-in-law, and the ladies of her court, who declared *qu'elle était une entier et vraie pucelle*. The king received her with great honors. He caused her to be armed *cap-à-piè*, with the exception of a sword,

which she provided for herself in a manner which alone went far to establish her seership. This sword she described as being deposited in the tomb of an old cavalier at the Church of St. Catharine of Fierbois, whither she sent a messenger to seek it, and where it was found as she had designated it, without ever having seen it, and though no other living person had known of its existence. That the spirit of the old cavalier, to whom the sword once belonged, not only designated its locality to her interior vision, but wielded it afterward by energizing and directing the maiden's arm, will readily be considered as extremely probable by those at this day who have some knowledge of the phenomena and laws of intercourse between the mundane and spiritual spheres.

Thus armed and equipped, Joan received from the king an appointment to the rank and authority of a military chieftain; and then commenced that series of exploits which have rendered her name famous in the annals of military heroism. These, however, are features of her experience merely incidental to the main purpose of this sketch, but which, as they are strongly confirmatory of her claims to spiritual impulsion, and completely realized her original prediction, shall be here briefly recounted.

A convoy was prepared at Blois. Joan put herself at the head of the escort, and proceeded on her march to the scene of conflict. On arriving at Orleans, she kept the English at bay while the boats were being unloaded, and then proceeded to establish herself between the city and the circumvallation of the English, in order to fulfill her promise of raising the siege. The subsequent achievements of the French troops were made solely at her command, and under the inspiration of her presence and example. Until then no hostile party had dared to insult the little forts which protected the English circumvallation. A detached company of young French soldiers, carried away by their youthful ardor, advanced upon one of them without orders, and were repulsed. It being midday, Joan had retired to rest herself, and fallen asleep. The noise of the route awakened her; she armed herself, flew to the scene of combat, rallied the flying soldiers, led them to a renewed attack, and the fort was

taken. A few days afterward she led an attack upon one of their principal forts. At the height of the assault a panic seized her troops, and they began to disperse. She rallied them, and marching firmly at their head, placed the French standard in the breach with her own hand. The English were repulsed, and the French entered and took possession of the fort, which Joan afterward caused to be set on fire lest it should again fall into the hands of the foe.

The bulwark which covered the principal fort of the enemy remained still to be taken. The enterprise was exceedingly difficult and hazardous, and the judgment of several of the French generals was averse to the attempt. The firmness of the inspired maiden, however, was not to be shaken. On an appointed day, after attending to her morning's devotions, she marched forth boldly at the head of her troops, to the attack of the enemy's last stronghold. Wounded in the neck with an arrow at the commencement of the action, she drew out the weapon with her own hand, bound up the wound, and observing that confidence began to diminish among a portion of the troops, flew to their presence, reanimated them, and took the fort by storm; and then, causing some pieces of timber to be thrown across a bridge, which the *Orleanais* themselves had broken to prevent the access of the English, entered the city in triumph amid the acclamations of the inhabitants whom she had come to deliver. After this check the English felt that a further continuance of the siege would be useless, and forthwith abandoned it.\*

Her next care was to take all the smaller towns which surrounded Orleans, to the end that the king might without anxiety undertake the journey to Rheims, which was the grand object contemplated by the Supernal Intelligence which inspired her. These posts of the enemy were generally taken without difficulty, though at the siege of Gergeau, which was one of them, our heroine met with the following adventure: She was seen standing on the last round of a scaling ladder at the wall of the city, flourishing her sword and consecrated standard, when an

---

\* Histoire de France par Anquetil, tome iv. pp. 209, 210.

arrow struck and wounded her; a stone thrown from the top of the wall smote her upon the head; her helmet broke the violence of the blow, but she fell to the foot of the wall. Nothing daunted, she immediately arose and cried, "*Amis! amis! sus! sus! notre Seigneur a condamné les Anglais. Ils sont à nous. Bon courage!*"\*

The Duke of Bedford, commander-in-chief of the English forces, hastily collected a reinforcement of six thousand men, and sent them to Talbot, who remained with the *débris* of the English army in the vicinity of Orleans. The French commanders consulted Joan as to what was best to do in that crisis. "We must fight the English," said she, "if they hang down from the clouds, and we must furnish ourselves with good spurs in order to pursue them." On hearing these words, the French no longer doubted of victory. Being attacked, the English were speedily put to flight, and Talbot their commander was taken prisoner, though afterward generously set at liberty without ransom.

After these victories, the perilous march to Rheims was commenced, the king accompanying the army. "This was an enterprise," says the historian Anquetil, "which seemed utterly contrary to all the rules of human prudence," as the route was entirely through a country infested by enemies, and the army was almost without provisions and baggage. "But Providence," continues the same writer, "seemed to have spoken in these miraculous events, which had commenced the restoration of the state, and the French continued to trust in it." Every thing was done according to the orders of Joan. She regulated the marches, determined the places of repose, provided for the necessities of the army, and all promptly and without embarrassment. No English troop presented itself to dispute the passage of the rivers, or to defend the cities.

On their arrival before Rheims, the hostile troops by which it had been garrisoned retired, and the inhabitants of the city received Charles with great demonstrations of joy. The cere-

---

\* "Friends! friends! come on! come on! our Lord has condemned the English. They are ours. Good courage!" *Histoire de France par Anquetil*, p. 211.

mony of coronation and consecration was soon performed, Joan, meanwhile, in the assumed office of Constable, holding the sword over the king's head. The previously distracted and faltering French people were thus reunited, and their confidence was restored. They now generally acknowledged Charles as their rightful king, in preference to all rival pretenders. They rallied to his standard, and the fortunes of the war were turned in his favor. The train of events was thus fairly commenced which led to the final expulsion of the English from France. The French realm was in this manner rescued from the permanent grasp of the haughty and ambitious Britons, and a turn was given to human events which was pregnant with the most important consequences to civilization, not only in Europe, but necessarily also in America. And all this was done through the instrumentality of a simple-hearted peasant girl, acting under the impulses and suggestions of a spiritual source of power and intelligence, and illustrating the fact, that the Great Ruler of the nations sometimes chooses the weak things of this world to confound the mighty.

But the story of this admirable female has a tragical termination. On the conclusion of the ceremony of the coronation and consecration of King Charles, Joan fell at his feet, and in a voice, interrupted by sobs of deep emotion, said: "At length, gentle king, the pleasure of God is executed, whose will it was that you should come to Rheims, to receive the consecration that was due you, to show that you are the true king, and he to whom the kingdom ought to belong." She then declared that her mission was fulfilled, and earnestly begged to be permitted to return to her native village, and resume her former condition; but in consideration of the successes which had uniformly attended her proceedings thus far, and of the enthusiasm with which her presence inspired his soldiers, Charles thought it best to retain her. She very reluctantly consented to remain; but her charmed life was at an end, and the inspiration which had formerly guided her proceedings seemed to be, in a great measure, if not wholly, withdrawn. An expedition, partly under her advice, was undertaken against Paris, which was still in the hands of the enemy; but it resulted in no advantage to the

French cause, and in a misfortune to the maiden warrior. On the attack that was made upon the city, Joan displayed her ordinary courage, but was soon struck with an arrow, which put her *hors du combat*. In this condition she was left lying, without aid, for more than an hour, at the bottom of a ditch; for her fickle companions in arms, perceiving that her presence would be less important to them than previously, already began to treat her with indifference. The first barriers which covered the entrance to the city were forced; but the French, disappointed in not receiving the expected coöperation of the *bourgeoisie* within the city, did not pursue their first advantage, but abandoned the siege and retired.

After the formal coronation and consecration of Charles at Rheims, through whatever part of the country he passed, the inhabitants (says Anquetil) flocked in multitudes to the highways along which he passed, chanting the *Te Deum*, and giving every demonstration of joy. But though the expressions of this general enthusiasm frequently affected our heroine to tears, she did not cease to press her petition to the king to be permitted to return to her humble peasant home, and to declare that she believed her mission to have been accomplished with the consecration of Charles at Rheims. "However," said she, at one time after she had been fruitlessly preferring this request, "however, I should now no longer be unwilling to die." Struck with this implied prediction, Count Dunois, her appointed protector, asked her if she had any revelation or presentiment of her death? She replied, "No; I only know that God has given me no command except to raise the raise the siege of Orleans, and to conduct the king to Rheims; and in the doubt that he has any thing more for me to do, the king would please me by permitting me to return to the home of my parents, to resume my former condition."

Through gratitude to his deliverer, the king decreed that the village of Domremy, where she was born, should, from that year, be exempted from all taxation. He also ennobled the parents and brothers of Joan, with their posterity, and gave them a coat of arms, with the title *du Lis* (of the Lily); but Joan herself received the title of *la Pucelle* (the Virgin).

Our heroine, however, profited little by these honors. Devoted to her king who persisted in retaining her in the active military service, she shrank from no perils or hardships. She finally threw herself into the town of Compiègne, which was besieged by the English in connection with the Burgundians. In a sally she fell upon a company of the latter, and in covering the retreat of her own soldiers, after an obstinate combat, she was hemmed in by the enemy against a ditch, dismounted from her horse, and fell into the hands of a Burgundian captain, who delivered her to his general, Jean de Ligny-Luxembourg, and by him she was sold to the English for six thousand livres. This event was considered a triumph by the English, which they celebrated in the most enthusiastic manner. The Duke of Bedford caused the *Te Deum* to be chanted, and great public rejoicings to be made in Paris, and sent messengers throughout the provinces still in possession of the English, to spread the news of the capture of the maid whose prowess had given them so much trouble; and, what is strange, it does not appear that the effeminate and ease-loving monarch of France made a single effort to rescue from the hands of her enemy her to whom he owed his deliverance and the independence of his crown!

Though the Count of Luxembourg, in ceding his fair prisoner to the English, gave the latter no right to treat her in any other way than as a prisoner of war, they were not satisfied with simply keeping in protracted confinement one who had given them so many embarrassments, and who had made herself so great an object of their resentment. They therefore commenced defaming her character, and denouncing her as a sorceress, a magician, and one who had commerce with demons—crimes which in those days of superstition were considered as of all others the most damnable. She was therefore turned over to the tender mercies of the Inquisition. During the following three months, and during sixteen sessions for her examination, which occurred within that time, this unsophisticated girl of nineteen years, without advocates, defenders, or sympathizers, was tormented by captious questions from bigoted ecclesiastics, who were bent upon torturing from her some response to their questions, which might be construed unfavorably; but amid all these trials she



conducted herself with admirable firmness and decorum, and returned to her artful interrogators the most sagacious replies. During this time, however, she attempted to escape from the ecclesiastical prison; but in leaping from the window she injured herself, and was retaken. She was then bound around the waist with a chain, and a guard of soldiers was set over her—a punishment which she felt in the keenest manner, but endured with her usual firmness.

During the sessions of the inquisitors, the latter often questioned her respecting her visions and revelations. She maintained their reality to the last. “Be they good or be they evil spirits,” said she, “they have appeared to me.” It was proposed to put her to the torture, and see what responses could be forced from her in that way. The prospect of this trial did not shake her firmness. From motives of the most refined barbarity, however, it was not carried into execution; for the Duke of Bedford, fearing that her slender frame might not survive the trial, interfered to prevent it, saying that “the King of England had dearly bought her, and it was his wish that she should be burned.”\*

But finding it impossible to extort any thing from her that could be construed into a crime worthy of death, the ecclesiastical court simply condemned her to pass the rest of her days in prison, and to “eat the bread of sorrow, and drink the water of anguish.”

After she had been remanded to prison, the Count of Luxembourg (who had sold her to the English), accompanied by the dukes of Stafford and of Warwick, appeared in her apartment to treat, as they said, for her ransom, and to procure her liberty. She answered them, “You have neither the will nor the power. I know well that these English are seeking my death; but had I a hundred thousand more persecutors than I now have, they would not gain this kingdom.”

Her enemies soon sought a pretext to carry into execution their most nefarious designs. The ecclesiastical sentence had required among other things that she should never again appear

---

\* Anquetil, *Histoire de France*, tome iv. p. 225.

in male attire, and with this requirement she had promised with an oath to comply. But her guards, one night while she slept, removed her female clothing, and substituted the garments of the other sex. On awaking she implored that her own proper clothing should be restored to her, telling her guards that if they refused this request, they would be the cause of her death. Of course she could not lie there forever, and when she arose, she covered herself with the only garments that were at hand. Her guards, who were watching her, rushed into the prison and surprised her. She was denounced before the ecclesiastical tribunal for having violated her oath. This crime appeared to her judges sufficiently great to demand a revision of her sentence; and by a new decision they pronounced her "a sorceress, apostate, heretic, idolater, liar, diviner, blasphemer of God, excommunicated, rejected from the bosom of the Church, abandoned by her forfeitures to the arm of secular justice."

The rest of this work of diabolism and horror was left for the stake and fagot. When they were putting the inquisition cap on her head before the execution, she said to her attendant, "*Maître, par la grâce de Dieu, je serai ce soir en paradis*"—(Master, by the grace of God, I shall be this night in paradise.) She mounted the pile with a firm and resolute step. As the flames approached her, she requested the two priests who were at her side to remove, and leave her to herself. Then, as the flames mounted up higher and higher, she fixed her eyes steadily upon a cross, and mingling her groans with frequent utterances of the name of the Saviour of men, she yielded her spirit to the arms of her beloved St. Michael and St. Catharine, to be borne to the God who gave it!

Thus cruelly perished one of the finest characters in human history! Her execution took place at Rouen, May 30, 1431; and in after years a monument to her memory was erected in the market-place of that city, with the following beautiful inscription:

*Regia virgines defenditur ense corona ;  
Lilia virgines tuta sub ense nitent.*

The royal crown is defended by the virgin's sword ;  
Under the virgin's sword the lilies safely flourish.

## SUMMER-TIME.

BY C. D. STUART.

O WHAT so beautiful of earth  
As the sweet breathing summer-time,  
When birds are full of pleasant mirth,  
And all the flowers are in their prime!

How far along the wooded hills  
The fleecy clouds lie fair and bright,  
And murmurings of a thousand rills  
Float up amid the silvery light!

Unrippled in the wild-wood shade  
The river like a mirror lies,  
And a low hum of wings hath made  
The faint air populous with sighs.

And a rich sound of song is heard  
From sweet, unhooded girls all day,  
And the green forest's echoes stirr'd,  
Send back the shout of boys at play:

Here could I sit upon the grass,  
Where the young locust's shadows lie,  
And watch the swift hours as they pass,  
'Till twilight deepen'd in the sky.

Ay, till the moon with white horns threw  
Her wild light over lovers' bowers,  
And the soft eyes of beaded dew  
Look'd from the trembling lips of flowers.

E'en till the stars bend o'er the lake—  
At the night's noon—and brightly trace  
In its far depths themselves, and make  
A dark sky in the water's face.

O take me not away from these  
Dear, musical, and beauteous things;  
The odorous wind, the leafy trees,  
And the sweet hum of insect wings.

I fain would linger here and sleep,  
While o'er my head the night-wind grieves  
That it must ever onward sweep,  
Nor tarry 'mong the sighing leaves.

And let me dream of summer-time,  
When joyous hours and friends have flown,  
And see the wild-flowers in their prime  
When every light of life is gone!

---

## HYMN TO THE ANGELS.

BY HENRY CLAY PREUSS.

*Air—"Lily Dale."*

WHEN the sun sinks to rest  
On his couch in the West,  
And the moon bathes the earth in her beams;  
When the stars twinkle bright  
On the bosom of night,  
Then the angels are whisp'ring in our dreams:

Oh angels! sweet angels! from that happy sphere,  
Ye tell us of the love,  
And the harmony above,  
Where we'll never know a sigh or a tear!

In the tempest and strife  
Of the battle of life,  
When the spirit is shorn of its might;  
They hover by our side,  
In our visions they glide,  
And nerve us anew for the fight.  
Oh angels! sweet angels! guard us in the strife:  
The spirit grows frail,  
And its light flickers pale,  
In the gloom and the darkness of life.

Ah! sad is this earth,  
From the hour of our birth,  
And heavy are the burdens we bear;  
But oh! there's a balm,  
Our troubled souls to calm,  
For we know that the angels are near!  
Oh angels! sweet angels! ye tell of a clime,  
Where the skies never gloom,  
But the flowers always bloom,  
In a long, sweet summer-time.

Like the airy plum'd dove,  
God's own type of love,  
Oh, had we the pinions to fly!  
But our souls yet remain  
In their cold earthly chain,  
And we sigh for the freedom of the sky.  
Oh angels! sweet angels! when will ye come?  
We are fainting for breath  
In the shadow of death—  
Oh! guide us poor wand'ers home!

## ORIGIN AND END OF GOVERNMENTS.

NATURAL LAW *vs.* CIVIL LAW.

BY W. S. COURTNEY.

IN one sense natural law means all the laws which God has impressed on the universe; the laws of matter, motion, mind, spirit, and even civil and political law, they being included in nature. Natural law in this sense signifies the totality of law. But in a special sense, and in the sense in which we now use it, as contradistinguished to civil law, it means the natural and spiritual laws appertaining to the physical and spiritual being of man. They are enstamped by the Great Author of all on every member of the human family—engraven on their hearts, and identified with their being. In fact, they are the *mode* of man's existence, and as inseparably attached to him as the law of gravitation to a stone.

By civil law I mean governments—all the laws of society, including the social compact, legislative enactments, common law, etc., guarded by the judiciary and enforced by the constabulary. It is "*got up*" by man, originating in voluntary compacts, attested by constitutions, under and by virtue of which authority is delegated by the individual to certain individuals or bodies, to make laws and execute them. Civil law has been well defined to be the voluntary surrender of part of the natural rights of man, in order to secure him in the residue of his natural rights. And I can make nothing more of it. It seems to me that this is the only foundation of governments. They justify their existence on no other ground or pretext than that of affording us protection to life, limb, good name, property, etc. I consent to give up part of my natural freedom, my natural privileges and enjoyments, in order to conserve and enjoy the balance. This is the "civil compact"—the social *quid pro quo*.

You see that it originates in a certain *necessity*. Some person or thing has despoiled, or is about to despoil, us of our natural freedom, etc., and we flee to social compacts, and agree to barter away part of that freedom, to be secured in the rest—agree to be crippled in our natural proportions, rather than be hewn asunder. Some strong man meets me, and threatens to put out my eyes, and I flee to society for protection. Society says to me, “We will protect you in the use and enjoyment of one eye, provided you let *us* put out the other.” Here I am between two enemies of my eyesight—my natural freedom. What am I to do? I consider awhile my predicament, then say, “Very well; the use and enjoyment of one eye is better than none at all; take it, and protect me in the other.” Precisely so is our natural freedom, our lives, limbs, property, etc., endangered, and we are thus under the invincible necessity of giving up some, in order that we may enjoy what remains. How much is given up is not very specifically set down in constitutions. The amount surrendered is not very accurately defined. There is great *indefiniteness* herein. But either through this indefiniteness, or because society is *able* to take it, it generally gets the lion's share. Hence, you see that governments originate in necessity, and so long as that necessity exists, of course they are legitimate. But should they perpetuate themselves beyond the continuance of that necessity, or should they extend themselves beyond what that necessity justifies, they themselves become a positive evil and a curse. If that necessity is but transient, then governments are but mere *temporary expedients*, and must inevitably pass away with the necessity that brought them into existence. In themselves they exist by no *jure divino*, but are purely diabolical.

Now, if we can show that that necessity is only a temporary one, and that it has already, in a great measure, and will ultimately pass entirely away, we strike at the very life of governments. It must, however, be clearly understood, that it is not my purpose to advocate any disorganizing or revolutionary steps, or even to spread dissatisfaction among your readers, with the present social arrangements—not my purpose to excite violence or *disrespect* toward the current “powers that be;” as a law-abid-

ing citizen, I acquiesce in them, and seek reform only through its legitimate channel, *the intellectual, moral, and spiritual development of the individual*. I take up my pen only to chronicle what I humbly conceive to be the *philosophy* of the phenomena of government.

At first view of the question, some preliminary queries suggest themselves. It may be demanded, why man was invested by his all-wise Creator with certain natural rights and privileges at all, if they never were to be enjoyed by him? Why was he, in the all-harmonic plan, endowed with these capabilities, if they were evermore to be practically extinguished or annulled by the perpetuity of social compacts? Why were they wrought into his constitution, if they are, in all time to come, to be held rigidly in abeyance by the outward restraints of civil law? Are natural law and civil law—the law of God and the law of man—always thus to be in collision? And which is the supreme law—the law that ought to, and must eventually, overrule the inferior law? Why, surely it can not be said that God has made a mistake here, and the law that he has impressed on his creature man must be forever abolished or defeated! But this antagonism of natural and civil law—this practical denial on the part of governments, of the entire sovereignty of the individual—has a deeper significance and a more appalling result, when traced to its ultimate issue, than the wisest statesman or the profoundest theologian has yet detected. The creation is God's work, and behold! it is "*very good*." It is *continually* fresh from His hands. Its laws, from the least to the greatest, are His *thoughts*, His *will*, and the divine love, the perpetually inflowing *life* of them. The sovereignty of the individual—his entire natural and spiritual freedom, is a law of his nature, is the will of God toward his creature man. Hence, to depress that sovereignty or freedom, as governments do, is to deny the will of God—is practical atheism!

It can not, therefore, in reason and right, be contended that governments are divine, and that they are perpetual. They must refer themselves to some contingency—some necessity arising out of the undeveloped or *unformed* state of man, just as the saurian era in cosmogony referred its existence to an un-



formed state of the earth. This is the first argument by which we prove governments to be but transient phenomena in the development of the race, and that they must go into oblivion like the past cosmological ages. It might be immensely fortified, detailed, and enforced, but we have much remaining to be said on other points, and must hasten on.

The undeveloped condition of man in past ages was the necessity that called governments into existence, and it is his comparatively undeveloped condition now that continues them in a relaxed and ameliorated form. It was his obscure and undeveloped sense of justice and equity, his poverty and imbecility of intellect to trace their relations among his fellow-men; his feeble love, and, of course, his feeble adherence to them; his inordinate cupidity and selfishness; his love of physical and animal prowess, and lust of dominion, which prompted him to overrun, enslave, or exterminate his weak neighbor; the inadequacy of his intelligence and moral sense to govern his passions and appetites; his indolence, blindness, and ignorance, etc., that called for the institution of governments to restrain his aggressions, and coerce his justice and good behavior. Here was the *necessity* that begat the civil law. Here governments rightfully date their origin, and the stringency of their codes was in proportion to this necessity—this undeveloped state of the race. It will be seen in the further discussion of the subject, that those vindictive codes diminished and relaxed their stringency and severity, and do diminish and relax them, in the exact ratio of the development of the intellect and humanitarian affections of the race, and that in the ratio of this development the tendency has been, and is, to reclaim the individual's sovereignty—to give him back his freedom, and trust him more to himself.

Now it can not be tenably alleged that man is always to remain in this crude and undeveloped state; that he has not improved and does not improve; that he has not and does not brighten and strengthen his intellect, gather knowledge, learn and perfect science and philosophy, enlarge and purify his affections, as he goes along; that he comes more and more to love and observe justice and equity, and see more and more clearly their relations and beneficent results; that he loves better his

God and his fellow-man. In the main, witness the advent of Christianity, the Protestant Reformation, the discovery of America, Magna Charta, the Declaration of Independence, etc., which are only the more general and conspicuous instances of his development. The landmarks of his progress are all along the highway of Time. Among many apparently retrograde minor movements his march has been steadily onward to a more complete development of his nature. If I say all this can not be denied, then obviously the necessity which originated and now upholds governments has been incessantly dwindling away, and prognosticates its utter extinguishment in the future. It tells us that in time to come, man will be able to stand erect in his moral and spiritual integrity, without the aid of these leading-strings and braces of civil law. Who sees not that when a man is sufficiently enlightened, morally and spiritually, not to aggress his neighbor's rights, to see his true interest in the relations of justice and equity with his fellow-man, and of course the rightful exercise of his natural sovereignty, that there is no longer need for the officious interference of police? And who sees not that humanity is coming more and more to this point of excellence? Now if the civil and criminal codes do not relax in the ratio of the diminution of the necessity which justifies them; if they do not return to the individual the sovereignty they took from him, just as he is able rightfully to use it, but persist in withholding it, they themselves become aggressive and despotic. The individual then feels himself unwarrantably oppressed, and if he can not throw off the restraint, seeks to evade or defeat it, and this society stigmatizes as *crime*. But the development of the individual soon throws off the restraint, and in so far recovers his sovereignty. This is my second argument for governments being but evanescent phenomena in the history of man. Bear these positions in mind, now, while I discourse briefly on the "Sovereignty of the Individual."

Individuality is a law of all things; each thing in the creation is distinct and individual; no two are identical; each has its peculiarities, which sharply distinguish it from every other. Every blade of grass, as every solar or stellar system, has its distinctive characteristics, which mark it as an individual. Thus

the individuality of God, the great I Am, is represented in the individuality of each thing he has created; and without this distinctiveness—this infinite individuality—creation would be confusion and chaos. Man forms no exception to this law, but he is even more individualized, and more fully represents God's individuality, than the things of the creation below him. Each man has his peculiarities, physical, intellectual, and spiritual, which make him identical with, and distinguish him from, every other man beneath the sun. Our bodies differ, our intellects differ, our loves, tastes, capabilities, appetites, and passions; and the more we are analyzed the wider we differ. Besides those natural and connate differences and peculiarities, the conditions, relations, and positions which we are thrown into and occupy, all differ. Our circumstances, education, associations, scenery, etc., all differ. Not only do we differ in those positions and relations, in regard to space, but also in regard to time, every day throwing each of us into new relations and conditions.

Now this individuality of character was intended to be fully exercised and enjoyed—to be fully and freely ultimated in the life of each. None but the individual can adjudge his own case, and determine his own action, for the simple reason that none are like him—he has no peer. Hence the *sovereignty* of the individual. The attempt to reduce men, or classes of men, to a common standard, by means of external coercion, manifestly violates this great law, and works infinite injury to the development of the individual. The sovereign exercise of this individuality was obviously intended to be sacredly intact—to be constrained by no outward repression. The exercise of this sovereignty of course implies justice and equity in all the individual's relations with his fellows, for the exercise of it *without* justice and equity infringes the sovereignty and individuality of others, and is clearly arbitrary and despotic. *Justice and equity is the law of sovereignty*, which is but another way of expressing “the sovereignty of the individual exercised *at his own cost*.” The perception of this great truth is the birth into the world of the democratic idea of all sovereignty residing with the individual and all power emanating from the people, etc., obscurely conceived and imperfectly practiced as yet, but which bids fair, ere

long, to sicken governments to the heart, and, finally, to leave them to die of depletion and debility. The power or sovereignty put forth now by the individual in governments will not be annihilated or lost, but will *return* to the individual when he is sufficiently developed to "do justice and love mercy" without the coercion of government police. He will come again into the possession of his inheritance, when the temporary necessity which took it out of his hands has passed away—when he can be trusted with it himself, without injury to his fellows. The national sovereignty stands upon the sovereignty of the individual, and it is competent for the latter at any time to alter, amend, or abolish it—to cancel the letter of attorney he has given, and reclaim his sovereignty. And when he finds that he can accomplish for himself much better the ends of government by the enlightened exercise of his own individual sovereignty, he will be very apt to do it. When he finds that his fullest and largest *liberty*, rightfully enjoyed, is his highest happiness and glory, both in this world and the world to come, I say he will be very apt to withdraw his consent to all outward repression of that liberty, and become his own law, his own church and state, and legislate for himself. When he is qualified through a developed intelligence, and an exalted sense and love of justice, to see his true happiness and harmony in his individual sovereignty rightfully exercised, he will then set himself about abating this great public nuisance of government, and throwing off these dead weights and drawbacks upon his beatific destiny. *And a new social order will grow spontaneously out of the individual sovereignty, which will have no reactive oppugnancy, but will be the true correspondent of inner harmonies, for liberty is its own organic law. True liberty, rightfully enjoyed, is its own order, and this order is the only government legitimated of heaven, and everlasting.*

The individual when free can do for himself and for the world what governments can not. He feels an interest, and engages a skill in his enterprises and vocations, that no organized political instrumentalities can compete with. Industry, enterprise, and tact in any department of human life are more perfect and efficient when pursued by the individual, than when pursued by any

government commission. The branches of industry, the arts or sciences that have been monopolized and carried on by governments never reached that perfection to which the individual can and does carry them. Individual enterprise is the source of all excellence in art, perfection in science, and all physical well-being. It is the very *life* of all our wealth, comforts, and luxuries. It covers the world with grandeur and glory! Without the aid of governments it establishes magnificent lines of steamers to all parts of the earth; sends out fleets to ransack and explore it; fetches tea and spices from China, furs from Greenland, guano from the Lobos Isles, whale blubber from the northern seas, fruits from the tropics, etc., builds cities, crystal palaces, manufactories, etc., sends out carriers who go for you and carry your bundles all over the world; lays hold on the storms and wrests the lightning to use! etc.

The tendency to individualism—to throw sovereignty back to the people whence it came—has marked the history of governments for centuries past, and is the exciting issue of the present times. In general, it was first monarchy, then aristocracy, then republicanism, then democracy. In former eras the centralization of power or sovereignty in one man, or a few men, was tremendous and appalling. It was omnipotently arbitrary over the life, limb, property, and destiny of the individual. It took the form of absolute monarchies, military despotism, principalities, dynasties, feudal lordships, dukedoms, baronies, etc., which overrun the individual and trod him down into the dust! But ever since the days of the rude German barons, sovereignty has had a centrifugal tendency corresponding to the development of the individual. When the ebb centrally reached its maximum, the flow toward the circumference began, and the expanding energies and excellences of the individual have ever since been attracting sovereignty back to himself, and sapping the absoluteness of governments and bringing them to their close. The history of the United States is but the history of the individual's redemption of his sovereignty. The landing of the pilgrims on the Rock of Plymouth was but to enlarge the sphere of his physical and spiritual liberty. The Declaration of Independence was but another step thitherward.

Then, again, the issue between the old federalists, who advocated more centralization in the federal government, and a corresponding absorption of the State sovereignties, and the old "States Rights Party," who upheld the independence of the States; the success of the latter party, and the salutary results of their policy. The States upon every amendment or revision of their constitutions throwing or leaving more power or sovereignty with the counties, townships, boroughs, and other municipalities; and, finally, by more and more emancipating the individual, and enlarging the circle of his liberty. So, also, the State enactments, and the local ordinances of municipalities, etc., everywhere evince this tendency to enfranchise the individual. Witness the abolition of capital punishment and of imprisonment for debt, the homestead exemption, the recognition of the "rights of married women," the war upon the veto and appointing powers, and the making of all officers elective, etc., all plainly indicating that the drift has been, and is now, to the most radical individualism. We care less and less every day about the government at Washington, and more and more about our local policy and administration; less and less about "public affairs," and more and more about our *private* business, interests, and happiness. This gradual enlargement of the individual sovereignty has all along kept pace with his intellectual, moral, and spiritual development—the expansion and sublimation of his humanitarian sentiments. *The end is not yet.* The "signs of the times"—the maturing energies and excellences of the individual, and the consequent redemption of his sovereignty; the awakening of his industry, art, and skill, and the untariffed exercise of them according to his exalted sense of natural justice, inflexibly pursued throughout all their relations, herald the exit from existence of those hoary dynasties of undeveloped ages! The radiating intelligence, swelling genius, and chastened heart of the individual are steadily wasting away his slavery, and intromitting him into the "glorious light and liberty of the sons of God." Time with its twilight shadows will soon cover over with a dim glory all those stupendous hierarchies of the past, and history tell but a doubtful and equivocal tale of their existence!

## THE FLOWER ANGELS.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY F. H. STAUFFER.

THOU ne'er wilt behold them: but if thou would'st know  
The houses in which, when they wander below,  
The angels are fondest of passing their hours,  
I'll tell thee, dear reader—they dwell in the flowers:

Each flower, as it blossoms, expands to a tent,  
For the house of a visiting angel meant;  
From his flight o'er the earth he may there find repose,  
Till again to the vast tent of heaven he goes.

And the angel his dwelling-place keeps in repair,  
As every good man of his dwelling takes care;  
All around he adorns it, and paints it well,  
And much he's delighted within it to dwell.

If thou, my dear reader, in truth art inclined  
The spirits of heaven beside thee to find,  
Reflect on the flowers, and love them, moreover,  
And angels will always around thee hover.

A flower do but plant near thy window glass,  
And through it no image of evil can pass.  
When thou goest abroad, on thy bosom wear  
A nosegay, and, trust me, an angel is near!

Do but water the lilies at break of day—  
Through the hours of morn thou'lt be whiter than they.  
Let a rose 'round thy bed nightly sentry keep,  
And angels will rock thee on roses to sleep.

No frightful dreams can approach thy bed,  
For 'round thee an angel his watch will have spread;  
And whatever visions thy guardian to thee  
Permits to come in, very good ones they'll be.

## THE PRIZE OF LIFE.

BY J. M. KNOWLTON.

A word of explanation is necessary to the reader's full appreciation of the subjoined poem. It was written soon after the revolutionary outbreaks in favor of liberty in Europe, and while the emancipation of the down-trodden masses of Italy, Germany, Hungary, and France seemed hopeful of realization. The author, a young man enthusiastic in his hatred of despotism, has given free utterance in the course of his poem both to his hopes for the oppressed and his faith in their triumph. Subsequent reactions have made the picture of Europe less beautiful than he contemplated, but with this understanding of the circumstances under which a part of his theme was uttered, it loses none of its interest because its hopes and prophecies were too sanguine. These betray the generous soul of the poet, always beating for the freedom, the happiness, and the glory of man. The poem will richly repay the reader for its perusal.—ED. SHEKINAH.

THERE is a thought that often steals,  
A shade that o'er the mind will roll—  
A wish the inquiring spirit feels  
To lift the curtain from the soul;  
To cast aside the guards that keep  
Its longings, misty as the night,  
To grasp its promptings dark and deep,  
And bring them upward to the light:  
A keen desire to scan the laws  
That mark its being's great first cause—  
To learn the secret of its birth,  
And make the mind a thing of earth.  
But Science, with her brightest rays,  
But scans its dark, uncertain ways  
Far off and faint, and farthest, too,  
When seeking most a nearer view;  
For when she treads those paths unknown,  
Thick gathering clouds are round her thrown—  
Such trials and such doubts, that she



Shrinks from the mighty mystery.  
When spreading seas and star-lit skies  
No more resist her searching eyes—  
When the rude rock to beauty springs  
Beneath th' inspiring touch she brings—  
And many a dark and loathsome way  
Grows bright beneath her guiding ray—  
And man, in all his mortal part,  
Obeys the teachings of her art—  
She turns to this, to this alone  
A realm to her, untried, unknown,  
Air, earth, and sky their mists unroll,  
And man is mortal, save the soul!  
Then we may turn from Reason's night,  
And trust to revelation's light,  
Trust to the bright effulgence thrown  
Upon us from the eternal throne,  
And yielding more to Faith's pure ray  
Cast our perplexing fears away,  
And greet, as Faith shall brighter shine,  
The soul immortal and divine.  
Yes! we may turn from Fancy's fields,  
Where vain conjecture rules the mind,  
To what each day, each hour reveals,  
About our very steps entwined:  
Each day—each hour, on every side,  
May scan life's full and varying tide,  
And here, with easy glance may trace  
The spirit's index in each face,  
And see at every step displayed  
Some mark the soul within has made.  
For mortals we, like all the rest,  
No quiet know, nor ease, nor rest,  
But join the busy, bustling throng  
That swells and foams and struggles on—  
We catch from them the hurrying pace  
And fear to loiter in the race,  
Where each one seeks a goal his own,

Though oft perchance that goal unknown.  
For be it childish praise, or fame,  
Or power, or but an honest name,  
Or simply food—or golden store—  
Or hidden depths of classic lore,  
Or but a passing doubt to prove,  
Or cheering smiles from lips we love,  
Or Truth and Virtue's thought sublime,  
Or deepest, darkest shades of crime,  
Or cares of state—or trifles light,  
Or forms of beauty passing bright,  
Or flights of taste and genius rare,  
Or but a beggar's scanty fare,  
Or wild ambition's choicest scheme,  
Or passing joy of childhood's dream—  
Each season finds a power to lend  
A potent impulse for the end :  
All, all press on with toil and strife,  
Each for his cherished prize of life.

Each for his own—in life's first hours,  
Ere even Hope has fill'd the heart,  
On Earth's degrading, withering powers,  
Have bidden Truth's fair face depart,  
When fresh the mind, unborn the will,  
And pure each half-formed thought within—  
When Nature rules each action still,  
Unscathed by guile—unstained by sin—  
Where plays upon the infant's face  
Each opening ray of Reason's dawn,  
At every springing gleam we trace  
The mortal man, yet heavenly born.  
We see the spirit's workings, while,  
By sidelong glance, we joyous smile—  
By childhood's artless, winning ways  
The infant seeks its wished-for praise.  
For praise is sweet to childhood's ear  
As fame to manhood's hour is dear :

Yet as the mind expands with age,  
Each year unfolds a different page,  
On which the wing of Time shall cast  
A longer shadow than the last :  
And as the sun of childhood sets,  
The heart of manhood soon forgets  
Its simple prize, or seeks in vain  
To find the hidden toy again—  
Or mourns that age so soon alloys  
The purer fount of childhood's joys.

For few the flowers that still retain  
Their freshness, as the seasons wane ;  
And fewer still, the flowers that bring  
Fruits worthy of their blossoming.  
The rainbow tint of morning's ray  
Too soon is lost in dazzling day,  
That, flashing, sheds o'er all a light  
That pleases less the dazzled sight.  
For many catch, with upturned eye,  
The glorious prospect from on high,  
And feel the life-inspiring glow  
Of Genius o'er their spirit flow,  
And yet, too timid, fear to mount  
The path that leads them to its fount,  
Or falter on their course begun,  
And fall before the crown is won.  
And many, too, that fainter yet  
By temptings, doubts, and fears beset,  
From youth's pure impulse turn aside  
And trust a bolder, rasher guide,  
Forget affection's gentle gleam,  
And yield to Passion's fiercer beam—  
Forsake the treasures certain there,  
For baubles that appear more fair.

Then would'st thou know the secret charm  
That gives success to manhood's arm,

The power that weaker minds obey,  
And follow, though they fear its sway :  
That mighty power that bids depart  
Each doubt that fills the fainting heart ;  
That nerves the weak, and fires the brave,  
And proffers freedom to the slave ?  
'Tis strong resolve—high-soul'd and just !  
That rules the world, as rule it must !  
'Tis virtue's guard—'tis wisdom's source !  
That will, that swerves not from its source.

Look now on Erin's blood-stained soil,  
Where groveling thousands, starving, toil,  
Where hundreds tremble at a frown,  
And die to serve a gaudy crown—  
When swift and full on Europe's night  
There came the glow of Freedom's light,  
And o'er the distant waves the clang  
Of new-born Freedom's battle rang,  
And pampered lords and kingly drones  
Were driven from their tottering thrones,  
And German, Slave, Pruss, Austrian, Frank,  
The glorious draught of Freedom drank—  
That will had fired with purpose strong  
Italia's sunny land of song,  
And in its strength her sons became  
More worthy of their father's fame,  
While proud, majestic as before,  
Her eagle flapp'd his wings once more.  
In glee the Rhine's blue waters danced,  
As Freedom's lightning o'er them glanced ;  
His vine-clad vales the prospect saw—  
His hills gave back the glad hurrah ;  
And far away those shouts resound,  
'Till Russia's legions catch the sound.  
Brave Erin felt the electric thrill  
Her every pulse with daring fill ;  
Her chieftains hailed that moment rife

To them with hope and joy and life!  
She rose—she struck one feeble blow—  
She faltered—fell—where is she now?  
In vain her strength, her daring all,  
She rose and struggled but to fall!  
Her sons now prostrate in the dust,  
Her bright escutcheon dim with rust,  
Her people toiling, starving, still—  
They would be free, but lack the will!  
And yet the time must shortly come  
That breaks the seal of Erin's doom,  
When she shall rise and from her wrest  
The chains so long around her press'd;  
And that same will that nerves the few  
Shall nerve her every offspring too.

And yet there is a mightier lord  
Than Fame or Freedom—one who lives  
Forever cherished and adored,  
And courted for the power he gives:  
A monarch he, his reign extends  
Far o'er the earth, from east to west,  
Each votary to his sway he bends—  
A tyrant, yet forever bless'd!  
Youth, strength, and wisdom, all he claims,  
They bring their offerings to his shrine,  
And Genius, with its high-wrought aims  
His trophies with its wreaths will twine.  
And man with daring step will brave  
The storm, the tempest, and the wave,  
Will climb the mountain's rugged steep,  
Explore the caverns of the deep—  
Or exiled from his home will dare  
The simoom's breath, the lightning's glare,  
The desert with its toils untold,  
And yield his very life for GOLD.  
And Virtue sits with downcast eyes,  
Yet lifts them to the glittering prize,

The while, with Siren voice he calls—  
She listens to the lay and falls.

And he that boasts a loving heart  
Will weigh it well in judgment's scales,  
And yield its longings in the mart,  
To Commerce with her spreading sails.

Look on unheeding, while the sound  
Of want and hunger calls around,  
And coolly barter with the fiend  
His heart's best love—his dearest friend—  
And see, with brow serene and cold,  
His brother die, and all for GOLD.  
And India with her thousands slain,  
And Buena Vista's bloody plain,  
Potosi's mines, and Greenland's snow,  
And Poland's page of midnight woe,  
Circassia's beauty—Grecia's moan—  
And dark-browed Afric's vengeful groan,  
And bustling wharves—the rustling jar  
Of trade's swift-flying, thundering car—  
Earth-murmuring crowd—a countless train,  
Subdued by *his* all-searching reign,  
Are gathered crouching in the shade  
The spreading of his wings has made  
A swelling chorus loud they sing  
To GOLD, their master and their king.  
Enthroned he sits, and round him come

A crowd, whose haggard cheeks and eyes  
Beneath those subtle flames consume

That from his very breathings rise;  
And by his side, yet looking up

With wooing glances in his face,  
Sits Pleasure, with the jewell'd cup  
That sparkles brighter at his gaze;  
And Power, a god as great and grand,  
And yet subservient to his reign,  
His favor asks with greedy hand—  
Receives, yet ever asks again:

It is a thrilling sight, I ween,  
That trio ruling o'er the throng  
That in its spacious courts is seen,  
Of every nation, race, and tongue.  
Here is the great arcade—the mart  
Of toil, of talent, and of art ;  
Of Joy, of Love, of Hope and Pride,  
Commingling, struggling, side by side ;  
All pressing onward, full and fast,  
For these to crown the race at last.

For Pleasure is the treacherous prize  
The soul will cherish, when the sun

Of manhood seeks in strength to rise,  
A great and glorious course to run :  
While onward—onward, still he strives  
For every greater bliss she gives,  
Yet mourns to find his spirit cloy  
The sooner with each new-born joy.  
And then, perchance, his watchful ear  
The honeyed words of Power may hear—  
That power that binds his fellow's heart,  
And bids him play the master's part,  
That rules, for purpose good or ill,  
The soul subservient to his will.

He smiles while minds of weaker thought  
Beneath his spirit's power are brought,  
And revels on in mystic lore,  
Yet finds there is a something more—  
A prize whose luster brighter glows  
Than that which simple thought bestows :  
For Power and Pleasure both will pall !  
He turns to GOLD that gives him all,  
And these, when smiles the yellow god,  
Obedient wait his slightest nod ;

And bless'd, ay, doubly bless'd is he  
If from his sight propitious Fate  
Should lift the vail, and bid him see  
His bondage ere it is too late,

Should bid him rise and break the chain  
While life and manhood still remain.

Oh, Love! where art thou when the hand  
Of magic gold has touched thy wing?

He boasts, that he but waves his wand,  
And Beauty from thine arms will spring.

But will those lips that erst could speak  
Naught but those honeyed words be still?

Thy wild embrace grow faint and weak?  
Thine eyes' deep glance no longer thrill?

And wilt thou turn aside, and crush  
Thy hopes of purest earthly bliss,  
And clasp thy beating heart, and hush  
Its longings for a prize like *his*?

No; *thou* art true! though some there be  
Among the heartless world, I trow,  
That at *his* whisperings fly from thee,  
And at his sordid presence bow!

But the true woman, on whose face  
There sits no mark of stain or guile,  
Shall scorn the thoughts of power and place,  
To light the humblest with her smile.  
High soul'd and strong, from gold she turns,  
And every base allurement spurns,  
And in her smile a gentle power  
That rules the heart from childhood's hour;  
She yields an influence, mild and meek,  
To bless the brave, to cheer the weak,  
To brighten all that's dark, and make  
The savage gentle, for *her* sake.

She, Love's high priestess, seen and real—  
Her shrines no dark-drawn veils conceal;  
By all invoked—by all address'd—  
Her slaves the manliest and the best,  
Yet scarce her slaves, so mild her sway,  
They bless the power their hearts obey,  
And court the joy her presence sheds  
On every new-found path she treads.



Methinks that man with all the care  
That sits corroding on his breast,  
Hath still an idol lurking there—  
A longing, lingering wish for rest,  
A hope that whispers of a home  
Where all his toils and struggles pass'd—  
The light of better thoughts may come  
In peace, upon his soul at last.  
A hope, that ever watchful speaks  
In tones that banish earthy pride,  
And bids him grasp the home he seeks—  
That hope his angel and his guide.  
A vein of childish truth that lives  
Still strong, in all its innate power,  
A spark of virtue, that survives  
The sordid strife of manhood's hour.  
A power that guards his wavering heart,  
And triumphs o'er its baser part,  
That bids him turn aside and bless  
His fellow-mortal in distress,  
And like a steadfast anchor seems  
Amid his wildest, rashest dreams—  
That woos him back from sin and shame,  
And kindles virtue's dying flame—  
That when in guilt's dark tempest toss'd  
His spirit saves, though almost lost—  
His soul with holier thoughts imbues,  
The impulse of his youth renews—  
And wipes away his passion's stain,  
And turns his heart to Truth again.

That power is Love. Its presence comes  
To thee from Heaven. A power whose birth  
Is with thine own. A flower that blooms  
Amid the desert sands of Earth.

That sunshine on the cloud, whose rays  
Are like the thoughts that fill thy soul,  
That bid thee smile and upward gaze,

Though lightnings flash and thunders roll.

Love to thy God and love to man!

*That* love, whose strong yet soothing tie

Subdues thy heart, and bids thee scan

Thy fellows' faults with pitying eye.

If thou hast lived in Pleasure's halls,

Where gorgeous luxury fills each hour,

And pampered pride forever calls

For homage at the throne of power,

And in life's journeying, never known

A kindred spirit like thine own—

Or never dropp'd a pitying tear,

Thy brother's tale of grief to hear—

Or felt, as earnest as a child,

Thy brother's joy when Fate has smiled—

But cold and harsh in avarice grown

Hast lived for self and self alone,

And shut thy heart to thoughts that move

The soul to sympathy and love—

Then turn, and live thy life again,

For thou hast lived *almost* in vain,

Though crowds before thy presence bow,

And jewels sparkle on thy brow!

Yet though in milder radiance far,

And dimmer light, thy natal star

Should give thy life a humbler place

And from the many hide thy face;

And yet thy course among the few,

To generous impulse always true,

Should bid *one* fainting heart rejoice—

One eye grow brighter at thy voice,

Should raise one fallen soul again,

Or break one link of Sorrow's chain—

Or bless with Love's mysterious spell,

One gentle heart that loves thee well—

What though the trump of boisterous Fame

May never shout to crowds thy name,

What though the page of history bears  
 No shade from thee, nor column rears,  
 To tell of streams of life-blood shed  
 For thee, aloft its stately head!  
 Nor minstrels carol forth their lays  
 To tell a wondering world thy praise,  
 Nor miscreant base, nor treacherous knave  
 With gold-bought tears bedew thy grave—  
 A nobler fame than these can give  
 Shall bid each generous action live;  
 And grateful records, deep impress'd  
 On every heart thy hand has bless'd,  
 Shall breathe for thee a nobler strain  
 Than ever rang in conqueror's train:  
 And strong and brave in Virtue's guard  
 Thy strength shall win its own reward,  
 Thy soul with life's best prizes won  
 Shall hail its Heaven on Earth begun.

---

 SONNET.

SPIRIT of Good! that dwellest all around,  
 O'er earth, and seas, and in the azure skies;  
 Through length, and breadth, and depth, and height profound,  
 Where sense can grasp—of sight, or taste, or sound—  
 Or fancy on her amplest pinions rise:  
 Spirit of Good! which, save in heart of man,  
 Breathest of power, and graciousness, and love;  
 Whose bounties vast our souls but dimly scan;  
 Whose final triumph shall, in God's great plan,  
 Link earth below with heaven and bliss above,  
 Thou art of God—art God! Our Lord Supreme;  
 Our life, light, love, truth, justice, mercy's beam;  
 Our hope, joy, faith, beginning, end and all.  
 Great God, guide, guard! on Thee alone we call!

C. D. S.

## FRAGMENTARIA.

BY C. D. STUART.

### LONGEVITY.

PERPETUAL youth was the fountain for which the chivalrous Spaniard sought, with the enthusiasm inspired by sincere faith in its existence. That there is far more youth for the human race than is enjoyed, there is no doubt. The average life of man has been and ever will be affected, in its length and pleasures, by his habits. It is, we believe, no fable, the tale of men living centuries in the earlier ages of the world, when the habits and pursuits of man were purer and simpler than they since have been and now are. There is, even now, a great difference in the longevity of men of different races and nations; a difference traceable to, and only to be accounted for, by the difference of their manner of life. In our own communities we can mark the same difference in the average term of life, by glancing over the different castes and professions of society. The author, artist, lawyer, physician, and merchant are not proportionately long-lived, compared with the men who dig trenches, carry the hod, wield the sledge, or guide the plow. Why is it? Because life is sooner fretted or worn out by excessive than by slight friction. The man who labors with both body and mind; whose sphere of action gives greater excitement to the nerves, upon which sensibility and the acuteness of the intellect rest; whose physical and mental wheels whirl electrically, can not, and, if he studied the philosophy of cause and effect, would not, expect to live as long as he whose machinery felt but the natural, equable flow of life's current. The most intellectual, as a class, are proportionately shortest lived. They are so by reason of the greater friction to which their organization impels them, and also, because as a class they seek and accept artificial stimulants, which, however

accelerating to vivacity or power for the moment, fearfully cut short the term of life, and which, the man of quieter organization seldom or never indulges in. The American people, could they have their tastes and feelings so changed, that honest, peaceful agriculture would be their goal of physico-industrial ambition, and the whole nation be transformed into simple-lived and happy peasantry, with plenty to eat, drink, and wear, and no inordinate craving for more—three generations would not pass without lengthening their average life at least one fourth. They now hurry themselves out of the world, by exciting and straining the delicate net-work in which soul and body are compounded. And this goes to prove that life, peace, and pleasure are granted to man just in proportion to the truthfulness of his thoughts, habits, and pursuits. All professions or acts which accelerate decay and death are more or less false. Byron thought gin enabled him to compose more freely and rapidly than he could otherwise have done. Other authors, artists, and high intellects have thought the same of coffee, opium, and tobacco, and for the moment they were correct; but every unnatural tension of nerve and spirit produced by these agencies brings a reaction, the effect of which is to palsy the equability—which is the stamina—of life. Byron, without his gin, would have been not only clearer and cooler headed, but his nerves would have stood by him a quarter of a century longer. He burned them up by his intensifying process. The true source of the fullest physical, mental, and moral power will, by and by, be understood as based upon the simple and natural healthfulness of man's organization; and as man learns that his life can be prolonged and made more valuable, pleasurable, and noble, by keeping its fountain healthy, the false pursuits, habits, and agencies which now stimulate him to disease and death will be abandoned. There is no reason why man should not live as long now as in the patriarchal and truly Arcadian days. Nothing prevents him but his habits of life.

#### COURTESY.

Courtesy is a distinguishing feature of civilized and intelligent society. It is the most beautiful illustration of the refining

power which a higher development of humanity always exerts upon our race. By courtesy is meant that behavior of man toward man which he would ask for himself. It is but a part of the mode of carrying out the great Christian precept which lies at the base of order and harmony among men: "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." That this precept, which implies courtesy, is divine, as is all moral truth, is proven by our common appreciation of its fitness and beauty. Do what we may in life, the wheels of society can never move smoothly and well where the spirit of courtesy does not actuate the thoughts and deeds of man in his intercourse with man. Necessary as it is in civilized society, courtesy has its power among the lowest and most savage. That which leads us to do as we would be done by, especially in the more refined and refining intercourse of our lives, is the conciliating angel which, whatever our condition, and wherever we may be, will guard us against every enmity or assault.

## TRUTH.

How beautiful is truth! In this naughty world, where there is so much falsehood and deceit, whereby hearts are estranged, and recriminations, assaults, and crimes engendered—how beautiful is the true thought, word, and deed! Like the sun smiling out amid the angry storm—like the bright stars shining through the heavy night cloud—like friend clasping the hand of friend—like right rebutting wrong—like the lance of virtue ringing on the shield of vice—like heaven upon earth, and God in man, is Truth. Precious and priceless! Dearer than smile of friend, love of parent, or pomp, or fame. Truth is all. By this we know the nature and value of things. Falsehood is a craven, a dastard. Truth is bold, noble, and God-gifted, beyond every other attribute of the human soul.

## EXPERIMENT.

While there is a want unsatisfied, an evil unrestrained, an aspiration unsated, the harvest-field lies ahead, and advance is the true watchword of the individual, the society, and the government. What though progress beats its way over the thorny

path of experiment, is not experiment, sooner or later, the only process by which the world can advance? Has not civilization sprung from experiment—and whatever is beautiful or improved in a transition from savageism to enlightenment? Have not governments, institutions, religions, and nations themselves been experimenting since the creation of the world? Hence the great truths of science, art, and philosophy, which now irradiate the minds of men.

#### VIRTUES.

Great virtues are rare; the occasions for them are rarer; and when they do occur we are prepared for them. We are excited by the grandeur of the sacrifices. We are supported either by the splendor of the deed in the eyes of the world, or by the self-complacency that we experience from the performance of an uncommon action. Thus the hero perishes on the field of battle, and the martyr at the stake. Little things are unforeseen; they return every moment; they come in contact with our pride, our indolence, our haughtiness, our readiness to take offense; they contradict our inclinations perpetually. Hence we regard not as heroes those who fail not in the smallest duties of life; nor as martyrs those who sacrifice themselves to minuter virtues. It is, however, only by fidelity in little things that a true and constant love of right and virtue can be distinguished from a passing fervor of spirit—an enthusiasm of the moment.

#### EDUCATION.

Above all things else, educate! Though a nation have gold and silver uncounted; though it have a commerce whitening all oceans; though it have genius to invent physical trophies, and enterprise to execute them; though it be a storehouse of earth's luxuries in time of peace, and a mighty arsenal and tower of fighting men in time of war, yet without a thorough, enlightened education of the heads and the hearts of its people, it lacks the chief element of strength and glory. That nation which has Freedom for its tutelar deity, Republicanism for its government, and Free Schools and Voluntary Shrines of Worship dotting its territory, needs neither standing armies nor navies to defend

and give it influence before the world. Barbarism and serfism can rear pyramids, and parthenons, and navies, but neither of them can stand secure on the basis of self-poised, intellectual strength. Knowledge is power, and Education the cheap and only sure defense of nations.

## THE BEAUTIFUL.

The love of the beautiful is universal, or if not universal, the exception is so slight as to weigh nothing in the balance. The eye, as by a divine instinct, turns from ugliness and deformity. It must gaze on forms of beauty or its vision is repulsed and withered. So, too, the ear delights only in sounds that breathe of the fairest proportion; sounds full, round, flowing, and harmonious. But while the beautiful and the love of it are universal, its interpretations are as various as the fancies of man. One recognizes it in gay and flashing forms, in sparkling and fiery colors; another beholds it in grave and subdued colors, in calm and quiet forms. One delights in the beauty of ocean, another joys in the beauty of the skies, another has rapture in the beauty of earth, and still another, looking within his own being, beholds there the most beautiful of visions. The beautiful is in accord with the intellect and affections. That is most beautiful which is most loved and desired. It may be flowers, it may be song, it may be solitude or excitement, it may even be gold or fame, and it may be—how possible—the dear face and loving heart of woman. In variety, splendor, and perfection, there is abundance of it for all. It is in every path, charming and alluring; leading some upward, into diviner regions of the spirit, and some downward, into the deeper pits of sense. Yet who can doubt that God has ordained it all to a wise end—to the final unity and melody of the great brotherhood of man.



## PITY'S TEAR.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

### I.

WHAT falls so sweet on summer flowers  
As soft, refreshing, tepid showers?  
What bids the bud its sweets exhale,  
Like evening's mildly whispering gale?  
Yet sweeter, more delicious far,  
And brighter than the brightest star  
That shines in heaven's azure sphere,  
Is Pity's soft and soothing tear.

### II.

What bids despair her arrows hide?  
What checks affliction's torturing tide?  
What heals the wound of mental pain,  
And soothes the feverish, throbbing brain,  
And bids the rending pain subside,  
Lulling to rest distrust and fear?  
Sweet Pity's kind and holy tear.

### III.

Yet, not *that* pity form'd to give  
A pang, which bids affliction live;  
Not pity that can taunting show  
Superior pride, untouch'd by woe;  
Not pity that with haughty smile  
Consoles, yet murders all the while;  
But Pity, which is form'd to prove  
The bond of faith—the test of love.

## DAWN OF THE NEW ERA.

Dr. J. P. Greeves, of Milwaukie, has been kind enough to send us the following letter from Dr. Gray, of this city, which we are permitted to publish. It was written, as will be perceived from the date, before the people of this country knew aught of the rebellion among the Celestials. The letter indicates a prescient spirit, which, with the author's liberal attainments and superior powers of analysis, renders him a most interesting writer on scientific subjects, and we regret that his arduous professional duties leave him little or no time to gratify and instruct our readers.—ED.

NEW YORK, 13th March, 1853.

My experiments with the *Water\** have not been sufficiently clear in results thus far to warrant my taking any decisive steps in reference to its general use. On this account I shall probably not attend the meeting proposed. I wrote to this effect to Dr. Underhill about a month since. The analysis does not appear to me very promising; but it may be that Chilton did not appreciate all the ingredients, though he thinks he did. I can not help suspecting the presence of petroleum, and perhaps iodine; but his tests show neither.

The faith in "Spiritualism" does not seem to spread here as fast as the phenomena multiply. Tables move in thousands of dwellings in New York; but our conferences do not increase in numbers; nor (I grieve much to say it!) do the receivers of the truth, few as they are, live up to the convictions they now and then avow. Yet, doubtless, all observers and participators of the phenomena are in some stage or degree of emancipation from the thralldom of authority, if not from the tyranny of perverted habits of life. The former must, I think, prove a preparation for the latter.

Great events seem to be ready for birth, both in the religious

---

\* The Carrell Spring of Messrs. Chase and Brittingham, otherwise called "*ague vita petra*."

and the social institutions of man, in every corner of the earth. Even China and Japan are stretching their limbs after their stationary posture of so many ages of ages. The gold discoveries of Australia and California must galvanize them awake, even if the nascent throes of revolutionary Christendom should not pierce their ears or prick their sides. And Christendom whimmers and vibrates everywhere, and from every one of its elements—commercial, inventive, material, scientific, religious, and governmental! Nothing can avert the universal hurricane of which the murky air has for sixty years (and now each day and hour more emphatically) given notes of unmistakable portent. And what better evidence can a loving man want to convince him of the infinitely wise goodness of the Divine Providence than the normal and most quiet introduction of these spiritual facts and processes as this juncture furnishes? For the very first ray of the strong light of human reason that falls on these processes and facts discloses the inevitability of a wholly new mode of thought in natural philosophy, and necessarily from thence an equally new mode of thought and feeling in ethics, divinity, law, and medicine, and in art and literature. Spiritual dynamics must enter all the halls of science as a major element. It must be taught and studied from henceforth; and they who aspire to doctors' caps and gowns and bishops' miters must either lead the way or clear the track, at their option. A new science, a new religion, and a new state are, in the wealth of God's providence, being prepared by Spiritualism just in time to take the places vacated, from other causes entirely, by the old science, religion, and state. So I read the signs of the times. So also do I read the footprints of God's providence in all nature—yea, also, in all human history—individual, national, and mundane! Seasons and epochs, everywhere so manifest, belong to God's providence; and they are fundamentals in all realities of worship.

This mode of considering our great subject has enlivened my faith in the future and sharpened my analysis of the present; and therefore I talk it out to you as to one who can echo back my spirit-music, poorly as it may be executed.

Yours, very faithfully,

JOHN F. GRAY.

## "NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPING."

BROTHER BRITTAN :

SARATOGA, 27th July, 1853.

Cornelius Vrooman, of whom an account was given in the *Telegraph* of June 25th, is here at the National House, being exhibited by Mr. Moses Jennings and Dr. Charles Came, who also intend to exhibit him in New York, in September next. They will stop in Troy, Albany, Hudson, and other places on their way. I have visited him several times. He sleeps on, continues rigid, and exhibits no signs of consciousness. I saw him placed upon his feet, and to all appearances he would have stood any length of time like a stick of wood, until jostled from his balance. He has been left in a standing position three days and nights without any manifest inconvenience, and might have stood until this time as well.

His head inclines forward over his breast ; his legs are partially bent under, as in the ordinary sitting posture. This position can not be changed on account of his rigid condition. Lay him on his side without support for his head, and it remains the same ; lay him on his back, and his knees and head keep their position ; and no length of time has produced any relaxation, or disclosed any inclination to rest or recline on a pillow or other support.

Some cruel wretches who have visited him, have taken occasion slyly to pinch him, stick pins into him, and otherwise to lacerate his flesh, without producing any sensation.

At one time while at home, as I am informed, he was left sitting in a chair at the fire, and unexpectedly the fire increased so as to consume the clothes on his lower limbs, which were severely burned. They found him roasting, but unmoved. Various experiments have been resorted to in order to excite the sensor nerves and to produce signs of sensation and motion, but in vain. The first indications of catalepsy were disclosed by his tongue becoming partially paralyzed, so that it troubled him to articulate ; and when he did pronounce words, they were often different from those he wished to use.

When he first went into this cataleptic state (June 15th, 1848), he remained twenty-four hours, and then was awake forty-eight hours; since then the waking periods have gradually shortened, while those of sleeping have lengthened. He once slept *four months*, while the most protracted season of uninterrupted wakefulness since 1848 was sixteen hours. During this latter time of outward consciousness his friends endeavored to keep him awake; they took him into a sleigh and drove furiously from town to town, drank and caroused with him, knocked him about as much as they dared to, but in spite of their efforts and in the midst of it all, he passed into his present state of insensibility.

His wakings take place suddenly, his muscles relax, he gets up and asks for his breakfast, and eats ravenously. At one time when he awoke, no one being present, he went out to the grocery, called for herrings, crackers, and beer, ate and drank, said he had no money with him, but would call again and pay. He soon after passed into his present sleeping state. He talks freely when awake, but always about the things which were transpiring when he went into this condition. He gives no evidence of consciousness, of dreams, or of visions, while asleep.

They draw his head back as much as they can (which is but a little), twice a day, and pry open his mouth, and try to get milk down his throat. Sometimes they put in a little ground rice, or something of that kind. They generally get some of it down, sometimes a pint, and sometimes nothing. Excretions take place at intervals of from six to twenty days. He is thirty-seven years of age, has been in this condition more than five years, is a full-sized man, and was an unusually smart laborer on a farm. At present he is much emaciated, with flesh cool, pulse slow, and breathing slight.

These facts are verified by various certificates signed by citizens of the town of Clarkson and vicinity, which were exhibited to me by Messrs. Jennings and Came, who have him in charge.

This is the most wonderful case of the kind on record, and its treatment has baffled all human effort and skill thus far.

Fraternally yours,

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

## GEORGE FOX, PROPHET OF "THE FRIENDS."

BY REV. JAMES RICHARDSON.

THOUGH the priests berated and mocked thee, dear George Fox; though they and the pious elders of the churches did beat thee with their board-bound heavy-clasped Bibles out of the tall steeple-houses; and after thou wast out did stone thee nigh unto death, yet did God love thee and thine, and build ye up in his communion of peace and love into a living church with goodly pillars.

Though the selfish, the worldly-minded, and ungodly scoffed and jeered at thy simplicity, thy earnestness and purity, and shut thee up in foulest prisons with felons for thy company, yet did God continually commune with thee in purest mansions, not made with hands. Though rulers oppressed and persecuted thee to the death, yet Jesus raised thee daily to his divine life; though thou wast driven out of earthly communities, was chained, and bruised, and beaten, and wounded, by human governments with earthly kings, thou didst yet dwell forever in a spiritual community; thou didst help to build up a divine and holy kingdom which shall endure when earthly goods shall have dissolved for ages—a kingdom of whom Jesus is the head.

A man who is sincere and earnest in even few things—who is now and then true and great—who even once utters an earnest speech and does a true deed, we can not help reverencing, though all the rest of his life be never so small and trivial. The sincere saying and earnest deed becomes immortal, and just saves the man's name from perishing out of the memory of the race. But George Fox was *all* in earnest. Life to him was no play-day, no show, no laughing pageant: it was solemn as night and darkness—swift as the wind, deep, unfathomable, wild, and stormy, as the great tempest-tossed ocean. There was no season with him for music, and dancing, and merry-making. There was no

time for play-going and feasting. So he walked through life with a strange earnestness, as a pilgrim and sojourner, with no abiding city. His soul was full of deep sincerity: his deeds, his words, his very steps as he went, had a meaning. And as he traveled on through simple hamlets and shady sequestered by-paths to dusty highways, busy towns, and tall steeple-crowned cities, like earnest John of old, who baptized in the same waters of purification, he cried, "Repent, be in earnest, be true to the inner light!" So all earnest sincere people gathered round him, for he spake unto them, not what was found in books and scriptures, not what man composed, but what God had given. He discoursed of the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and for proof of his words he bade them look into their own souls. He spoke of the eternal and unchangeable truths—of Him "who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever!"—truths which depended not upon the will of man, or the teachings of priests, but which the Spirit of God revealed to the hearts of all his children. He required no philosophy to convince him of the living fact "of Christ within him, the hope of glory;" and no hair-splitting metaphysics could force him from the inward assurance that the inspiration of God had given him understanding of all things, or weaken his faith in an inward light, and in the indwelling Spirit of God "through which he that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man." This Christ within; this spirit of truth was with him while yet a child and led him in the way of innocence and righteousness; and to this inward light, the presence of this universal spirit, he continually appealed, as he preached to man the divine word; and the faithful and sincere who were not ashamed "to confess Christ in the flesh" answered his appeals, and testified that he was a true witness.

But although the simple and earnest joined themselves unto George Fox as friends and followers of the inward light and divine word in their hearts, yet did the frivolous and worldly scoff and jeer at him. The scholar-scribes despised him, the priests and elders rejected him. To them the word of the Lord was like a two-edged sword. His earnestness was a living rebuke to their frivolousness; his sincerity and truth shamed their fal-

sity and hypocrisy. And when he told them of the inward light, their hearts were pricked within them, that they had so loved darkness better than light, because their deeds were evil. And as they had endeavored to put out this lamp of the Lord within the soul, so they would fain drown by their outcries the voice of the Lord's servant who testified to this inward light. "Perhaps the most remarkable incident in modern history," says one,\* "is not the Diet of Worms, still less the battle of Austerlitz, Waterloo, Peterloo, or any other battle; but an incident passed carelessly over by most historians, and treated with some degree of ridicule by others—namely, George Fox's making to himself a suit of leather. This man, the first of the Quakers, and by trade a shoemaker, was one of those to whom, under ruder or purer form, the Divine Idea of the universe is pleased to manifest itself; and across all the hulls of ignorance and earthly degradation, shine through in unspeakable awfulness, unspeakable beauty on their souls; who therefore are rightly accounted prophets, God-possessed, or even Gods, as in some periods it has chanced."

It is a noted coincidence, that the leader of the old Rosicrucian alchemic material dreamers and mystics, Jacob Behmen, died in November of the year 1624, the very year that gave birth to George Fox, the leader of a higher, deeper, and more prevailing order of mystics, more spiritual, and at the same time more truly religious and practical. Behmen, too, was a shoemaker and shepherd as well as Fox, that also made the hides of the herds he tended into sandals. Whether Behmen's spirit in any way came into the body of the new-born Spiritualist by a transmigration of soul, that is becoming more and more rapid and universal in our day, and his mantle, or rather leather breeches, were shed upon the new-born child through the fact of a like trade and a like situation and state of mind resultant, we may have cause to see. Surely we think that the risen spirit of Behmen cherished and infused its influences into the boy's soul. Nevertheless, in July, 1624, did appear another shepherd shoemaker, endowed with a wonderful natural insight into mystic things, one to whom the hidden things of God did appear, as says

---

\* Carlyle.



William Penn. "He was a man endowed with a clear and wonderful depth, and a discerner of others' spirits, and very much master of his own. In all things he acquitted himself like a man, a new and heavenly-minded man, a divine and a naturalist, and all of God Almighty's making. I have been surprised at his questions and answers in natural things, that while he was ignorant of useless and sophistical science, he had in him the foundation of useful and commendable knowledge, and cherished it everywhere." That George Fox had the spirit that seeketh into the hidden things of the natural world, as well as the celestial arcana, and thus seems to belong to the same order of mind with Behmen and Swedenborg, who gave themselves up entirely to mystic studies, appears not only from the above extract, and other testimony, but from his own words. His interpretations of Scripture, and those of all truly spiritual Friends, remind one of those of Swedenborg. The following expressions of George look like a statement of the doctrine of correspondences. "In that day the Lord's power began to spring: I had great openings in the Scriptures;" "The natures of dogs, swine, vipers, of Sodom and Egypt, Pharaoh, Cain, Ishmael, Esau, etc. The natures of these I saw within, though people had been looking without." Again, speaking of the reformation of professional men, he writes, "The physicians might be reformed, and brought into the wisdom of God, by which all things were made and created; that they might receive a right knowledge of the creatures, and understand the virtues of them, which the word of wisdom, by which they are made and upheld, hath given them. And he says of the interpreting from the Spirit: "Men could not know the spiritual meaning of Moses', the prophets', and John's words, nor see their paths and travels, much less see through them, and to the end of them, into the kingdom, unless they had the spirit and light of Jesus."

George seems to have been *well born*. His mother, he says, was an upright woman, of the stock of the martyrs, and his father was called "Righteous Christer." He says of himself, "When a child, I had a gravity and stayedness of mind not usual in children, insomuch that, when I have seen old men carry themselves lightly and wantonly toward each other, a dis-

like thereof hath arisen in my heart, and I have said within myself, 'If ever I come to be a man, surely I should not do so, nor be so wanton.' " Thus early, life seemed no light matter or play-day affair to the young prophet. While a boy, he strove to be in earnest, and obedient to the inner light. "When I came to eleven years of age," he remarks, "I knew pureness and righteousness. The Lord taught me to be faithful in all things, and to act faithfully two ways, viz., inwardly to God, and outwardly to man, to keep to yea and nay in all things;" *i. e.*, to be sincere.

"As I grew up, my relations thought to have made me a priest; but others persuaded to the contrary. Whereupon I was put to a man who was a shoemaker by trade, and dealt in wool. He also used grazing, and sold cattle, and a great deal went through my hands." Thus he was placed in youth in a situation of some responsibility, and though it may at first sight appear more fitting his character to have made a priest of him, yet the Lord saw otherwise. And, probably, the great element that he was the means of developing in the religious world never could have been so fully brought out by him with all the forms and restrictions of a church establishment hampering him at every step. For somehow or other, when a man becomes a priest, he soon ceases to be a reformer, or, when he takes to reform, he throws off the robe of the priest. Reforms have their origin, not from those within the walls, but those who are out, or have been thrust out—the most unfettered, free, and liberal souls. So we might have lost the great prophet and spiritual reformer had George been made priest. While he was a shepherd shoemaker, says old Sewel, "He acquitted himself so diligently in his business, and minded it so well, that his master was successful in his trade while George was with him;" or, as Fox says himself, "While I was with him, he was blest, but after I left him, he broke and came to nothing. I never wronged man nor woman all that time, for the Lord's power was with me, and over me, to preserve me. While I was in that service, I used in my dealings the word 'verily,' and it was a common saying, 'If George says "verily!" there is no altering him.'" Being disgusted, on one occasion, that professors should *drink* freely—for the Lord showed him "that he might not drink to make him-

self wanton, but for health"—he became very much concerned in his mind, and says, "I could not go to bed that night, nor could I sleep; but sometimes walked up and down, and sometimes prayed, and cried to the Lord, who said unto me, 'Thou seest how young people go together into vanity, and old people into the earth; thou must forsake all, young and old, keep out of all, and be as a stranger unto all.'" Thus was George Fox led by the Spirit into the wilderness away from men. And thus when darkness surrounds and oppresses the soul, and the evil that is in the world hangs like a heavy cloud about our horizon, and weighs us down to the earth, and we long for the opening grave to close and shut out the sunlight that mocks at the dreary darkness and misery of our spirits, and the pure heavens that shame the foul depravity of earth, in such times of inward doubt and despondency, almost despairing, we would leave the broad, gay path in which the many tread, and seek communion, comfort, light, and life alone with God. Thus wandered away from his home and friends George Fox, at nineteen, in former days, and thus still do the Georges of our day receive at opening manhood a call to be alone with their God. As Solomon and as Hercules of old, they are led to pause and choose either the wisdom of God, or the vain spirit of this world. George Fox was true to the higher choice. So he gave up his sheep and shoes, and traveled away from his relations. For while he was feeding his herds, he had listened to the inward voice whispering into his soul, "Feed my sheep;" and he went forth from his shoemaker's bench, that the world, bare and naked, might be "shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace." After pausing at several towns by the way, he traveled to London, but returned soon, as he learned that his parents were troubled at his absence. But being returned, his relations first would have him married, as a cure-all to his trouble. They would have him settle down in life, and thus stop his roving. But he told them he "was but a lad, and must get wisdom." "Others," he says, "would have had me in the auxiliary band, among the soldiery, and I was grieved that they offered such things to me, being a tender youth. Then," he continues, "I went to Coventry, where I took a chamber for a while at a professor's (or Christian's) house, till people

began to be acquainted with me; for there were many tender people in that town. After some time I went into my own country again, and continued about a year in great sorrow and trouble, and walked many nights by myself."

Of this period of his life Carlyle thus speaks: "Sitting in his stall; working on tanned hides, amid pincers, paste-horns, rosin, swine-bristles, and a nameless flood of rubbish, this youth had nevertheless a living Spirit belonging to him; also an antique inspired volume, through which, as through a window, it could look upward, and discern its celestial home. The task of a daily pair of shoes, coupled even with some prospect of victuals, and an honorable mastership in cordwainery, and perhaps the post of thirdborough in his hundred, as the crown of long faithful sewing, was nowise satisfaction enough to such a mind; but ever amid the boring and hammering came tones from that far country, came splendors and terrors; for this poor cordwainer, as we said, was a man; and the temple of immensity, wherein as man he had been sent to minister, was full of holy mystery to him.

"The clergy of the neighborhood, the ordained watchers and interpreters of that same holy mystery, listened with unaffected tedium to his consultations, and advised him, as the solution of such doubts, to 'drink beer, and dance with the girls.' Blind leaders of the blind! For what end were their tithes levied and eaten; for what were their shovel-hats scooped out, and their surplices and cassock-aprons girt on; and such a church-repairing, and chaffering, and organing, and other racketing, held over that spot of God's earth, if man were but a patent digester, and the belly with its adjuncts the grand reality? Fox turned from them, with tears and a sacred scorn, back to his leather-parings and his Bible. Mountains of encumbrance, higher than *Ætna*, had been heaped over that Spirit; but it was a Spirit, and would not lie buried there. Through long days and nights of silent agony, it struggled and wrestled, with a man's force, to be free: how its prison-mountains heaved and swayed tumultuously, as the giant spirit shook them to this hand and that, and emerged into the light of heaven! That Leicester shoe-shop, had men known it, was a holier place than any Vatican or Loretto-shrine. 'So bandaged, and hampered, and hemmed in,' groaned he,

‘with thousand requisitions, obligations, straps, tatters, and tag-rags, I can neither see nor move; not my own am I, but the world’s; and time flies fast, and heaven is high, and hell is deep: man! bethink thee, if thou hast power of thought! Why not; what binds me here? Want, want! Ha, of what? Will all the shoe-wages under the moon ferry me across into that far land of light? Only meditation can, and devout prayer to God. I will to the woods: the hollow of a tree will lodge me, wild berries feed me; and for clothes, can not I stitch myself one perennial suit of leather.’

“Historical oil-painting,” continues Carlyle, “is one of the arts I never practiced; therefore shall I not decide whether this subject was easy of execution on the canvas. Yet often has it seemed to me as if such first outflashing of man’s free-will, to lighten more and more into day the chaotic night that threatened to engulf him in its hindrances and its horrors, were properly the only grandeur there is in history. Let some living Angelo or Rosa, with seeing eye and understanding heart, picture George Fox on that morning, when he spreads out his cutting-board for the last time, and cuts cow-hides by unwonted patterns, and stitches them together into one continuous all-including case, the farewell service of his awl! Stitch away, thou noble Fox; every prick of that little instrument is pricking into the heart of slavery, and world-worship, and the Mammon-god. Thy elbows jerk, as in strong swimming-strokes, and every stroke is bearing thee across the prison-ditch, within which vanity holds her workhouse and ragfair, into lands of true liberty; were the work done, there is in broad Europe one free man, and thou art he!

“Thus from the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height; and for the poor also a Gospel has been published. Surely, if, as D’Alembert asserts, Diogenes was the greatest man of antiquity, only that he wanted decency, then by stronger reason is George Fox the greatest of the moderns; and greater than Diogenes himself: for he, too, stands on the adamantine basis of his manhood, casting aside all props and shoars; yet not, in half-savage pride, undervaluing the earth; valuing it, rather, as a place to yield him warmth and

food, he looks heavenward from his earth, and dwells in an element of mercy and worship, with a still strength, such as the cynic's tub did nowise witness. Great, truly, was that tub; a temple from which man's dignity and divinity was scornfully preached abroad; but greater is the leather hull, for the same sermon was preached there, and not in scorn but in love."

The priest of his native town, to whom he went for comfort, asked him questions, and his answers so pleased the minister, that, as George says, "He would applaud, and speak highly of me to others; and what I said in discourse to him on week-days, he would preach of on first-days, which gave me a dislike to him. This priest afterward became my great persecutor." To another ancient priest at Mansetter (Manchester?) went he to ask about "the ground of despair and temptations," but he bid him only take tobacco and sing psalms. "But," says George, "tobacco was a thing I did not love, and I was not in a state to sing." The youth was much grieved that "he (the priest) told his troubles, sorrows, and griefs to his servants, so that it got among the milk lasses." He went seven miles farther to see one experienced priest, but found him, he relates, "like an empty hollow cask." Still the existence of evil and sin oppressed his soul, and he goes to a parson, Dr. Cradock, of Coventry, to inquire "the grounds of temptation, and despair, and how troubles came to be wrought in man;" but as they were "walking together in the doctor's garden, the alley being narrow, he chanced in turning to set his foot on the side of a bed, at which the doctor raged as if his house had been on fire."

Thus getting no good answer to his anxious inquiry about the grounds of temptation and despair, he, in his extremity, sought "one Macham, a priest in high account; but he," says George, "would needs give me some physic, and I was to have been let blood; but they could not get one drop of blood from me, either in arms or head, though they endeavored it, my body being as it were dried up with sorrows, griefs, and troubles, which were so great upon me, that I could have wished I had never been born, or that I had been born blind, that I might never have seen wickedness nor vanity; and deaf, that I might never have heard vain and wicked words, or the Lord's name blasphemed."

Thou hast not been alone, oh sincere and earnest soul, in such misery. Even in these days have friends of the light whom the darkness oppressed as with a horrible nightmare, cried out in vain to priests to assist them in solving the hard questions they found in the world about them. And these, too, have been bloodlet, and physicked, and sent over seas to travel, all in vain, and have found homes in hospitals, been threatened with strait-jackets, and had the finger of scorn pointed at them as fearful men—gone mad, crazy fellows, dangerous to the community—and people would avoid them as George Fox says men in his time ran from “Leather Breeches.” This name he got from the fact of his being clothed in leather (as probably very many were in his day). And this clothing was adopted, says Sewel, “partly for the simplicity of that dress, and also because such a clothing was strong, and needed but little mending or repairing, which was commodious for him who had no steady dwelling-place, and everywhere in his traveling about sought to live in a lonely state.” We have seen how George, as others since, found there were no priests who spoke to his condition, and that all were blind teachers of the blind. “None of them could reach my condition,” says he, sorrowfully. But through all these experiences he came to several important conclusions. As he says, “The *Lord opened* to me that if all, both Protestants and Papists, were believers, then they were all born of God, and passed from death unto life; and that none were true believers but such; and though others said they were true believers, yet they were not.” Again, with the light of his experience, he says, the Lord opened unto me “that being bred at Oxford or Cambridge was not enough to fit and qualify men to be ministers of Christ.” His relations were much troubled that he would not go with them to hear the priest, but would go into the orchard or the fields with his Bible by himself. But he quoted the words of John, “That they needed no man to teach them, but as the anointing teacheth them.” “During all this time,” says Sewel, “he never joined in profession of religion with any, but gave himself up to the disposing of the Lord.” He says himself, “I saw to be a true believer was another thing than they looked upon it to be; and I saw that being bred at Oxford or Cambridge did not qualify or

fit a man to be a minister of Christ, what then should I follow such for? So neither them nor any of the dissenting people could I join with; but was as a stranger to all, relying wholly upon the Lord Jesus Christ." Through the same experiences he came to see another principle. He says, "At another time it was opened in me, that God, who made the world, did not dwell in temples made with hands, but in people's hearts—that his people were his temple."

As a natural consequence of such spiritual doctrines, meeting, he says, "with a sort of people that held women have no souls (adding in a light manner), no more than a goose, I reprov'd them, and told them that was not right, for Mary said, 'My *soul* doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour!'"

Thus did his experiences, through the insight given him by the inward light in his soul, lead him to perceive many delightful truths. "By reason," he writes, "of the openings I had in my troubles, I could say as David said, 'Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.' When I had openings they answered one another, and answered the Scriptures;" that is, his experiences threw new light on recorded truth, through the spiritual vision they developed in his mind.

"As I had forsaken the priests, so I left," says he, "the *separate* preachers—separatists or dissenters—also, and those called the most experienced people, for I saw there was none among them all that could speak to my condition. And when all my hopes in them and in all men were gone, so that I had nothing outwardly to help me, nor could tell what to do, then, oh, then I heard a voice which said, 'There is one, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition.' So Christ, the Word of God, that bruised the head of the serpent, the destroyer, preserved me; my mind being joined to his good seed that bruised the head of this serpent the destroyer. This inward life sprung up in me to answer all the opposing professors and priests, and brought Scriptures to my memory to refute them with." Thus did George Fox come to a full knowledge of the presence of that universal and loving Spirit that was in Jesus—that inward Christ. Thus did



he receive into him "the Comforter, which is the Holy Spirit, which," our Saviour says, "the Father will send in my name; it shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." "That spirit of truth which the world can not receive, because it seeth it not, neither knoweth it, but ye, my true followers, know it, for it *dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.*"

And thus he came to experience and to preach to the world the words of the divine John: "Ye need not that any man teach you; but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in it." Thus went forth George Fox preaching the doctrine of the Christ within, and the life of Christ. And, writes he, "the work of the Lord went forward, and many were turned from darkness to light within the compass of these three years, 1646-8." Divers meetings of friends in several places were then gathered to God's teachings by his light, spirit, and power; for the Lord's power broke forth daily more and more wonderfully. Of his own state, in the new birth of the Spirit, he remarks, "Now was I come up in Spirit through the flaming sword into the paradise of God. All things were new. And all the creation gave another smell unto me than before, beyond what words can utter. I knew nothing but pureness, innocency, and righteousness, being renewed up into the image of God by Christ Jesus; so that I was come up to the state of Adam, which he was in before he fell. The creation was opened to me; and it was showed me how all things had their names given them according to their nature and virtue. I was at a stand in my mind whether I should practice physic for the good of mankind, seeing the nature and virtue of the creatures were so opened to me by the Lord."

Oh, simple George! the world calls thee mad, and the learned historians sneer at thee. They would tell thee that thy insight into truth, into creatures, and into the deep mysteries of nature was but a madman's whim, as they say now to the simple, sincere, and earnest, like thee, who see by the aid of the discerning spirit into the hidden things of God. For those like thee, who turn the world upside down, have come hither to our times also,

And as George had been guilty of the heresy of woman's rights, and supported the notion of her being equally supplied with a soul as man, he now adds a new heresy, and attacks the professions. The physicians he accuses of not knowing "the virtues of the creatures, because they were out of the wisdom of God, by which the creatures were made." And the lawyers "were out of the equity, out of the true justice, and out of the law of God, which went over the first transgression and over all sin, and answered the Spirit of God that was grieved and transgressed in man."

When George went out preaching, "when the Lord sent me into the world," he says, "he forbade me to put off my hat to any, high or low; and I was required to *thee* and *thou* all men and women, without any respect to rich or poor, great or small. And as I traveled up and down, I was not to bid people 'Good-morrow,' or 'Good-evening,' neither might I bow or scrape with my leg to any one." "Oh! the rage," he writes, "that was in the priests, magistrates, professors, and people of all sorts, but especially in priests and professors; for the '*thou*' to a single person was according to their accidence and grammar rules, and according to the Bible, yet they could not bear to hear it; and because I could not put off my hat to them, it set them all into a rage." To understand this, we must consider that it was not only the custom of kings and potentates, but of all superiors to be addressed by those beneath them in the plural. It was even considered a matter of greater disrespect not to address all besides most intimate friends with "*you*," than it was a few years since to omit the Mr. and the Sir. Taking off the hat to superiors and equals was the great mark of outward respect, and much more universal and important than the bow was considered by the past generation. But George was too sincere to flatter any, and to give outward signs of honor to those for whom he could have no respect. But for this sincerity, in refusing deceitful and hypocritical compliments, he suffered greatly. He writes, "Oh, the blows, punches, beatings, and imprisonments that we underwent, for not putting off our hats to men." Some had their hats violently plucked off and thrown away.

As many have done in these days, so George Fox "was made to declare against their deceitful merchandise cheating and cozen-

ing in fairs and markets; warning all to deal justly, to speak the truth, to let their yea be yea and their nay be nay, and to do unto others as they would have others do unto them. With his exact sense of justice, his adherence to the right without any hesitation or compromise, was joined a solemnity, a deep earnestness that could ill brook the wanton frivolity that many professed followers of the Man of Sorrows indulged in. Thus he warned such as kept public houses that they should not let people have more drink than would do them good." So was George the early preacher of temperance. He "testified against wakes, feasts, May games, sports, plays, and shows, which trained up people to vanity and looseness, and led them from the fear of God."

In addition to these peculiarities, we will briefly state other Christian doctrines that were brought out in great prominence by George Fox, and by the Friends of the Inward Light, of whom he was the leading prophet and preacher, and among whom, in the front rank, stand William Penn, Robert Barclay, etc.

These doctrines are,

1st. That every man is endowed with a measure of the light, grace, or spirit of Christ, that draws him toward God and goodness, and is like a seed within him—a spiritual, heavenly, and invisible principle, in which God dwells. This principle has been confessed in all ages, even among the heathen, as with Cicero, Plato, Plotinus, etc. Hence,

2d. That true worship of the Father in spirit and in truth is through the medium of this Christ within—this Spirit of God, and therefore that all forms divert us from inward communion with God.

That, therefore, 3d. The true ministry is not that educated by man, but that anointed and filled with the Spirit of God. And that as they had freely received, they must freely give; that the Gospel is without money and without price. Hence their refusal to pay tithes to support any (other) ministry.

4th. That "the baptism of Christ is not a washing with or dipping in water, but a being baptized by the Spirit." That water baptism was of John and others, as John himself saith, "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance, but he that com-

eth after me (or Christ) shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost (or a holy spirit) and with fire. (Barclay, pp. 409, 415, 417.)

5th. "That communion between Christ and his Church is not maintained by any external performance, but only by a real participation of his divine nature through faith." John vi. 32, and Barclay, pp. 446.

George Fox and his followers carried out the precept of Jesus, "Swear not at all. Let your yes, be yes, and your no, no; for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil;" "because it is occasioned by unfaithfulness, lying, and deceit," says Barclay; and Chrysostom observes of oaths, "that oaths took their beginning from the want of truth;" and asks, For what end wilt thou force him to swear, when thou believest not that he will speak the truth? (See Barclay, p. 553.)

The early Friends also bore testimony against war, oppression, and slavery, believing all these things to be diametrically opposed to the Spirit of Him who came to preach peace on earth and good-will toward man—who said, "Blessed are the peacemakers—If any man strike you on the one cheek, turn to him the other also—Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you;" and who preached that his kingdom was not of this world; "If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight;" who reproved Peter, saying, "Put up again thy sword into his place; for all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

George Fox and his spiritual friends regard *all days* as alike holy in the sight of God.

These doctrines, arising from a belief in the possession of a seed of God (a holy spirit), which is the inward Christ, by all men of whatever condition, did George Fox go forth to preach over all England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Germany, Holland, the West Indies, and the United States. As he appealed to the inward experience of every soul, multitudes of the spiritually minded of the sons of God united with him. And in his ministry he soon had abundant helpers, among whom were William Penn and Robert Barclay, both of whom accompanied him in his mission to Germany and Holland. At the age of forty-five he mar-

ried the widow of Judge Tell, a woman of wealth and substance, many years older than himself, who had early received him and confessed the truth.

Our limits of course forbid us to detail here his wanderings in the cause of his heavenly mission—his sufferings, imprisonments, and cruel persecutions of various kinds. A faithful prophet of the Lord was George Fox—a true and earnest witness to the reality of the inward light; a divinely ordained preacher of the universal inspiration of the race.

---

## YOUTH'S DREAMS.

BY HENRY FRY.

In the thoughtful moods of youth,  
There are dreams that haunt the soul,  
And hopes of joy, and bliss untold  
Beyond the world's control;

Dreams that presage truest love,  
In beauteous aspects given,  
When faithful hearts shall ne'er again  
In bitterness be riven.

Doubt not these dreams; such moods foretell  
The dawning of that Spring  
In which love never fades nor dies,  
But blesses every thing.

CINCINNATI, *July*, 1853.

## VOICES OF THE SPIRIT.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

VOICE OF THE BLESSED.

A SPIRIT's voice am I;  
From windows of the sky  
To Earth and Man I cry.

I ask my Maker here,  
For power to reappear,  
To Man's appointed sphere.

My sister Angels say,  
I can not there display  
More than he knew alway.

But I can seal and sign  
The chart of love benign  
He can not now define;

I can assert as true  
What he sees glimmering through  
His too imperfect view.

SPIRIT OF EARTH.

'Tis doubt the Soul entangles,  
And negatives our *Trust*;  
A feeble *Faith* but strangles  
The Spirit in its dust.  
'Tis *Truth* which conquers Fate,  
Makes Man and Angel mate.

Oh, leave thy zone of gladness,  
Become an Earthly guest,  
For here are souls of sadness,  
In doubt of being blessed,  
And in thy *real* seeming  
They have their own esteeming.

Time, which all wisdom blasteth,  
Renews its ancient flame ;  
The verdure Winter casteth,  
The Spring renews the same :  
'Tis thus our death and pain  
Links the celestial chain.

Send earthwardly thy Spirit—  
The Angel of the mind—  
That we its gifts inherit,  
In all we see or find ;  
And school and craft must die,  
In thy high ministry.

## SPIRIT OF THE BLESSED.

You might be blest below,  
If you would but forego  
The paths of ancient wo.

The beautiful would send  
Its messenger and friend,  
And with thy pleasure blend.

The wind would have a voice,  
To bid thy soul rejoice,  
And sanction Nature's choice.

The garden of the skies,  
Would blossom as it lies,  
With love's requited prize.

And truth's immortal bloom,  
Would shake her lily-plume,  
And battle with thy doom ;

The music of thy star  
Reign influence from afar  
On life's unhallowed jar.

Thy cohorts of the sky  
Would pitch their cloud-tents nigh  
Thy death's declivity.

## VOICE OF THE SPIRIT OF EARTH.

Thy flame of joy should brightly burn,  
Thy deeds and ways serenely shine ;  
Since thy delights have date and turn,  
Or that makes mortals here repine,  
The scepter'd sun  
His course may run,  
And our own orb a ruin lie,  
But thou shalt live, the conscious one  
Which shapes and molds our destiny.

A strong material law doth sway,  
And man is monitor of this ;  
He may reveal the latent way,  
Of laws which give him social bliss ;  
To talk with Angels—penetrate,  
That which is only known above—  
Would make him but the Angels' mate,  
And wean him from all human love.

The gifted mind unfolds perchance  
The Infinite's inceptive plan—  
Discovers e'en the first advance  
Of God's benignities to man,



Its prescience o'er and o'er revealed—  
 Before the Maker sanctioned quite,  
 Some law of matter latest sealed,  
 And latest pleasing in his sight,  
 Here must he pause ; beyond these laws  
 Some fate defies his enterprise—  
 A limit to our reach of mind,  
 Our Maker by his own confined.

VOICE OF THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

I hold dominion's missioned spell,  
 Certain of rule a sure decree,  
 Strong as the earth on which I dwell,  
 Or the great volume of the sea ;  
 I sway the summer's troop of flowers,  
 Make glad with ecstasy the hours—  
 With crimson robe the arched skies  
 And deck the sun-charmed sward that 'neath them lies.

My province is to give a voice  
 Of music to the footless wind—  
 Inspire with high and holy choice  
 All things the soul delights to find ;  
 With peace and hope the breast inspire,  
 And light with love's enlivening fire  
 The vexed bosom day by day,  
 And furl, serenely furl, the clouds that round it stray.

I sow, and reap the harvest hoard,  
 The sheafed fields of wisdom glean—  
 Crown with delight the groaning board  
 Where beauty, wit, and valor lean.  
 On moon-lit lakes the wavelet breaks  
 And the swan's pained bosom shakes,  
 But on the shining water's face  
 The wind's puff'd cheek shall scorn her grace,  
 And the charmed reed make music in her place.

I robe with beams the living streams,  
 I rob the rainbow of its hues—  
 Give luster to the wan star's beams,  
 And the gay world of flowers infuse;  
 With bloom-endowing health, I seek  
 The marble cheek of beauty meek,  
 And with the wreathed mists I turn  
 A cloudy column upward from the valley's urn.

I cry to the sleeping year, "Awake!"  
 And tiptoe the unsandalled Spring  
 Trips o'er the verdured lawn to make  
 Garlands of her first blossoming;  
 Where'er my meteor orb appears,  
 My seat of glory lights the spheres;  
 And down in the depths of the azure sea  
 You'll find my coral dwelling-home and me.

I smile, and lo! a vision blest  
 Floats through the pictured range of view—  
 Sits at our side, an angel guest,  
 The fairest Time's true pencil drew.  
 I touch the wing of the Eden bird,  
 And the flush of his garb in the air is stirred;  
 I pour, in many an azure stream,  
 A radiant shaft from the sun's golden beam.

VOICE OF THE SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE.

The sweet enchantment of the coming eve  
 Pours all her flood of soothing silence round;  
 Only the idle babble of the mind  
 Invades the parting day with an adieu  
 Ere night begins to weep her obsequies;  
 Companion of these joys, the lovely moon  
 Comes with the dusky and the tearful hours,  
 As flock the tawny children of the East  
 With brows o'er-laden with a large, round pearl.

Oh, Life, thou hast a charm if but for these !  
 But there's a subtler and sublimer sense :  
 Those tireless children of the world of thought  
 Which play around the hearth-stone of our cares,  
 And lengthen many a day of sadness out,  
 Unto the joy of evening's revelry—  
 These are the recompense of present toils—  
 These are the solaces of ancient griefs ;  
 This is the cliff which overhangs the sea,  
 Upon the " care-washed isle of Life,"  
 When in the raging of tempestuous strife  
 All hope was wrecked and tossed ashore.

Such are the charms of Life, the recompense,  
 Of beauteous visions, galleries of thought—  
 The bright inheritance of ages past,  
 And new creations every morn and eve,  
 Embellished by one presence, *one* alone.  
 The eye that sees in solitary haunts,  
 In vision'd sleep, its idol slowly dawn,  
 Can not divert or banish from its realm  
 The subject of its musing ; yet it dwells  
 Apart with senses sealéd like a lamb  
 Stray'd from the murmur of the chiding pipe,  
 When all the airs around the meadow's *margin*  
 Are laden with its music \* \* \*  
 Such is the spell affection casts on us—  
 Such is the mystery of blissful thought  
 Of solitude and musing, radiant pair !  
 Made ever guardians of our heart and brain.  
 When not the surface but the deep is moved  
 With force of motion, like the leaping waves  
 Which climb the shore of Time, and settle there.

## IMMORTALITY OF THE SPIRIT.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

A SPIRITUAL mind, not only gives us prediction, but liberty of thought. It not only gives us the privilege of writing our thoughts, but diffusing them. It not only unrolls the vast scroll of celestial knowledge, but stamps the impress of the imagination upon her proper offspring, sentiment revery and feeling. The difference between ourselves and the ancients in this respect is so palpable, that it is worthy of a comparison and illustration. They employed pillars of stone; we inscribe our mental discoveries upon the pillars of the spirit, whose foundation is our immortal being, and whose summit reaches the open gate of heaven.

It is the celestial ladder, whose every round is occupied by a white-winged angel, ascending and descending from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, bringing hope and life, and binding in unison the terrestrial and celestial scheme. Our spiritual existence is one of liberty, for it confers the gift of free thought, the essential charm of intellectual life.

Reason, justice, and integrity originate in freedom of thought, and increase in action from generality of adoption. These abstract essences are purely aspirations of the spirit; and experience shows they only live in free unfettered force when most called into action by ostensible reference.

When Scarron, the French poet, was asked what dower he intended for his wife, Frances d'Aubigne, his answer was, *Immortality*. Proud words! kingly thought! He had no other goods but these, no other legacy but the great, imperial gift. The poet is dead, but how long before this word will die?

The broad wave of the Mediterranean rolls over, it is said, millions of human forms, whose substance resolved into new elements, gives the sea its great phosphorescent illumination; just so do our higher and loftier attributes illuminate the ocean of

man's being, when we are within the wave of dust and fire, revolving beneath his feet.

But next to the possessing these qualifications, is the duty of impressing them upon others—the putting them in that attractive form, which induces man in almost any mood of mind to revolve them over and over, and test their soundness. Try them as the coiner does his metal, in a crucible, red-hot with purifying fire.

In the language of the poet, “whence comes this longing after immortality?” It is that visitation of the spirit which comes like a real presence, ruling your inclinations, and establishing a closer interview between yourself and angels. It brings assurances of safety in hours of peril, confers a solemn pleasure, which unseals the foundation of

‘Tears, idle tears, we know not what they mean,’

and showing that the spirit has its fears as well as its triumphs. Dreadful is the nature of these fears. They assail us as a monarch is assailed, when driven from his throne at midnight 'midst the storm and fury of human wrath. They shake the temple of the soul to its very foundation, but unlike all other displays of power and agencies of action, the beauty and harmony of its proportions are increased.

*Faith*, a true strong faith, is manifested by such agencies, and through such intelligence—faith in ourselves, in God, and humanity. As nothing is lost in the estimate of the infinite intelligence, so all these endowments go back again to their original source, and rest in the bosom of our Father. If great influences are employed, great results are manifest, as from the great fall of nature springs up anew the verdant summer, bounteous in its message of changing profusion.

In 1692, in the reign of Louis XIV. of France, there is recorded in the life of this monarch the following circumstance. One day a farrier, from the little town of Salon, in Provence, arrived at Versailles, having made the journey on foot, and proceeded at once to the palace without ever waiting to rest himself, when he applied to M. de Brissac, to obtain for him an audience of the king, to whom he had, as he declared, something of the highest importance to communicate. M. de Brissac, however, de-

clined the mission, the obscure station of the applicant not rendering him eligible to the honor. But the peasant was not to be repulsed, and his pertinacity was so great, and his application for admittance so persevering in every quarter where he had any prospect of success, that the circumstance reached the ears of Louis himself, who, anxious to see how far the resolution of the man would carry him, caused him to be told that his desire was impracticable, as the King of France was not accessible to every new-comer. Nevertheless the peasant refused to yield, asserting that if he once could see his majesty he would tell him things only known to himself, and which would at once convince him that he was not required to listen to an impostor, and demanding, if this interview were entirely impossible, he might at least be admitted to one of the ministers of state.

The king, curious to ascertain the result of this singular adventure, desired the Marquis de Barbesieux to receive the man on the following day, when he next made his appearance at the palace, and he was accordingly directed to his apartments; but the peasant shook his head, observing that he had been requested to be introduced to a minister of state, and that Monsieur de Barbesieux was not a minister.

This objection startled every one, for the man had only been in Versailles a few days, and he could not have made himself acquainted with the exact rank of the officers of the crown. It sufficed to render the king more than ever desirous of penetrating his secret, and he requested his minister to grant him an interview. On learning by whom he was to be received, the peasant at once declared his willingness to confide his secret; and he was no sooner alone with this minister than he related that one night, when he was returning at a late hour to his native village, he suddenly found himself, while passing under a tree, surrounded by a great light, in the center of which appeared to him the figure of a woman, dressed in a long white robe, over which she wore a royal mantle; and he had scarcely remarked all this when she thus addressed him: "I am the Queen Maria Theresa! what I am about to communicate to you, you must go and inform the king. Heaven will assist you during your journey, and when you arrive, should the king doubt that I sent

you, then relate to him a circumstance of which he alone is cognizant, and which no other can know, and by which he will at once recognize the truth of what you tell him. If, in the first place, of which it is extremely probable, you can not obtain an audience, demand to speak to a minister of state; but above all things make no communication to others, whatever may be their rank. Depart instantly, and communicate what I command on pain of death."

The peasant, as he asserted, solemnly pledged himself to implicit obedience, when he had learned the secret upon which his mission was based. He at once found himself alone and in darkness, and so thoroughly bewildered by the scene through which he had just passed, that he was unable to pursue his homeward path, but throwing himself down under a tree, forgot his terrors in sleep.

When he awoke the following morning, he attributed the whole adventure to a dream, and made no preparation for the journey; but two days afterward, as he was passing through the precise spot, the vision reappeared, uttering menaces so fearful, in consequence of his disobedience, that he again promised to comply, pleading as an excuse for his first failure his utter destitution, and the impossibility of undertaking a journey without the means of subsistence.

To this objection the vision replied by directing him to wait upon the commissioner of the province, and to inform him of what he had seen, and the orders which he had received, adding that he would then supply him with all he wanted. Nevertheless it required a third apparition to convince him on this last occasion that he was in his right mind; but his terror was so great at the threats fulminated against him, that he immediately departed for Aix, where he told his extraordinary story to the commissioner, who without hesitation gave him a small sum, and urged him to depart upon the instant.

Such was the story listened to by the minister, and strange and supernatural as it appeared, it contained those germs of truth which startled the reason and commanded the belief of men. It was in vain that the minister endeavored to acquire the knowledge of the assumed communication, which was to be

a password to the confidence of the king. The peasant refused to confide it to any one but the monarch himself.

When the king was informed of these circumstances, he could no longer restrain his curiosity, and decided upon a personal interview, and desired that he might be introduced in his cabinet by a private staircase ; and on the following day another audience took place where the same circumspection was observed.

To all the doubt and dissent, the ridicule and unrighteous judgment passed upon this event, the king replied : " I have found all that he has said replete with good sense and truth." Doubts were still urged and incredulity affirmed. " Learn," said the king, " that this man has spoken to me of a circumstance which occurred to myself more than twenty years ago, and of which no living being can be aware, since I have never divulged it to any human being, and this was the apparition of a phantom in the forest of St. Germain, who addressed me in the identical words he has since repeated."

Does not this illustrate our starting point—the Immortality, the *Faith* (faith of the peasant in his mission), and the Fears of the Spirit.

---

## "HE IS NOT HERE, BUT IS RISEN."

BY MRS. S. S. SMITH.

IN yonder orient sky the morn is breaking ;  
 A rosy light beams o'er the parting cloud ;  
 Sweet tuneful voices in the grove are waking,  
 While night retires to fold her ebon shroud.

On Judah's hills the weary shepherd numbers  
 His fleecy charge, where he lone watch had kept  
 'Neath the pale stars, then hies him to his slumbers,  
 While drowsy silence o'er the city slept.



A mournful band, their dreary vigils keeping  
In a rude dwelling, watched the dawn of day ;  
On silken couch, while they in grief sat weeping,  
The haughty noble whiled the night away.

As the fierce storm beats down the fragile blossom,  
Prone on the earth, so their mute, voiceless grief—  
Too deep for words—weighed heavy on each bosom ;  
No gleam of hope appeared for their relief.

The haughty ruler and the proud Sanhedrim  
With vengeful ire their Lord had crucified ;  
At hush of eve, with reverent care they bore him  
To a new tomb within the rock's cleft side.

Their all of hope upon his cross had perished—  
For them the day-star veiled its face in gloom—  
One last sad rite due him, the loved and cherished,  
Recalled them early to the Saviour's tomb.

A wondrous scene awaits their startled vision :  
The affrighted guard with wingéd speed had fled ;  
Two radiant forms, in flowing robes elysian,  
Sat near the place where once reposed the dead.

He is not here ! Him whom ye seek hath risen !  
Behold the place where Christ your Lord hath lain !  
The rock-hewn tomb no longer could imprison  
His soul, that triumphed over death and pain.

Blest words of hope—still have they power to cheer us,  
When in the tomb the loved of earth we lay.  
And still God's angels hover gently near us,  
When o'er our souls grief holds her troubled sway.

Still to our hearts we fold the blest Evangel ;  
Jesus hath risen—so we like him shall rise,  
From bonds of clay freed by death's mighty angel,  
And mount to heaven beyond the azure skies.

## DREAM-LIFE AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

BY WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

WE have elsewhere advanced the idea, that the course of human events, both as respects nations and individuals, is controlled by an Intelligence immeasurably above and beyond man, and that this Intelligence, seeing the end from the beginning, and being accompanied with a Power adequate to the execution of its behests, disposes events in a methodical order of succession, and adapts means to desired ends, by acts or volitions which are properly called *Providences*. It is believed that this view will not be controverted by any well-balanced and reverent mind, who will deeply contemplate the history of human events from a spiritual stand-point. Perhaps the most convincing proof of this prescient and providential economy consists in the accurate fulfillment of pre-impressions which have occurred to certain men in all ages, but more especially to the prophets of the ancient times. For if pre-impressions of human events or human destiny are exactly fulfilled ages after they were conceived, and that, too, so frequently as to preclude the idea of *chance* as connected with their development in the mind, then it is impossible to suppose that the events predicted were not pre-arranged in the councils of that controlling Intelligence in which the predictions themselves had their source. It is, indeed, by the controlling action of this Superior Wisdom upon the correlative finite mentality of the human world, that the main course of human thought, and hence of human action, has been shaped. This inflowing of intelligence from above can not be supposed to follow the channels of outer sense: it rather enters and stirs those inner realms of mind which correspond most to its own divine nature. It is, therefore, in general, most experienced by those whose conscious lives are most interior, most spiritual, most devout; and because almost all people in their normal state are, unfortunately, too

gross and sensual to be conscious of its action, it most frequently comes during suspensions of the outer, and activity of the inner, senses, induced either by artificial means, or by natural slumber of the bodily organism.

Artificial preparations for such spiritual inflowings were very common among the prophets, pythonesses, and sibyls of the ancient heathen nations; and a proper collection of their prophecies and oracles, and a relation of the events by which they were in general subsequently fulfilled, would form a chapter in the pneumatic history of man far more interesting than even the marvels of modern magnetic clairvoyance. It is our intention at present, however, to confine ourselves to that method of prophetic and admonitory influx which consists in dreams and visions of the night, "when deep sleep cometh upon man."

Of dream-life among the ancients, the biblical records themselves afford many examples. Thus in Gen. xxxi. 10-12, Jacob received in a dream a foreshadowing of the great future increase of his possessions. Joseph's future destiny was foreshown to him in a similar way.—Gen. xxxvii. In Numbers xii. 6, occur these words: "If there be a prophet among you, I, the Lord, will make myself known unto him in a vision, and will speak unto him in a dream." In 1 Kings iii. 5-15, is contained the account of the memorable dream of Solomon, in which he asked of his Divine Monitor "an understanding heart," that he might judge his people aright, and in which he received the gratifying promises merited by the humility and modesty of his request. The sublime and instructive dreams and "visions of the night" which occurred to Daniel are well known. Coming down to the New Testament records, we find that Joseph in a dream received instructions concerning the future birth of Jesus. After his birth, Joseph and Mary were also warned in a dream to flee from the envy of Herod, and they were in the same way instructed to return to their own country after those who sought the child's life were dead. (See Matt. i. and ii.)

Nor were these prophetic and monitory dreams, according to the Bible records, confined to the Jews as to a chosen people, but they occurred quite as frequently among the heathens. Thus Abimelech, a heathen king in the days of Abraham, was

warned in a dream against forming certain connections which would have involved consequences of vital importance to himself and to Abraham.—Gen. xx. 3–7. Thus Laban, the Syrian, was warned in a dream to abstain from the persecution of Jacob.—Gen. xxxi. 24. Thus, also, Pharaoh, the heathen king of Egypt, was premonished in dreams concerning the future seven years of plenty and seven years of famine, which were so important in their bearings upon his nation and upon the world.—Gen. xli. And one of the most important revelations that ever was given to man is that presented in the allegorical dream of Nebuchadnezzar, in which the future course of empire, and the final establishment of the reign of Heaven, were foreshadowed by the image of a man composed of various metals, and by a stone smiting and destroying it, and afterward becoming a mountain and filling the whole earth.—Dan. ii.

Seeing, therefore, that the biblical records unreservedly attribute to others besides Jews—to certain persons among the heathens—the capacity and privilege of receiving revelations from on high through the channel (especially) of *dreams*, we may proceed, without fear of offending any consistent believer in the superiority of the Bible as a divine record, to instance cases from *profane* history, showing that the same mode of supernal instruction, the same mode of prophetic impression, and hence the same mode of divine, providential, and moral government, was, from the earlier ages, common among humanity outside of the “chosen people.” Without attempting to penetrate the mythical fogs of the *most ancient* heathen records, we may here adduce a few remarkable facts in point, from the history of the Median and Persian kings.

Astyages, the son of Cyaxares, king of the Medes, had a daughter named Mandane. He dreamed that so great a quantity of water flowed out from her as not only to fill his own city, but to overflow all Asia. Feeling that the dream imported something of no ordinary moment to himself and his throne, he communicated it to the Magi, whose office it was to interpret dreams and all other occurrences of an ominous nature. By their interpretation his fears were increased, and he concluded to marry Mandane to a certain Persian named Cambyses, and send her

out of the country. In the first year after the marriage of Mandane and Cambyases, Astyages saw another vision, in which a vine appeared to grow forth from his daughter and cover all Asia. The Magi having interpreted this as meaning that the issue of his daughter should reign in his stead, he sent for Mandane near the time of her delivery, and placed her under strict guard, resolving that the child should be destroyed as soon as it was born. Accordingly, when the child was born, the king sent for Harpagus, his kinsman, and the faithful manager of all his affairs, and commanded him to take the child and destroy it. Harpagus promised compliance, took the child home, and adorned it as for death; but, horrified by contemplating the deed which he had been enjoined to commit with his own hands, he sent for a neighboring herdsman, and commanded him, as if on the authority of the king, to take the child and expose it on the wildest and bleakest part of the mountain, where it would be most likely to speedily perish, adding threats of the most cruel punishment if he should presume to disobey this injunction.

The herdsman took the child, and with it returned to his cottage. It happened that his own wife, whose confinement had been daily expected for some time, had given birth to a dead infant during his absence, and the parents, after consulting, concluded to adopt the child of Mandane as their own, and expose the lifeless body of their own child, as Harpagus had directed. On the third day afterward, therefore, the body of their own dead child was shown to some of the most trusty of the servants of Harpagus who were sent to inquire into the affair, when the latter, satisfied that his orders had been faithfully executed, commanded that the child should have a royal burial.

When the adopted child, who was called Cyrus, had attained to about the age of ten years, he was discovered by Astyages in the following manner: The boys of the village in their plays had elected Cyrus their king, after which the latter proceeded to appoint his body guard, his ministers of state, his messengers, etc., assigning to each one his appropriate duty. In the execution of his mock regal office he found occasion to punish severely, for disobedience, a boy, the son of one Artembares, a man of rank among the Medes. His father resenting the indignity, com-

plained to Astyages, who cited the herdsman and his supposed son to appear before him. When they came, the king looked upon Cyrus, and observing his form and features, and being impressed with his bold and intrepid bearing while being examined respecting his previous transactions of mock royalty, suspected the truth concerning his origin, which, on bringing Harpagus and the herdsman under examination, was fully confirmed.

Astyages again had recourse to the Magi, who quieted his fears by informing him that the circumstance of the lad's regal office, as exercised over the boys of the village, might be considered as a sufficient verification of his dreams—that such dreams, in fact, were often fulfilled by trivial circumstances, and that the boy having been once a king, he might rest assured that he would never exercise that office again. He then dismissed Cyrus, and sent him with an escort to his parents in Persia, who, on learning his strange history, received him with great joy, and brought him up in a manner comporting with his noble birth.

This, probably, would have been the end of the affair, had not Astyages proceeded to inflict a most inhuman punishment upon Harpagus for having spared the boy's life when an infant. Dissembling his anger for the moment, he announced his intention to offer a sacrifice to the gods for the preservation of the boy's life, and bade Harpagus to join him at the feast on the following evening, commanding him, however, to previously send his own son as a companion for Cyrus, who was still retained in the palace. With this order Harpagus unsuspectingly complied, congratulating himself that the affair had terminated so favorably. At the appointed hour of the feast rich viands were placed before Astyages and his other guests, but before Harpagus was placed a special dish, which the king afterward tauntingly informed him contained a portion of the body of his own son, which had been served up for him, at the same time showing him the evidences of the fact. Harpagus, retaining his presence of mind, replied that whatever the king did was agreeable to him; but he afterward nursed his vengeance in secret, awaiting a suitable occasion to gratify it.

He therefore contracted a friendship for the young Cyrus.

After the latter had grown up to manhood, Harpagus, seeing that Astyages was severe in his treatment of the Medes, consulted with one after another of the chief persons of the nation, and persuaded them to place him at their head and depose Astyages. Having thus effectually sown the seeds of rebellion, he contrived to inform Cyrus of the fact by a letter which he sent to him carefully sown up in the body of a hare. Following Harpagus' advice, Cyrus found little difficulty in persuading the Persians to revolt and invade Media. The result was the speedy deposition of Astyages and the succession of Cyrus to his throne. Such was the origin and early history of CYRUS THE GREAT, who, by subsequent conquests, extended his dominion over all the then known parts of Asia. Thus were completely realized the foreshadowings of the dreams of Astyages, by means of those very precautions which he himself had taken to prevent their fulfillment.\*

This same Cyrus also had a dream of like import, relative to the succession to his throne. The dream occurred while he was with his army in the country of the Massagetæ, and just previous to his last battle with that warlike people, in which he lost his life. He dreamed that he saw Darius, the son of Hystaspes, standing on the confines of Asia and Europe, with wings extending each way, and with them overshadowing the then whole known world.

Now Darius was at that time a young man, about the age of twenty, whom Hystaspes, his father, one of the courtiers of Cyrus, had left in Persia because he had not yet attained the age of military service; and nothing could have been more improbable than that even a thought should at that time have entered his mind of ever aspiring to the Median throne. Cyrus, however, deeply impressed with the vision, called Hystaspes, related to him his suspicions, and sent him to Persia to keep a strict guard over the movements of his son.†

Of the extraordinary manner in which this vision was fulfilled many years after, we will speak after first relating some inter-

---

\* See Herodotus, b. i., chap. 107-129, where this whole account is more circumstantially related.

† Herod., b. i., 209-210.

mediate events which are equally remarkable in illustrating prophetic monitions.

After the death of Cyrus, which, as before intimated, happened shortly after the above-related vision, his son Cambyses succeeded to the throne. Cambyses afterward made war with Egypt, and led his army in person. On setting out on this expedition he left two Magi, one of whom was named Smerdis, stewards of his palace and masters of all his affairs during his absence. He was accompanied into Egypt by his brother, who also bore the name of Smerdis. This Smerdis, during the war, was so unfortunate as to excite the envy of the king by a display of superior physical power, and among other things by bending a bow sent to them by an Ethiopian king, and which neither Cambyses nor any other person in his army was found able to bend. In the fear that Smerdis, if retained, would acquire undue influence in the army, he sent him back to Persia. Shortly afterward Cambyses had the following vision in a dream: It appeared to him that a messenger had arrived from Persia and informed him that Smerdis was seated on a royal throne, and that his head touched the heavens. Supposing that it was his *brother* Smerdis that was referred to in the vision, he immediately dispatched Prexaspes, one of his most trusty servants, to Persia to secretly assassinate Smerdis, which he succeeded in doing without difficulty.

Having thus disposed, as he thought, of his rival, Cambyses promised himself long life and prosperity, and a peaceful death in an old age. He was induced to count upon a future thus favorable from a circumstance which, while its relation will advance the *denouement* of our story, it will incidentally serve to illustrate the supernal nature of the Intelligence which in those times frequently came through *oracles*. He had consulted an oracle at Butos, which informed him that he should die at *Ecbatane*. Now "Ecbatane" was the name of one of the capitals of the Medo-Persian empire, situated in Media, where the kings were in the habit of retiring for relaxation and repose from the affairs of government. Regarding, therefore, only the *words* of the oracle, and not suspecting that a meaning might be concealed under them, which was not then obvious to him upon the



external, Cambyses supposed that he was destined to live a long and prosperous life, and die in his old age while in peaceful retirement at his Median capital. On his return from the conquest of Egypt, however, he marched northward along the shores of the Mediterranean, and entered the province of Galilee, and coming to a small town encamped there. Of so little importance was the town that Cambyses did not at first think to inquire its name. But while there, a herald arrived from Susa, and proclaimed in the army that Smerdis, son of Cyrus, had taken possession of the throne, and commanded the obedience of all the Persian subjects. Cambyses hearing this, sent for Prexaspes, whom he had previously charged to destroy his brother Smerdis, and accused him of having failed to execute the order. Prexaspes, however, insisted that he had destroyed Smerdis with his own hand, but suggested that it was Smerdis the Magian, who, from a personal resemblance which he bore to Smerdis the son of Cyrus, had been emboldened to assume his name and to usurp the throne. The herald being interrogated, circumstances were developed to confirm this suspicion, when Cambyses, mounting his horse in a rage, dropped the scabbard from his sword, and accidentally and fatally wounded himself in the thigh. While subsequently lying upon his couch, terrified at the prospect of death, he inquired what was the name of that place, and was informed that it was "Ecbatane!" Remembering then the oracle, he exclaimed, "Here, then, it is fated that Cambyses, the son of Cyrus, should die." His death accordingly happened soon after, and thus was the oracle fulfilled, but in a very different manner from that in which he supposed it would be. Thus, also, was fulfilled the dream in which it appeared to be announced that Smerdis was seated upon a royal throne, with his head reaching the heavens, but in which dream it was not shown to what Smerdis this related.

The pseudo Smerdis, shutting himself up in the royal palace, and refusing to be seen by the populace who might recognize him, reigned securely for several months, after which DARIUS HYSTASPES and six other Persian nobles, having discovered the imposture, stealthily procured admission to the palace and assassinated him. After this, Darius was in a singular manner chosen

king of Persia, and became firmly seated upon the throne; and by the glory of his subsequent reign, and also his conquests both in Asia and Europe, the dream of Cyrus was fully verified, which represented him as overshadowing Asia and Europe by the symbolical wings which projected from his shoulders!

I have gleaned these facts principally from Herodotus, where they are related promiscuously and incidentally with other matters, without any manifest design to make out a concatenation. But I think no candid person, whose appreciation of the spiritual is in any great degree unfolded, can fail, on reviewing these statements, to recognize in them marks of sincerity and truthfulness, and to see in them the successive links of a divinely ordered chain of events, which, by established laws of spiritual intercourse, were foreshown to those whom they most concerned.

At a later day the city of Jerusalem was, according to Josephus, evidently saved from destruction by two correlative dreams, one of which occurred to Jaddua, the Jewish high priest, and the other to Alexander the Great. The main particulars I give in a condensed form as follows: While Alexander was engaged in the siege of Tyre, he wrote to Jaddua, the high priest at Jerusalem, requesting him to send him some auxiliaries and provisions, together with such presents as he had formerly sent to Darius, the Persian king. But the high priest answered the messenger that he had given his oath to Darius not to take up arms against him, and that he would not transgress this while Darius lived. On hearing this reply, Alexander was very angry, and determined upon marching against Jerusalem as soon as he should have completed the reduction of Tyre, which intention he accordingly proceeded to carry out. But on hearing of the approach of Alexander's army, Jaddua, in fear for the safety of the city, ordered the people to make supplications and sacrifices to God, "whereupon," says Josephus, "God warned him in a dream, which came upon him after he had offered sacrifice, that he should take courage and adorn the city and open the gates; that the rest should appear in white garments, but that he and the priests should meet the king in habits proper to their order, without the dread of ill consequences, which the providence of God would prevent."

Jaddua acted strictly in accordance with this dream; and when he understood that Alexander was not far from the city, he went out in procession, with the priests and the multitude of the citizens, to meet him. "Alexander, when he saw the multitude at a distance in white garments, while the priests stood clothed in fine linen, and the high priest in purple and scarlet clothing, with his miter on his head whereon the name of God was engraved, approached by himself and adored that name, and first saluted the high priest. . . . Whereupon the king of Syria and the rest were surprised at what Alexander had done, and supposed him to be disordered in his mind. However, Parmenio alone went up to him, and asked him how it came to pass that when all others adored him, he should adore the Jewish high priest? To whom he replied, "I did not adore him, but that God who hath honored him with the high priesthood; *for I saw this very person in a dream, in this very habit*, when I was at Dios, in Macedonia, who, when I was considering with myself how I might obtain the dominion of Asia, exhorted me to make no delay, but boldly pass over the sea thither, for that he would conduct my army and give me dominion over the Persians; whence it is that having seen no other in that habit, and now seeing this person in it, and remembering that vision, and the exhortation which I had in my dream, I believe that I bring this army under the Divine conduct, and shall therewith conquer Darius, and destroy the power of the Persians, and that all things will succeed according to what is in my own mind."\*

The wrath of Alexander being appeased in this extraordinary manner, he not only spared the city, but granted to its inhabitants certain immunities which he was not accustomed to accord to people subdued by his arms. The perfect coincidence of his dream with that of Jaddua shows that both proceeded from the same interior and superior Source of intelligence, and that it was designed and pre-arranged by the latter that Jerusalem should be preserved from destruction, and that the Macedonian arms should prevail over the powers of the Oriental world.

We will now make a chronological leap over a few centuries,

---

\* Jos. Ant. Jews, b. xi., chap. viii.

for the purpose of introducing another fact belonging to the same category with the foregoing—a fact relating to the course of empire, or the change of a kingly dynasty. Mauritius, a Byzantine emperor who reigned in the latter part of the sixth century, dreamed during one of his warlike campaigns, that himself and his whole stock would be killed by one Phocas, who would succeed to his throne. He told this dream to Philippicus, his son-in-law. Diligent inquiry was afterward made whether there was any one in the numerous army of Mauritius bearing the name of Phocas, when it was found that there was only one of that name, and that he was a notary. The emperor supposed himself secure from the intrigues of one of so mean a fortune, and gave no further thought to the subject. Shortly after, however, there was a mutiny in the army excited by a detention of their pay; and in the tumult Phocas was invested with the purple and saluted as emperor. The army marched back toward Constantinople, and Mauritius fled to Chalcedon, where he and his whole progeny, by the command of Phocas, were put to death.

Now had this Phocas been a conspicuous personage, known and feared by Mauritius, the dream of the latter might have been accounted for as a resolution of waking thoughts and apprehensions, which were afterward fulfilled in the same way as any previously probable and apprehended event is fulfilled; but the emperor's feeling of security previous to the dream, his total ignorance until after it occurred, that any person of the name of Phocas existed, and, withal, the exact fulfillment of the dream, compel us to look for its origin in an independent and intelligent Source, who knew the events of the future, and possessed the power of intimating the same to the mind of the sleeper.

Such are a few of the prophetic and otherwise significant dreams noted in the ancient records concerning the destiny and interests of empires and the race. We will now mention a few of the many that are found in the heathen records of those ancient times, as embracing more contracted spheres of social and individual interests.

Datis, the Persian general whom Darius sent to invade Greece,

while retreating with his fleet across the *Ægean* sea after his defeat at the field of *Marathon*, received a strong impression from a dream, that some temple had been robbed by his soldiers in the course of his expedition, and that the sacrilegious booty which had been obtained had been secreted somewhere in the fleet. He immediately caused search to be made, which resulted in the discovery of a golden statue of *Apollo* which had been taken from a temple at *Delium*, on the coast of *Attica*. He caused the statue to be deposited on the island of *Delos*, with orders that it should be returned to the place where it belonged; and afterward felt relief from a mysterious sense of imperative duty as touching that affair.\*

The following singular allegorical dream is related by *Pausanias*: *Epiteles*, a *Messenian* general, "was commanded in a dream to dig up that part of the earth in *Ithome* which was situated between a yew tree and a myrtle, and take out of a brazen bed-chamber, which he would find there, an old woman, worn out with her confinement, and almost dead. *Epiteles* therefore, as soon as it was day, went to the place which had been described to him in the dream, and dug up a brazen water-pot. This he immediately took to *Epaminondas*, who, when he had heard the dream, ordered him to remove the cover and see what it contained. As soon, therefore, as *Epiteles* had sacrificed and prayed to the god who had given him the dream, he opened the water-pot and found in it a thin plate rolled up like a book." On this plate were found writings, which it was deemed of great importance that the *Messenians* should preserve. This plate had a long time previously been concealed there for preservation by *Aristomenes*, in obedience to the suggestions of an oracle.†

The mention of the name of *Aristomenes* reminds us of the account (also given by *Pausanias*) of the singular manner in which his life was once preserved by means of an allegorical

---

\* *Abbot's Hist. of Darius the Great*, p. 267. Were this the proper place, we might prove that consecrated places, images, or other objects set apart by the common consent of a whole people, become the point of magnetic contact between persons in this, and the spiritual powers of the other, world, and therefore that the *adyta* of heathen temples, and the images of the gods, were *not* powerless, as at this day they are generally supposed to have been.

† *Pausan. Messenica*, xxvi., xx.

dream. During the war between the Spartans and the Messenians (of which latter Aristomenes was the leader), he was, by stratagem, taken by seven Cretan archers, who bound him with the cords of their quivers. While two of these Cretans went to inform the Spartans that Aristomenes was captured, the other five led him to Agilus, a place in Messenia. "In this place a virgin dwelt along with her mother, for her father was dead. But in the night prior to this event the virgin saw in a dream a lion without talons, led along by wolves; but she thought he was freed from his bonds by herself; that she caused him to resume his natural courage, and gave him his talons, and that thus at length the wolves were torn in pieces by the lion. As soon, therefore, as the Cretans brought Aristomenes to this place, the virgin knew the meaning of her dream, and asked her mother who Aristomenes was? But when her mother had satisfied her in this particular, and she had beheld Aristomenes, she knew what she ought to do. Hence she gave the Cretans wine in abundance; and as soon as they were intoxicated, and in a deep sleep, she drew out a dagger, with which she cut the bonds of Aristomenes; and he, receiving the dagger from her hands, slew his insidious enemies."\*

The last chapter of the second book of Maccabees contains the account of a dream of Judas Maccabeus portending the success of his army in their then pending conflict with the troops of Nicanor. It is to the effect that while Onias the high priest was praying for the Jewish people, "there appeared a man with gray hairs, and exceedingly glorious, who was of a wonderful and excellent majesty. Then Onias answered saying, 'This is a lover of the brethren, who prayeth much for the people, and for the holy city, to wit, Jeremias the prophet of God.' Whereupon Jeremias, holding forth his right hand, gave to Judas a sword of gold, and in giving it spake thus: 'Take this holy sword, a gift from God, with the which thou shalt wound the adversary.'" Judas re-animated the spirits of his desponding troops by the relation of this dream, and afterward led them to the battle, which resulted in a signal victory in the Jews' favor, accom-

---

\* Pausan. *Messenica*, xix.

panied with the death of Nicanor and thirty thousand of his men. The event thus completely realized the preternatural foreshadowings, which latter were probably impressed upon the mind of the sleeping Judas by the then angelic spirit of Jeremiah the prophet, who had been sent for that purpose.

The foregoing are among the numerous prophetic and monitory dreams that were *unsought* and apparently *spontaneous*, as found among the records of the ancient days. We have not alluded to parallel psychological experiences as occurring in later times, and in our own day, a sufficient number of which might be collected to fill many volumes. But the ancients also sometimes induced or invited prophetic and otherwise significant dreams, by various *artificial* means. There is abundant evidence that they sometimes used magnetic manipulations for the cure of diseases; but whether they ever employed this method to produce clairvoyance (a species of lucid dreaming), is not now so certain, though it is probable. More frequently, however, they resorted, for this purpose, to the use of narcotic potions, unguents, and fumigations, or to the inhalation of gases which had specific effects upon the nervous and cerebral system, similar to those now known to attend the use of chloroform and nitrous oxide gas. The oracles of Trophonius, and also of the Delphic Apollo, were rendered through persons prepared according to these methods. It was to some extent customary, also, for persons desiring particular kinds of information from the interior world, to sleep upon or near the graves of their deceased ancestors, or near the tombs of noted and semi-deified characters; and whatever dreams they might have under such circumstances, were considered as answers from the spiritual intelligences whom they consulted. Sometimes they would, for a similar purpose, sleep in the temples of the gods, when the dreams which they had were considered as indicative of the Divine will. In this latter way especially was the deified Esculapius consulted by invalids in respect to means of procuring health.

To some of these modes of procuring dreams Jeremiah evidently refers when he says: "For thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel: Let not your prophets and your diviners, that be in the midst of you, deceive you, neither hearken to your

dreams *which ye cause to be dreamed*. For they prophesy falsely in my name: I have not sent them, saith the Lord."—Jer. xxix. 8, 9. The inspiration which dictated the above passage impliedly advises that no one should pry, with undue curiosity, into the secrets of the future, or into the mysteries of the unseen world, and especially teaches us to abstain from all *artificial* methods to force interior impressions from that spiritual or divine Source of intelligence which may see it best to withhold the information sought for; and the penalty impliedly annexed to a transgression of this rule is the extreme liability of being misled. If this rule were more generally observed by dreamers, clairvoyants, and "mediums" of our own day, no doubt many unfortunate interior delusions would be avoided. The true rule for all such to pursue is, to purify, harmonize, and religiously elevate all their affections, aspirations, and thoughts, and then to await passively and unanxiously the "movings of the spirit." Impressions coming under such circumstances, whether in dreams or otherwise, would, in general, be eminently demonstrative of an over-ruling, angelic, and divine intelligence, constantly advancing the individual and the race toward a more celestial and beatific life; and if all believers in spiritual influences would properly observe this general rule of interior discipline, the predicted period would be speedily ushered in in its full glory, when the spirit of the Lord shall be poured out upon all flesh, and when our sons and our daughters shall prophesy, our old men shall *dream dreams*, and our young men shall see visions.



## HYMN TO GOD.

BY C. D. STUART.

WHAT time I see the morn up-spring;  
 What time the lark is on the wing;  
 What time the birds their matins sing,  
 And all the brooks with clearer ring  
 Go through the meadows, wandering,  
 And nature wears the blush of spring,  
     My soul ascends to Thee!

What time the noon's unclouded gaze  
 Rests on the earth with mellow rays,  
 And fills the air with golden haze;  
 When birds have ceased their morning lays,  
 And woods and streams are all a blaze  
 With glory of the summer days,  
     My soul ascends to Thee.

When night upon the world descends,  
 And morn and noon, like wearied friends,  
 The darkness 'neath her mantle blends;  
 When every star its glory lends  
 To light the moon as she ascends,  
 And autumn over nature bends,  
     My soul ascends to Thee!

To *Thee*, as sparks from flaming fire,  
 Toward heaven my thoughts, O God! aspire;  
 All times, all seasons draw me higher  
 Toward *Thee*, and every pure desire;  
 Toward *Thee*, O God! still draw me nigher,  
 Nor let me doubt, nor faint, nor tire,  
     Till I am *lost* in Thee.

## THEOLOGY OF ART—THE LAST JUDGMENT.

BY C. D. STUART.

Nor least among the encouraging spiritual signs of the times, is the clear tendency of art to break away from the smothering embrace of theologic formulas and creeds. Take the art of painting, for instance. Through the ages of the great masters, even to our day, the painter, either perforce of his temporal necessities, or his constraining education and associations, has consented, if not sought, to be the servitor of theological dogmas. He has interpreted history and tradition, and idealized facts and incidents in such manner as to greatly aid in the spread and perpetuity of error and falsehood. Giving to gross misconceptions the grace and glow of fascinating forms and colors, he has rendered many a hateful lie of the Church more palatable. The splendor of his art, when wrought under the hand of genius to its highest expression, has made acceptable to the eye and the heart that which, stripped bare, would have been repulsive, and which, at best, the intellect and judgment are loth to accept. Go into the Bryan Gallery in this city, where the progress of Christian art is depicted in a collection of paintings ranging from the twelfth to the nineteenth century, the specimens being linked together by lapses of less than a generation each, and it is plain to be seen that the painter has been a powerful helper of the Church in imposing upon the human mind. He has reiterated on canvas the homily of the monk and the interpretation of the creed-maker; he has identified and indorsed the vagaries, the fables, and the faiths of bigoted, God-dishonoring theologies.

Whether Angelo, or Raphael, or Reubens speaks for religion, it is the same story. Instead of a generous and lofty conception, such as would become the true spirit and mission of his art, the

painter has contented himself with displaying in his fairest colors and most striking forms, the exclusive, intolerant, and creed-serving conception of the Church. What else can be said of the "Last Judgment" as conceived by Angelo or Cornelius? Angelo, indeed, was not called quite so low as some others, in his service of popular theology, for the Protestant outbreak had not yet rendered it necessary for Catholicism to picture Luther, and Calvin, and Huss, as being hurled down from the descending scale, chief among evil spirits. Nevertheless Angelo's scene of the Judgment is no more and no higher than the ungodly teaching of the Church for which he chose to essay his art. Who believes that he believed a tithe of the theology of his great picture, freighted on the one hand with sensual monks all ascending to glory, while on the other the noblest intellects (because hateful to the Church) are thrust among disgusting hoofed and horned beings, into undying fires. This was not the conception of genius, the instincts of which are generous and merciful; it is a bigoted, passionate, human judgment, black with mortal bitterness and revenge. Cornelius, who painted after the advent of the Reformation, carried this pitiful spite and spirit of the Church farther and lower. He thrust the great reformers conspicuously among the damned. He was a zealous churchman, which helped the debasement of his genius, and the Church found in him the means of consigning its enemies to a perdition of paint, if it could do no more. But with thousands of spectators it did more. It impressed them, in their ignorance and superstition, with a belief that this was God's real judgment, and not a trick of fascinating art, serving the wicked assumptions of theology for a worldly reward.

Far nobler is the conception, touching this great subject, of a painter of our day—an American painter—who has dared to idealize the "Last Judgment" in accordance with the liberalized spirit of the age. We allude to a painting by Rembrandt Lockwood, an American artist, who for eight years has been engaged in the composition of a "Last Judgment," which, whether true or false as an idea, is free from sectarian bigotry and intolerance, and bears on its face much to commend it to the intellect, sympathy, and judgment of the beholder. It is a great picture, a

gigantic work, in an artistic point of view. It does not presume to decide for the Supreme Being, and save or condemn men by virtue of their sects or creeds. Its theology is universal and impartial. It presents only the exaltation of the virtues, and the condemnation of the vices and evil passions. It makes no distinction between savage and civilized men, between Jews and Gentiles, or between Pagans and Christians. If they have the spirit of goodness, truth, and virtue to commend them, they equally rise into light and beauty—only that which is evil is cast down and aside, into “outer darkness.” Satan here is only a colossal impersonation of man, as possessed by the evil spirit. He is no demon, fiend, nor imp. Such a judgment is in accordance with the verdict of reflective intellect. It is only infinitely expanding what all of us would call a just human judgment. We believe the good is the wheat to be saved, and the evil the chaff to be cast out. We are not shocked at seeing murder, revenge, hate, lust, oppression, calumny, falsehood, and avarice severely dealt with; it is only when man is singled out by virtue of his creed or faith, and cast down to gratify revengeful theology, that we shudder and cry, “It is false!—God judges not thus narrowly, passionately, and personally.”

Mr. Lockwood will not finish his picture under a year to come; but we do not hesitate in predicting that his “Last Judgment” will equal any of its predecessors as a work of art, while it will transcend them all as a noble, generous, and just conception. He is pursuing his work at Newark, on a canvas seventeen by twenty-seven feet, and he will have done the world a service, and his art an honor, when it is completed.

## TREASURES OF THE HEART.

BY J. M. KNOWLTON.

THERE's beauty in a sparkling eye,  
And in a cheek whose blush  
Is like the summer's glowing sky  
Beneath the evening's flush;  
But, oh! there *is* a deeper thrill  
Than eyes or cheeks impart—  
A stronger spell than these can weave,  
The beauty of the heart!  
Those pure and gentle thoughts that nurse  
Love's best and brightest flame—  
Those treasures of a trusting heart—  
A heart for aye the same.

Yes! you may wear the conqueror's crown,  
Or bind upon your brows  
The laurel chaplet of renown,  
The wreath that fame bestows;  
But what is life in gilded halls,  
'Mid gems of priceless worth,  
If treasures such as these were all  
To bind the soul to earth?  
For dearer far than glittering power,  
Or wealth, or deathless fame,  
Those treasures of a trusting heart—  
A heart for aye the same.

## REV. EDWIN H. CHAPIN.

BY C. D. STUART.

THE two great teachers of the age are, unquestionably, the Pulpit and the Press. Appealing alike directly to the public ear and heart, and reaching the masses almost universally, they do more, immediately and permanently, to shape public morals and form and direct public opinion, than all other public agencies. The press has the advantage in point of audience, for the newspaper has become a fireside and table companion all over the land, and is to millions a daily preacher; but the pulpit, if directly reaching a lesser number, is indorsed by higher and more venerated sanction. It has, too, a mighty and sympathetic agent in the press, and whenever it peals a trumpet-note for the good of mankind, the press, winged by steam and lightning, bears the echo throughout the world. The potent sermon no longer falls from the monk's lips to be buried and lost as soon as uttered, within cathedral or convent walls; nor are the projects of philanthropy and charity engrossed on costly parchments, beyond the reach of the multitude. In such measure as they strike public consciousness and sympathy from the pulpit, they are reiterated by the press and scattered everywhere, broadcast. The pulpit and press, therefore, are closely allied; each is to the other, as the need may be, a stimulus or a check, and each finds in the other a ready, genial, and powerful co-worker.

This happy coöition, existing without any formal compact, is doubtless owing to the greatly improved and progressive spirit of the pulpit of our day, compared with that of only a few years past. The pulpit, like the press, has yielded to reason and common sense, and instead of persisting in regarding itself as the sole, exclusive, and infallible teacher and exemplar, in all matters of

morals and religion, has become, in a good measure at least, willing to acknowledge and fraternize with other agencies working for the same ends. This spirit happily grows more and more manifest daily, and it is not difficult to see that, as the press rises in intelligence and morality, and the pulpit descends from its austerity and dogmatism, the fields of their several labors are not, naturally, far apart. When both the press and the pulpit become altogether more thorough, practical, and earnest workers for the redemption of society, their fraternity will be perfect, and the salvation of the world hopeful and easy. "What is it," many will doubtless ask, "that has wrought this great change in the tone and spirit of the pulpit of our day?" Was it ever the nature of the Church to make voluntary concessions to the world? Did it ever yield an assumed prerogative or dogma, or confess an error or fallibility, save under the spur of outward pressure? Nay! and it has been outward pressure that has forced the pulpit into consonance with the intelligence and spirit of the age. The world, in the possession of a free press, free thought, and free speech, and as much right and reason to interpret all of God's revelations as the Church, would no longer accredit a religious censorship whose theology and morals were not only opposed to, but insufficient for, the intelligence of the age. Fear of excommunication not being in vogue, rather than have blind guides and interpreters, the world would guide and interpret for itself. And thus the Church was compelled forward. It could no longer be irrational and inconsistent, and exist. It could no longer lead the world with old formulas, nor heal or feed it with dry husks of homily and catechism. It wisely concluded that it were better to modify its doctrines and spirit, and thus keep at the moral helm of society, than to cling obstinately to its antecedents and be cast out and abandoned.

Yielding reluctantly to the irresistible necessity, its first steps in the way of progress were halting and slow. As the habit of progress became more familiar it moved faster, until now, the pulpit, in part at least, treads, hand in hand with the press and other "unevangelical" agencies, the broad field of moral and social enterprise and reform. The pulpits of all denominations, however, are not equally advanced. Those priding themselves

upon being most austere and orthodox, are farthest behind, exert the least influence, and are least respected. Hence it is that, within a short time, some of the leading religious journals have sounded a novel note of alarm. They have called upon the pulpit to arouse the sleeping or, it may be, the obstinate Church—for what? "Because the world is exhibiting the (to the credit of the Church) shameful spectacle of leader in the great moral and philanthropic movements of the day." And so it is and will be leader, whenever and wherever the pulpit is false to the spirit of the age.

But while the outward pressure of the world, rapidly advancing in intelligence and brotherhood, from a multitude of causes incident to its civilization, has had much to do with modifying the spirit of the Church and the tone of the pulpit, there have been mighty reformatory voices raised in the pulpit itself, and the Church has been indignantly rebuked for its laggard gait and lack of practical Christianity, by its own agents, over its own altars, and on its own ground. To these voices, perhaps, is due somewhat of the credit we have given to the world. Nay, more, to some of these voices the world may be indebted for the inspiration to think, reason, and act for itself, thereby teaching the Church that, instead of being an absolute necessity, whatever its spirit, it would henceforth only be tolerated in proportion as it harmonized with consistency and truth. Indeed, we believe the rebellion of our age against religious bigotry and intolerance, and the dogmatism of narrow and restrictive creeds, has not only been largely suggested by pulpit teachers, but is still most powerfully urged by them in tones too eloquent and by arguments too persuasive and convincing to be easily resisted.

Among these revolutionary public voices—not very many of special note, yet enough to leaven the whole lump of Church formalism, and impregnate it with a new, practical spiritual life—none has sounded more widely, earnestly, and eloquently than his whose name heads this article—Rev. Edwin H. Chapin.\*

---

\* We give the following life-data of the subject of our sketch for such as may be interested therein :

Edwin H. Chapin was born in Union village, Washington County, State of New York, on the 29th day of September, 1814. He left there when an infant, and spent



Of living pulpit teachers, in the New World at least, Mr. Chapin is most popularly and universally known. Why? Not, we think, simply because of his oratory—though there is a very great charm in that—for there are others whose diction is as elegant, whose elocution is as expressive, and whose manner altogether is as near, and perhaps nearer, to the severe standard by which the orator is dispassionately judged. Nor can it be for the faith simply which as a churchman he professes, for there are hundreds of pulpit teachers who profess the same faith, and are doubtless as well versed in all the argument by which it is advocated and sustained. Yet none of these, nor of the orators aforesaid, do or can so move and sway a human crowd, of whatever special, or miscellaneous character, as does he—the “Eloquent Chapin,” for such is his conceded and richly earned title; and whoever first thus named him, named him well.

We are inclined to think that the word “eloquent” furnishes a key to whatever of enigma there may be in Mr. Chapin’s great popularity. “Eloquence” has been defined as “logic on fire.” Many a man has passed for an orator who never comprehended eloquence of this sort. Mr. Chapin is eloquent, not only because his logic burns with graceful and fervid utterance as it falls from his lips, but because the logic is always sublime and eloquent in itself.

It is to the character of his logic as well as of his oratory that

---

a great deal of his youth in the city of New York. He lived a year or two in the city of Boston, and passed several years at the seminary in Bennington, Vermont. He then went to Troy, and entered the office of Messrs. Davis and Pierson, for the purpose of studying law; but his attention while there was turned to the subject of religion; and while his convictions were yet unformed he moved to Utica, and entered the office of Mr. Williams, the chancery clerk. But, upon invitation of Messrs. Grosh and Hutchinson, he accepted the office of assistant editor of the “Magazine and Advocate,” a Universalist paper published in that city. While there he commenced his labors as a preacher, and soon after removed to Richmond, Virginia, and took the pastoral charge of the Independent Christian Society there. In 1840 he accepted the invitation of the Universalist Society in Charleston, Mass., where he remained for six years. He then removed to Boston, as junior pastor of the Second Universalist Society, and colleague of Rev. Hosea Ballou. In May, 1848, he commenced his labors as minister of the Fourth Universalist Society of New York, with which he is now connected, his congregation having removed from the church in Murray Street to the church of the Divine Unity, on Broadway.

Mr. Chapin is indebted for his winning and mighty eloquence—the logic must have the elements of fire in it, or it could never thus burn. And so it has. Mr. Chapin's logic is that of a mind clearly and liberally informed by study and observation; a mind to which generous and lofty perceptions are intuitive; a mind large and grasping by virtue of its genius, and intimate by instinct and habit with noble thoughts and purposes. It is, too, the logic of a spirit all alive and glowing with love for the beautiful and true; a spirit that disdains bigotry and intolerance, from its premise to its conclusion; a spirit keenly sensitive to the rational enjoyments of this world, yet luminous with visions of the world to come; a spirit, in fact, which can not contemplate man disconnected with a happy brotherhood, a regenerate race, and a glorified humanity; and which can not meditate upon God without tracing chords of infinite love from heaven to earth, to penetrate therewith the universal heart of man, and thus draw upward and homeward his wandering and weary spirit. Therefore it is a logic to take fire and flame from the orator's tongue, and to burn and thrill on whatever heart it falls. Mr. Chapin is eloquent because he is never a teacher of evil nor an advocate of selfishness; never the defender of a bad cause, nor the justifier of a base action. If he were just the contrary, no accomplishment in the art of oratory could make him popularly eloquent.

A good reason why eloquence is "logic on fire," is because it melts, subdues, and molds those who come in contact with it, just in proportion as its logic is in agreement with their sympathies and convictions—to awaken and interest which is largely the province of the true orator. No man can subdue and mold those to whose sympathies and interests his logic is opposed. Such a thing would be against nature and reason. Therefore Mr. Chapin's eloquence must be genial in its logic with the better intelligence and sympathy of the age, as well as oratorically acceptable. Were he a bigot, a dogmatist, a pleader for intolerance and superstition, could he attract and charm the same multitudes that now throng wherever his voice is to be heard? Did he not often strike some deep, universal chord, whose vibrations are undisguisable and irresistible, could he master sufficient eloquence to command, as he does, the assent and homage of

men of all opinions, and classes, and creeds? Could oratory, were he a combined Saurin, Bossuet, and Massillon, commend the hideous doctrines of the former, or the bastard Scripture and bad logic of the latter, should Mr. Chapin utter them to-day? No! The day when inherently repulsive theology could be sugared over with the splendors of oratory, and administered as a tolerable pill, is past—we trust forever.

One can not sit long under Mr. Chapin's oratory without being magnetized and spiritualized by his eloquence, and feeling, if any analysis be instituted, that his logic is the basis of his eloquence. In his church, ever thronged\* with an earnest and intelligent multitude, or out of it, in the public assembly, or wherever he may be called upon for speech or sentiment, the result is the same; his genius and sympathy always point out to him the happiest themes—or, rather, seize hold of them—while his tongue is never wanting in the fittest language to develop and apply all their beauty and power. Mr. Chapin's reputation as a pulpit orator has been long firmly established; and of the pres-

\* Rev. Mr. Drew, editor of the "Gospel Banner," published at Portland, Me., during a late visit to this city attended Mr. Chapin's church, and thus records his impressions in the columns of his journal:

"I found Mr. Chapin the same great man *at home*. His sermons were masterly efforts, every way equal to the best literary efforts I have heard him make before colleges and lyceums. The house was thronged both morning and evening; and he kept every member of his immense audience so chained by the power of his eloquence, that you might almost have heard a pin drop in the remotest part of the edifice. I asked Horace Greeley, who belongs to this Society, on passing out of the house, if Mr. Chapin always preached as well as that at home? His reply was—'Yes, always, and sometimes even better. Last Sabbath evening he delivered decidedly the ablest sermon I ever heard from any man living.' Mr. C. occupies the highest position of fame and eloquence, and his responsibility is commensurate with it. His hearers are from every section of the United States, nay, from various parts of the world. He is a *national* preacher; his influence is not local.

"He is a *Christian*, which is the highest style of man. He bowed adoringly at the foot of the cross; and beheld in the sacrifice of Jesus the pledges of a world's redemption and salvation. His labors can but result in good. No man can hear him preach and go away a worse man.

"Mr. Chapin takes you from the earth and transports you to the third heaven, where he regales you with the fragrance of paradisiacal roses, charms you with the music of angels, and delights and sanctifies your soul with the light of truth that shines from the throne of the Father of Lights. He makes a devotional man of you, and inspires a devotion that is as full of joy as it is of wonder."

ent generation, excepting only the *great* Channing, it would be difficult to recognize his equal in influence and power. Even Channing was not so universally popular, nor so immediately effective. But Mr. Chapin is, what few of his profession are, or ever have been, more than a popular pulpit orator. His best resources are not confined to his sermons, however powerful and elaborate—that is, if it be possible for a man of Mr. Chapin's genius to elaborate, deliberately like any plodder who, without inspiration sits down in the center of a library (smelling perchance all over with the bigotry of the past) and pins his faith to the skirts of the “fathers” and borrows and retails their opinions without giving them credit. We do not know that it is the case, but we should venture to say that Mr. Chapin's written sermons—they generally are written—as well as his written books—for he has written books worthy of his fame as an orator—are uttered from his pen as rapidly as they could be from his tongue. Not that genius has no need of thought, or that Mr. Chapin does not think and study harder than many bookworms, though he doubtless studies for the purposes of his oratory less within the circle of his rare library than out in the rarer world, among the busy haunts of men; but because such a mind as his is perpetually stored and storing itself, from within and without, from its intuitions and inspirations, as well as from its experiences and observations; and being always full and practiced in utterance, is as ready to utter on the spur of the instant as with the greatest preparation. Indeed, it is one of the peculiarities of genius, that elaboration dulls its edge, dims its splendor, and tames its flight. Impulse is its true prompter, and, guided by impulse, it is always noble, generous, and just, whereas deliberation may bring to it error and evil. Always inspired, if the theme suggest or admit of eloquence, such men as Chapin are most effective when most spontaneous and impulsive.

But we were saying that Mr. Chapin was more than a popular pulpit orator—and so he is. His reputation in other fields has only come to him later. He is one of the most eloquent and commanding lecturers, and one of the readiest and most effective platform-speakers—only give him some great wrong or selfish-

ness to scourge, or some virtue or reform to advocate and eulogize—of the age, without regard to profession. Called upon, without warning, at the festive board or in the social assembly, the promptitude and plentitude of his poetry, eloquence, and wit are remarkable. It is in some of these *impromptu*, fugitive displays—for *efforts* they are not—that fortunate audiences enjoy the exuberance of Mr. Chapin's intellectual and spiritual power. It is then, when winged with by some happy, temporary impulse, his fancy soars and revels in the realm of enchanted thought, pure and chaste as the star-beam that sparkles on a dew-drop, yet buoyant and beautiful as the lark-strain wakened upon earth and melting like a morning exhalation away toward heaven. Whoever has heard Mr. Chapin deliver one of those unpremeditated and unreportable brief responses to some opportune sentiment, say at some philanthropic or patriotic gathering, or upon some high or fine art-festival occasion, has treasured and remembered it, we doubt not, among all other utterances, as the efflorescence, crown, and glory of speech.

It is impossible to estimate the influence of such a man, or the good he works. There is no common standard by which to measure him, and no special one, perhaps, save himself, by which his true altitude can be judged. Once, twice, or thrice, as the rule may be, of a Sabbath, preaching to the largest average congregation of this city, Mr. Chapin is doing more to break down prejudice and bigotry than any score of other pulpit teachers. His converting power is immense, only that he converts men to a love of the good and beautiful, rather than to any creed or special form of faith. He converts men *from* partial, embittering creeds, and from all sectism, to a larger and nobler appreciation of the great Christian truths—the paternity of God and the brotherhood of man. One half, we doubt not, of his vast audiences—for vast they are, crowding even upon the steps to his pulpit, where they sit and drink in the words of hope and promise that fall from his tongue, even as the bees of Hymettus clustered around the lips of Plato—composed of persons who are not professors of, and very likely not sympathizers with, his creed; persons who might hear him preach for months, nor learn, nor think, nor care what his formal creed is. For this

reason it is that he exerts such a wide-spread and potent influence.

His eloquence brings the most diverse creed-men together, and then sanctifies to them the great spiritual and practical truths taught by the gospel and by nature, that God is the Father of us all ; that he loves all men as becomes a father ; that he is omnipotent as he is loving ; that earth and time are given to us to use, and not to abuse—to be loved for the good in them, and not hated for the evil to which they may be perverted—that spiritual and saving influences are everywhere around us if we will but open our eyes to behold them, and our arms to embrace them, and that no man can be saved from his sins here or hereafter by a barren creed or profession of faith, or by any other process but repentance of evil and obedience to those divine laws which are the natural laws of his perfect being. Yes, rising above creed and dogma, he teaches multitudes of all creeds, who, longing for something better than recriminative theologic controversy and sectarian formalism, flock to hear his large utterances, that he who stones his neighbor for the sin whereof himself is guilty, or shuts his door and heart to the repentant brother, however prodigal in the past, is no true Christian or good pattern of a man. In fact, he teaches as his exemplar, Christ, taught, that the beauty of holiness consists not so much in preaching and praying for our neighbors, as in living holy lives ourselves, and that the perfection of goodness is to do good, whenever it falls to our hands.

And all this teaching does not rest quiet or fruitless beyond where it falls. Taking deep root, it spreads in far-reaching circles. It is echoed and reëchoed by thousands and tens of thousands, whose thoughts have been made nobler and pleasanter, whose aspirations have been made higher, and whose daily lives, in all their business and social intercourse, have been made more liberal, genial, and refined by the repeated impress of such a faith, such sentiments, and such eloquence as fall from a Chapin's lips. There are others laboring in the pulpit of our day who are also doing good work for the world's elevation ; who are exalting and spiritualizing the intellect and morals of the age, and are battling earnestly against error, and prejudice, and wrangling be-

tween man and man for creed's sake, but we know of none other who is working so effectively as Mr. Chapin. That which he does for the humanizing as well as Christianizing of society, in the pulpit, he also keeps on doing outside of and beyond the pulpit. He preaches not only in sermons, but in lectures, and books, and speeches; in conversation and example; in the advocacy of any and every cause, whatever its fashionableness, that promises to do good. The physiologist, looking superficially at him, might doubt if he were so severe and earnest a laborer. True it is, that he bears no resemblance to those half-famished religious ascetics of whom we read, and sometimes see, who libeled, and continue to libel Christianity by denying practically that its yoke is easy and its burden light; but whoever knows Mr. Chapin truly, knows also that he is untiring and unresting as a missionary of the truth. That he believes in and enjoys the world, and the "good things" of the world, in a large rational measure, we believe. So does every true Christian and man. God has given man the world to enjoy, and adapted him for its enjoyments, and to pass through it bowed down and self-tormented, thinking thereby to glorify God, is about as ridiculous, profitless, and wicked a mistake as man is capable of. It is the office of such Christianity as Christ taught, to make man a saint, and a comfortable and happy one, on earth as well as in "the world to come." He nowhere intimates, nor is it intimated in the reasonable nature of things, that human or divine virtue lies in moping and shamefacedness, or that piety is indigenous to living skeletons, because made thus by fasting and prayer. It is the true Christian and true man, who has supreme right to enjoy and rejoice in the fullness and glory of the earth. He is ordained to have dominion over it. For him the soil yields its store, and the sky, and the forest, and the stream. For him especially, seed-time and harvest shall not fail, nor the vine refuse its clusters, nor the birds their melody, nor the lilies of the valley their beauty.

With the preacher it is too often the case, if not generally, that he ceases after a brief time to excite new emotions, or to revive old ones in their original vigor. He soon defines his creed and doctrine, and his business thereafter seems to be the shaping of all his homily and dogma to commend and enforce that defini-

tion. From Sabbath to Sabbath flows the stream of his dull monotony. Reverent only of the Bible, which he regards as the full measure of God's revelation, he seldom or never looks for a text beyond its lids; and when his text is announced, the intelligent, habitual hearer can easily anticipate the argument. It is an argument consistent with his creed, and often consistent with nothing else. How different with Mr. Chapin! Not that he is irreverent of the Bible, or without a creed; but because he sees a gospel and a providence in all things—in the Scriptures, in the progress of the world, in man, and throughout the universe. To him all things are given for instruction; the earth, the ocean, and the sky are full of intellectual and spiritual texts, firing his soul with high thoughts, and anointing his lips with eloquent words. He preaches from Moses and the prophets, and from Christ and the apostles; but he also looks into the great ever-open and ever-present gospel of humanity, and utters many a mighty and peerless sermon therefrom. Life to him has daily lessons; the seasons and the years are fraught with inspirations; no pulse of an oppressed people can beat for freedom but he hears and responds to its revelation; all the great material forces and activities whereby society and states move forward mean to him something for the spiritual entertainment of man—something for his exaltation or abasement, his encouragement or reproof. It is thus that genius in the service of religion—which, truly understood, embraces all that man need be—is never monotonous in its utterance. Its great theme being the glory and purposes of God, and the glory, also, and duty of the righteous or truly developed man, the whole boundless universe supplies it with argument—endless in variety and inexhaustible in beauty and power.

Mr. Chapin always interests, because he always instructs. Sympathizing with the world of man, and striving only to purify and ennoble men by precept and example, without bitterness, without arrogance, and without dogma, he entitles himself to their confidence and respect. They come before him, and beholding that he is not a mercenary workman, pandering to prejudice or fashion, nor a bigot, denouncing whatever does not tally with his conceit—and over all this, commending his noble thoughts by the graces of his eloquence—he disarms them of creed and sect-



ism, and they go forth feeling that there is a good and a beauty in life, and in all things connected with life, if men will only be brothers—if they will fulfill that brief and simple teaching, “Love God and love one another.” Mr. Chapin’s influence, so far as he has spoken and written as a teacher or adviser of men, has all borne to this point—the breaking down of religious feud and bitterness, and the inspiring of men to fraternize more and more, as brethren in religious and social intercourse, and as brethren in whatever enterprise society or the world may demand for their improvement or reform. Mr. Chapin is an earnest believer in the world’s progress, and that it progresses upward as well as forward, and that it has mighty missionaries out of as well as in the pulpit.

In the prime of life and in the fullness of his powers what a harvest of beautiful and blessed work may not be hoped hereafter from such a man! Master of the willing ear of multitudes, what is there left for him but to mold their hearts—to go on scattering the seed of a nobler intellectual and spiritual life in the quick and panting soul of the age, eager to be free from conventional and sectarian chains! What has he to do, or what can he do better than to persevere in doing what he has already so nobly done—preaching the truth with a true man’s heart, with a poet’s spirit, and with an orator’s tongue! Let him keep on preaching the truth, whether he find his text in the Bible, in nature, in society, in revolution, or in reform. It shall be on his lips a mightier weapon for the world’s weal than Cossack lance, or Turkish cimeter, or whatever shape of steel the mailed warrior may flash on his foe. Let him preach the truth, whether he see it revealed in the iron steed panting on the iron track, in the wake of white-winged fleets, in great marts where industry and enterprise exhibit their trophies, in the van of social or other reform, in high places or in low, be it popular or unpopular, and he shall cause thousands and tens of thousands to rejoice, and to be disenthralled, and lifted up, and ennobled, and shall win and wear laurels of earth only less fair and beautiful than the diamonds that shine on the foreheads of glorified spirits, who, having fought the good fight and kept the faith among men, have thereafter place in heaven at the right hand of God.

## IMPROMPTU LYRICS.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

### BELLS.

CLIMB, climb,  
The misty shrouds of air,  
Dispel the clouds that hover there,  
    Thou proverb chime;  
Ring out the Saviour's thousand years,  
And all the joy that yet endears  
    The flight of Time,

Roll, roll,  
Ye happy waves of sound,  
Seek every heart creation round;  
    And in thy toll,  
Retrieve the wrong, reward the worth,  
That ever had a home on earth,  
    In any soul.

Keep, keep,  
The Christmas merry cheer—  
The Father of the coming year!  
    Deep sleep  
Must seal oblivion's sullen fount,  
However high our dreams may mount,  
    'Tis very clear.

Hear! hear!  
The applauding senate cries,  
While man to man is telling l—s;

Thy note  
Unbosoms all its secrets rare,  
Till thy complaint the very air,  
Hath learned by rote.

Dear! dear!  
How few can comprehend,  
Unless, like me, they've lost a friend  
To love!  
They're listening to the fall and swell,  
The strength and beauty of thy knell  
Above!

Bells, knells;  
Your viewless feet do tread  
Over the living and the dead  
The same;  
But not another living tongue  
The many tribes of men among  
Spreads its own fame,

Peal, steal,  
Pale minstrel of the eve,  
Abroad to scold and grieve,  
On lonely mere;  
Pause but a little while  
Within the vast cathedral's aisle,  
Glad with thy cheer.

Hark, mark!  
Thy muffled foot-fall sounds  
Time's corridors remotest bounds;  
Thy pace  
Notches the centuries old,  
But on its own heart cold,  
Leaves not a trace.

THY NAME.

I carve that name, to me so dear,  
 In many a secret hidden place;  
 For in allusion's breath I hear  
 It uttered with a foul disgrace.  
 In sleep a brighter solace beams,  
 And as I wake, I ask in pain  
 What shall I do to make such gleams  
 More real than thy carved name?

Go read the name on tree and bower,  
 A titled page of volumed woe,  
 As tearful as the drowned flower,  
 Whose cup of grief doth overflow;  
 It has no weight in worldly fame,  
 No power to mar, or to appall;  
 It is her simple, cherished name—  
 One unforgotten, that is all.

HOMES IN THE DESERT.

Homes in the desert, in the wild,  
 Where scarce a sunbeam ever smiled,  
 And yet an unseen spirit there  
 Speaks plainly as an uttered prayer.

Homes in the desert! its domain  
 Bears not a trace of armies slain;  
 But red leaves trail their banners low  
 Where squadron'd winds retreating go.

Homes in the desert! love hath made  
 A holy altar in the shade,  
 And myriads of tiny things  
 To each low shrine a worship brings.

This is the desert ! yet the tree  
 Shelters its wingéd family ;  
 And morning's placid spirit stays,  
 To catch the music of their praise.

Within this home no marble grace  
 Usurps the beauty of the place ;  
 But art her richest treasure yields  
 In the creation of the fields.

Thy fallen fortresses illumé  
 The lordly castle's Gothic gloom ;  
 But while the song and dance abound,  
 In ashes are the branches found.

But though the lofty forest's sire  
 Should on the palace hearth expire,  
 He who relights the torch, in turn  
 Leaves but his ashes and an urn.

#### THE GIFT OF SONG

Dear is the gift of song,  
 As is the treasure  
 Hidden, but known to the miser's fond eyes.  
 Happy the heart which long  
 Floats in its measure,  
 Hallowed by love and the hope of its prize.  
 Dear is the gift of song,  
 Let bards its strain prolong,  
 Till its last echo in melody dies.

Sad is the gift of song—  
 With it are blended  
 Chords flashing bright, rendered brighter with years ;  
 Many a bard through the waves of sound wended  
 To be engulfed as the green land appears.

Sad is the gift of song,  
But let her voices throng  
Children of passion, all tender as tears.

Bright is the gift of song—  
Beauty and gladness  
Shelter and refuge seek under her wings;  
They say 'tis mad, but often its madness  
Leadeth the erring and guideth the king.  
Then speak no ill of song;  
The bard is one who long  
Made the wide world with his prophecy ring.

Dark is the fate of song—  
Hopeful to others,  
Like a fair planet to some other sphere;  
Bards, to the dream of her fame ever clinging,  
Love her for all the misfortune she's bringing,  
Though not a ray of her hope should appear.  
Then speak no ill of song,  
For the bard is one who long  
Made the wide world with his prophecy dear.

---

THE MANNER in which some religious sects estimate their strength, is worthy of particular observation. They make up, and publish an annual *Register*, in which the names of the theological combatants are conspicuously recorded, all those who are fairly enlisted, and have been faithful in the observance of general orders. Whether the church be strong or weak, depends not on its spiritual powers and graces—not in the triumphs of soul over sense, and the preëminence of great thoughts and God-like deeds—but on the number of members, the size of the meeting-house, the dollars and cents in the treasury, and the popularity of the preacher.

S. B. B.

## CONQUESTS OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

THE history of the world furnishes no parallel to the progress of modern Spiritualism, whether we consider the nature, the means, or the rapidity of its triumphs. It is true that different systems of religion have been propagated, and nations have been converted almost in a day. Constantine at once embraced the religion of Christ, when he saw its burning ensign above the horizon. Through him the faith so impressively symbolized consecrated splendid temples where the manger and the cross had stood ; the Goth was subjugated, and altars to the new religion were reared among the ruins of Byzantium. But the arm of imperial authority and the sword of the conqueror were the instruments of its propagation, and the banners of triumphal armies waved over the shrines of the Crucified !

The religion of the Koran was very speedily established throughout Arabia. It carried its conquests into Syria, and was only arrested by the death of the Prophet. But Mohammed, also, achieved his success by no very gentle means. He inculcated the idea that his disciples were not to defend their religion by words, but by the *sword*. A paradise of sensual pleasures, and the fellowship of angelic heroes, was promised to all who were victorious in the cause of God and the Koran. Such were the means and instruments whereby the Arabian chief made the conquest of his country, and produced the greatest revolution in human affairs which has occurred since the beginning of the Christian Era. But he violated the rights of humanity. Liberty of conscience was granted to the Jew and the Christian only on condition that they would pay for it, while for idolators there was no alternative but conversion or the sword. When the Prophet,

after being exiled for seven years, returned to his native city, three hundred and fifty idols, which defiled its famous Pantheon, were cast down and broken in pieces, while their worshippers only escaped destruction by a timely conversion.

It is worthy of observation, that the means whereby the Roman Emperor and the Arabian Prophet achieved their conquests, were not essentially dissimilar. The divine spirit of Christianity was crucified in the very midst of its outward triumphs. Constantine was neither a greater nor a better man than Mohammed. The inscription on the fiery ensign was, "IN THIS CONQUER," but he used his own sword, rather than the sacred symbol of his Master, to accomplish his purpose. They were both inclined to believe in spiritual manifestations. But while the radiant sky disclosed to the Roman conqueror the vision of the Holy Cross, Mohammed professed to have personally entered the heaven of heavens. It is true that in every circumstance of trial and danger he inspired his followers with the greatest enthusiasm, by promising them the assistance of Gabriel, and by his descriptions of the angelic hosts which peopled all the air, and stood by his followers to nerve their arms in battle, or to bear those who might fall in his service to the enchanted realm of voluptuous forms and rapturous joys. Foul deeds darkened the character and fame of Constantine. He died with his kingly hands stained in the blood of his own child. Mohammed expired from the effects of a deleterious substance administered with his food. Moreover, the closing hours of his mortal career were poisoned by the memory of unrighteous deeds, and his last words were a prayer for the pardon of his sins.

But the Church established by the power of the sword was a merely human institution. The remarkable gifts possessed by the primitive disciples were gradually withdrawn, and the spiritual element, which was the divine life in the Church, seemed to languish and expire at its own altars. Gorgeous temples, consecrated and enriched by imperial authority and munificence, were its sepulchers. The crucifixion, in a most essential sense, occurred when Christianity was married to the temporal power. Then it was that its indwelling spirit departed. That spirit was



known to be present by the mysterious powers which it conferred on all true believers, and when the manifestations of that Divine Presence were no more, or but rarely witnessed, it was doubtless because the Power itself which bestowed such gifts had deserted the shrines which men had reared and profaned. Since that day the outward form of the Church has been in the tombs, and a great stone—the whole system of material theology—has been rolled against the door of the sepulcher. The clergy generally have resisted every effort to roll the stone away. When the spirit which characterized the primitive Church has manifested a disposition to return with all its ancient gifts and divine energies, far more widely diffused, they have resisted its power, and labored to drive the invisible presence from their midst, as though they desired that the spiritual death of the Church might be eternal.

What has Christianity been since it was thus corrupted but an outward, material system, holding fellowship with every false institution which pride, and fashion, and avarice have contributed to establish, and depending on the municipal, and frequently on the military arm, for protection, as well as for the means of extending its empire? Christian propagandists have, it is true, carried the Bible into every heathen land, but they have also carried rum and the sword with it, and all the vices of a corrupt civilization. The outward Church has countenanced polygamy, slavery, vindictive punishments, and aggressive war, and lived in open and adulterous union with every form of oppression and corruption. Despotism grasps its ensign to-day. The Russian autocrat, acting under the assumption of its name and authority, impudently invites the votaries of the orthodox religion to enable him to crush the Turk. The same despotic hand holds the sword and the Cross. With these Nicholas threatens destruction, and invites coöperation, while beneath the waving Crescent truth, conscience, and humanity are held sacred.

But Spiritualism is primarily indebted to no earthly agents or instruments for its present position and influence. An invisible and spiritual power, operating far and wide through the forms of material existence, reveals itself in the diversified and

startling physical and mental phenomena which have of late confounded the science and skepticism of the world. A new power, immensely superior to the force of gravitation and the laws of molecular attraction and chemical affinity, is revealed among the gross material elements. Inanimate objects are seemingly endowed with the powers of life, sensation, and volition. The ignorant astonish the wise by speaking in unknown tongues, and by revealing the profoundest secrets of Nature and the human mind. The great masters of Art, who left their carved memorials and pictured thoughts in the great Pantheon of the Past, come back to inspire the souls of the living, and to guide the hands of those who shall yet fashion immortal creations. A new fire kindles in the eye and burns on the lip of the orator. Sweet voices speak in the solemn night, and inspirations come with the rays of the morning. The strings of the lyre are swept by invisible fingers to notes of inspiration. The heavenly harmonies descend into the poet's brain, as soft perfumes and gentle sounds steal along the avenues of sense. They take form and clothe themselves in the cerebral chambers, and great thoughts issue in harmonic numbers to charm the listening nations.

A cause that is energized by such powers, a movement that in the brief period of five years, without any organization or concerted action on the part of its friends, has attracted the attention of the whole civilized world, humbling alike the learned and the ignorant, will not be likely to require the assistance of legislation, fashion, or mammon in the future. The sources of its eternal life and the springs of its immortal action and progress are in the Heavens. Such a cause needs no means of defense except such as this age secures. The world is welcome to its arms and its heroes. The warrior shall carry his scarred helm and glittering spear with him to the scene of his last repose; the gold-worshiper shall build his gilded cenotaph; and even crown and scepter rust and molder in common earth with the kingly brow and the regal arm. It is fit that the sepulcher of unsanctified ambition should inclose its weapons and its trophies. Spiritualism requires no aid from these, for by the powers of Heaven alone it is immortal.

While the revelations of To-day are to thousands the source

of undying consolation and hope, it is not denied that, in some instances, they may awaken unpleasant apprehensions. Spiritualism often excuses the mistakes and weaknesses of poor humanity, but it offers no concealment for the enthroned errors and consecrated wrongs of the world. With unsparing hand it strikes off the mask from the face of the hypocrite, and in its mysterious light and before its unearthly vision the darkest secrets of his heart are disclosed. Men and women of depraved habits may tremble when it is mentioned, fearing lest their secret acts be comprehended in its revelations, but the just have nothing to fear. The pure in heart love to recline by the fountains of its inspiration, and innocent maidens and little children slumber while its oracles speak, and waking apprehend no evil.

Let those who condemn Spiritualism because a few persons have been temporarily deranged—it may be by the memory of unworthy deeds, by impressions derived from a false education, or on account of their extreme susceptibility to cerebral excitements—think of the sacrifices which attended the great religious movements of the past. It is preposterous to denounce the present revolution in the world's faith and yet profess to venerate the names and deeds recorded in sacred history. Moses, Joshua, and David, Constantine, Peter the Hermit, and Simon de Montfort, offered whole hecatombs of human victims on the altars of their religion. The ashes of two millions fertilized the fields of the Crusaders. But Spiritualism, as taught in the first and the nineteenth centuries, abhors the bloody sacrifice, and requires its faithful disciples to leave those polluted shrines and “worship the Father in spirit and in truth.” It regards the laws of nature as the oracles of God; each form of beauty is a revelation; the redeemed spirit is the temple and altar of the Divine; every curious process is a sermon; a sincere aspiration or grateful emotion it regards as a true prayer or solemn psalm, and all charitable acts are its appropriate benedictions. Its enlightened and true friends hope and trust that it will gloriously triumph by loving words, inspired thoughts, and Godlike deeds, and that its white banner, already unfurled in the golden morning of Freedom and Immortality, may yet become the ensign of the world!

## SPIRITUALISM OF THE MODERN MUSE.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

MR. BRYANT.

MR. BRYANT is regarded by his countrymen as one who stands at the head of the minstrel choir. He is the Altar-Thane of the Temple of the Muse. If not a spiritual poet in its most comprehensive sense, he is a philosophic one. He treads the sphere of the ideal world as the frequenter of the Academician Grove threaded his sinuous path, a calm, meditative thinker. His reflection comes as naturally as the sky laments its rain, or as the sea moans itself to rest after the subsidence of a storm. In looking for the result of this ripple of the wave of thought and feeling we find a pearl, exquisitely polished and radiant in purity and beauty, cast ashore. His is sentiment, not passion. There are no sudden flashes of spiritual light which illuminate the souls of men, as the light of heaven steals in among the leaves and shrubs and flowers, endowing them with a more vigorous life, and coloring them with an ever-varying tint. If it is only a sentiment, however, it is one that confers upon us a solace, for it is of that nature and quality which has relieved himself. It has unburdened the heart of its own indwelling emotion, and brought the balm of peace.

There is no satirical vengeance in our author, which fact shows that he understands the proper mission of Poetry. He seems to comprehend that it is a child of gentleness, capable of inhabiting the holiest place on earth which man has ever sanctified by thought or deed. In a poetical faculty, endowed with a large Spiritualism, this aim would not be so apparent. There would be more movement, more power, and that power sometimes applied to themes full of desolation, yet portraying the

full working out of a compensation after destruction, just as the Deity, by the application of his will to the law of matter, destroys a portion of his created substance by volcanic fire, in order to raise an island from the deep and fit it for the abodes of men. If not possessed of those darting irradiations which illuminate the Pindaric ode with such profuse magnificence, he has the Attic delicacy of expression, which gave the Greek lyric an attractive charm.

We hope to be excused from the presumption, but his poetry has the spirit of one who has reflected longer over the design or conception than he did over the manner of embodying it. The block was longer coming from the quarry than it required to round it into the symmetry of statuesque beauty. We do not regard this as a defect, for the object is fully attained, and that is satisfactory; but we may be permitted to infer an absence of that spiritual faculty which enables a poet to write without design, just as a painter may embody vast conceptions without a perfect knowledge of the principles of form. We detect, in such productions, no process of ripening, no slow germination, which was as liable to wither during the interval as to produce any fruit.

The spiritual poet, if subjective at all, grasps his themes from acts which man may do, not what he has done already; and this is truly anticipating those decrees of God which we have spoken of, as being the true province of the spiritual mind to unfold. He puts on his mantle of inspiration at once, and soars away, just as Percy Shelley arose, into an abstract and metaphysical region of airy thought. He does not wait for the mood—he wills it, and it comes, an obedient law of his nature. He enters into compact with his genius, and it begins to murmur in the ear of creation its perpetual anthem.

The object of Poetry, and the spell under which it is produced, is altogether different, in our time, to that of an earlier date. The lyric poets of Greece composed their odes for some great occasion, or in honor of some great personage; and there was as inspiring a prestige in that, as in the manner of treating the thesis—thema. Pindar and Simonides and Anacreon were the oracles of great occasions. How different in the case of such

a poet as Mr. Bryant! He avails himself of some brief interval grudgingly spared from onerous and severe duties, to set quietly floating down the stream of Time his "murmuring bark of verse." No one but the poet can tell how utterly unsatisfactory is such production, and we take it upon ourselves to venture a prediction, that the bard himself feels that he has never written any thing which gave him the inward assurance that the spirit has displayed all its might. Darkness must haunt the precincts of such a soul, huge and black as the night brooding upon the face of the waters.

Should we take all the poems Mr. Bryant has written, and judge of them as a general aggregation, what would be the effect? If not a highly contrasted one, we dare affirm that they would make a very beautiful picture. It would not be the sun wielding his flaming scepter in the meridian, but when he goes down in a slumberous maze of beauty, erecting his violet-colored cenotaph over the day that is dead; not the voice of the great Niagara chiding the "naked heavens," and lifting up its white arm in angry denunciation of its torture, but a moon-lit lake, over which the wing of the water-fowl makes his evening's journey, to rest where the sighing reed trembles in the marsh.

There is another quality, and a very high one, and will perhaps confer a high immortality. Nature has selected him for her interpreter. When the mists of time and sense withdraw the vestiges of life which now surround us; when the forests have disappeared, and the variegated garb in which the autumn clothes it shall only live in tradition, all this will blossom in his song.

Our design, however, was not to write a critique or eulogy, but merely to make some personal application of our theory and subject. The Spiritualism of the modern muse, the poet to whom reference is made, will forgive us, as well as his readers, if we, in over-estimating the importance of the theme, under-estimate the genius of the writer.

The generation of poetical ideas in a spiritual mind may be unlimited in development, yet the object never be enunciated. The purpose and aim might be veiled altogether, but to the kindred mind there would be no obscurity, nothing undefined or hidden. It is exceedingly problematical, whether the essential

charm of Tennyson is not cooked from his richness and splendor—from his manner of putting the thing, rather than in the thing put, if we may be allowed to use an expressive vulgarism. So with Mr. Bryant; suppose we divest every poem of its title, should we, as appreciative readers, be at any loss to ascertain his meaning? Viewed in this light, we regard all the poetry which has ever been written as one continuous stream of the fount of song; each new poet taking up the sentence where it was discontinued by the previous one, and thus flowing on forever in a solemn wave to God.

Poetry is not the entire province of the spiritual mind; it throws new mazes of light and suggestion upon every thing it touches, and influences the world of intellect far more powerfully by its reason and insight than by its musical progeny. Not only true to one, but to all faiths, it becomes a general worshiper in the great temple of the universe; marking the peculiarities of God's mighty handiwork—discovering new paths of philosophy—revealing mighty truths, and looking with a penetrating gaze into "the life of things." Not sighing in seclusion over the errors of a fallen world, but raising it again when it shall have fallen, and standing the guardian of the altar of freedom when there is a danger of its being overthrown, such a mind can never be content in excelling in a school of poetry, new or old, Godlike in confirmation though it be. Action is its proper sphere, as well as thought, and when it has put on the robe of manhood, it goes forth to the strife of the world.

If the poetical emanations of such an intellect do not move the sensibilities of other minds, they give them light. Like a new planet swimming down the broad immensity, it not only has illumination, but substance, and its law of motion affects all the attendant spheres. It measures the orbit of other minds by its own, and all go onward in their majestic path, revolving in a divergent but dependent circle.

All poetry has an engaging charm, which gives us back our own emotions, not thoughts. This is one of the great tests of poetical renown; readers like to feel, not to think, over a poem. This betrays no obliquity of taste either, for congenial sentiments give life its romantic charm. This writer, exclaims the student,

is the interpreter of my life. If I have a friend of congenial tastes and sentiments, there is a danger of dissolution of friendship, but between my book and myself there can be no disagreements or quarrels.

A very high province must be ascribed the spiritual intellect, and it is usually accompanied with an abstract and complete sense of ideal beauty; wisdom and philosophy also bound, as in Shakespeare; and its didacticism is more like prophecy; more like the revelation of an advent, than a truism; more like the enunciation of one who has seen and talked with a spirit, and learned the secrets of the Eternal.

It is immaterial what influences a poet may use to sway the thoughts, feelings, and fancies of men; it is clear his real province is to scatter along the path of our life those festive flowers of hope, peace, and pleasure which can never fade, and whose perfume can never pass away. Now it is clear that he must possess such a capacity as the one enumerated, or he can not, and his productions will not, make up in their fullness a poetic element. Not only emotional manifestation, not only beauty, not only a didactic philosophy are needed, but *creation*, the assimilating affinity of the great creative Spirit of all things. Then the intellectual miracle is perfect. Our readers may ask, Who has done this? We answer, All have, to some degree of fulfillment. Dante possessed it in as high a degree as any writer, and Milton, in his poetical, not in his puritan character—John Milton, Prince of Poets! These harmoniously blended resources of Dante's vast mind gave him political prophecy; and the children of Italy know to-day, that had his voice been heeded, the "*Tempo felice*," where "*nessun meseria*" darkened the page of her history, would have been realized in his splendid words, burning with the fervor and fire of the seal of God.

In the "Rivulet" of Mr. Bryant, "where the grave stranger comes back to see the play-place of his infancy," there is drawn a scene purely pastoral in its home-like simplicity, yet he is not a pastoral poet. In the "Ages" he has given a new voice to history, which is eloquent and grave in all its teachings. Dignity is the presiding genius of his meditations, and it crowns him with a reward of sustained and ennobling thought and diction.



To one who has dedicated so many hours of his life to wood, flood, and field, such thoughts as these, blended with description, incline us to a strong reverence for his powers. In tracing the work of the hand of the Infinite, he says:

"It is a visible token of that upholding Love,  
Which is the soul of this great universe."

We feel inclined to ask, on revolving this fine benediction and sanction of the ruling power of God, Who has gone beyond it in reach or magnificence of indication? It is such detached thoughts, such segregated portions of a mind, that make up a well-contrasted mosaic, and enable us to judge unerringly of its quality, just the same as we judge of Milton from "Lycidas" rather than from his "Paradise Lost."

Like a stream watering the desert of man's arid and fruitless soul, floats down the broad vista of eternal years the flood of song. It not only furnishes precept, but monition also, and is the firm foundation of Philosophy and Religion. Preserver of history and tradition, in languages extinct with the races that used them, our intellects are kept active and are improved by plunging into the remote depths of their almost forgotten lore. To show how strong is this propensity, how seductive the splendid and proud prophecy of the poet, let us refer to the vast amount of labor bestowed by commentators upon such writers as Dante, Homer, and Shakspeare. More lines have been written in elucidation of their meaning, than they ever wrote. So also with the exhaustless stores of the Bible—the basis of Law and Legislation, of Poetry and Prophecy. If, however, there be a gradation between emotional manifestation and spiritual experience, how wide is it? what is its proper medium? what allegiance does the voice of the spirit hold to the attestations of the emotional emanations of the heart? For the purposes of constructive unity, an active and equal predominance of both qualities would appear requisite. This is the defect of Lord Byron; his emotion oppresses us as much as he is oppressed; and were it not redeemed by sublimity and intensity, the reader would exclaim this is merely raving—it is a sigh without a sorrow—it is too unnatural to be real—it is the brooding darkness of despair,

without one ray of alleviation. We know that Life is a child of Hope, therefore it is unnatural to be forever hopeless.

Byron, however, who was a great Poet, beyond all cynical negation, relieved this too prevailing trait with a sentiment blended with sublime description, and by the revival of themes august in their ancient dignity. He is all vigor and freshness and movement, like the rustling gales unfurling their free banner in the celestial air of summer. Right or wrong in philosophy or morals, he becomes attractive from the amount of individual feeling with which he imbues his wild song. There is less abstract and subtle power displayed, however, than is observed in the "Queen Mab" of Shelley, or the "Hyperion" of Keats. The impressions of Byron come chiefly from surrounding objects, which are in themselves poetical and hallowed by history. The impressions of Shelley are derived from his theme, which is too remote in such a production as we have named, and has too small a relation to actual life to admit of such illustration. Hence the creative power of the Poet. There is nothing creative in the conception of "Childe Harold;" there is, however, in "Manfred," which production has preserved the right of the Poet to a place among the Immortals. There is a mysterious music in those soliloquies, which is like the "language of another world."

They are gone—Byron, Keats, and Shelley, and, last of all, the brilliant Thomas Moore, friend and companion of them all—gone, passed away, and become a part of the earth, the air, and sunshine, true types of what they were while here. Shelley rests beneath a plain marble slab, amid the ruins of Eternal Rome; Byron's ashes repose far away in Greece; Moore's in the isle hallowed by the light of his genius, and Keats near Shelley, in the ancient capital of the world—

"Their souls beckon like a star,  
From the abodes where the Eternal are."

Let us now cross the British Channel to the shore where the ancestors of these great poets once dwelt—to illustrious France, crowned with the renown of so many centuries. During the zenith of Lord Byron's fame, Frenchmen felt a part of his luster shed upon themselves, when they reflected that he was the scion

of a house famous in their own annals. As a broken helmet from the plains of Troy reminded the Athenian of the glory which belonged to Greece, so the broken bond of kindred led them back to the spirit of those days when the deeds of his sires adorned their history, such is the universality of the spirit of Literature.

Victor Hugo writes with a "seeing eye," but his mind loves to dwell upon human interests, and to wander like a breeze on its own free path. Who does not love to linger over the character of Esmeralda, pronounced by a competent critic the most natural and exquisite heroine ever drawn by the mind-limner's skill? Poor André Chenier was a genuine Poet, and alive to all influences, both visible and invisible. De Lamartine, whatever he may be as a politician, is a writer of rich and luxurious fancies. Let the reader call to mind a powerful tale, called "Gressiella" in his "Memoirs of my Youth." His poetry is a golden maze of sentimental beauty, if not embellished with imagination's shadowy magnificence.

All these gentlemen evince an improvement upon the elder school of French writers; if they have not their force of thought and rough sublimity, they have more refinement, beauty, and polish. They are adorners of life, as well as instructors. Beranger, something more than Burns, is a man of astonishing powers; in fact, he is *sui generis* in the unique order of his poetical development.

Delicacy and elegance, children of the modern muse, pervade the French school of literature; and although their language has not the strength of the English, it has more flexibility, and in "hands truly great" it is very felicitous, very expressive, and capable of ennobling the thought of the Orator, Poet, or Philosopher, and also compensating a reader, such as Horace describes in his—

"Aut pars indocili melior grege."

## SUMMER NIGHT.

BY FRANK L. BURR.

### I.

THE airs of earliest June  
Breathe over fields of balm,  
More soft than those that sweetly swoon  
In groves of spice and palm;  
What time the lustrous Indian moon  
Shines on them large and calm,  
And the slumberous voice of the solemn sea  
Is heard in a midnight psalm.

### II.

A mellow radiance streams  
From countless orbs afar;  
'Tis like the splendor seen in dreams  
When angels our leaders are;  
Vouchsafed in glimpses and in gleams  
Through the gates of Heaven afar,  
While like a crown of glory beams  
One kingly scintillant star.

### III.

The rays of great stars break  
Through banks of clouded pearl,  
Whose wreathed lines of beauty take  
Such hues as light the curl  
That wanton airs of sunset shake  
On the brow of a Grecian girl,  
Who waits her lover by the lake  
And sees his sail unfurl!

## IV.

Strange beauty fills the night,  
And breathes through all the air :  
Its spirit lends yon stars their light,  
And makes this planet fair ;  
Transforming into aspects bright  
All shapes of grief and care,  
And waking tides of soul-delight,  
That Life and Nature *are* !

## V.

The love that Heaven boasts  
Spans the fair azure like a bow,  
The grand acclaim from happier coasts  
Which we may hear below !  
The starry watchmen at their posts,  
Calm pacing to and fro,  
Foretell a glory which the hosts  
Of earth shall see and know !

## VI.

Like white-winged birds at sea,  
That skim the dancing foam,  
These joyful portents hint to me  
The neighborhood of home.  
On stormy seas long wont to be,  
No more their mists I roam,  
But hail the signs of sunrise free,  
That brighten as I come.

HARTFORD, *June*, 1853.

## ISSUES OF PROTESTANTISM AND DEMOCRACY.

BY W. S. COURTNEY.

PROTESTANTISM, if I understand it at all, is, in the sphere of conscience and worship, what democracy is in the sphere of politics. Democracy, as truly defined, is the inherent right of each individual to govern himself, provided he does so at his own cost. It is his inborn right to do just as he pleases, provided he takes upon himself all the immediate and remote consequences of so doing. It is the perfect natural freedom of the individual, limited only by the law of justice. Democracy allows every man entire liberty to pursue his own happiness according to his own private judgment, taking upon himself all the consequences and hazards of that pursuit. The only limitation that it demands is, that he shall not cast the immediate or remote results of his liberty upon others against their consent—shall not throw upon them against their will the burdensome consequences of the exercise of his freedom. This fundamental axiom of liberty or democracy might be variously stated. I find it nowhere more tersely and significantly formalized than thus: Democracy is the “sovereignty of the individual exercised at his own cost.” This is the sum total of democracy; all is said in that sentence. I know no social compact or constitution that comprehends more; I know no creed more orthodox; I know no Scripture more “inspired”—more pregnant with “internal sense,” than this simple formula. It is vast and all-including, as well as most particular in its application and bearing. In generals it is like the telescope, and in minutiae it is like the microscope.

Commensurate with this formula in the political sphere is the Protestant formula of “liberty of conscience” in the religious sphere. Let us make this equally plain. The fundamental axiom

of Protestantism is the inherent right of each individual to freely pursue the dictates of his own conscience, provided that in so doing he does not interfere with the like pursuit in others, or each individual has an inborn right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, provided he, in so doing, does not infract the like right in others; or, each individual has a heaven-descended right to read the Scriptures, (any Scriptures), understand them, and do them for himself, provided he awards the like right to others: once again, each individual has an inalienable right to so pursue the dictates of his own conscience as not to encroach upon the like pursuit in others—this is “*religious liberty*.” This is the Protestant “platform,” and is coextensive in generals and particulars, in the religious sphere, with the democratic formula, as above stated, in the civil sphere. They are parallelisms, and precisely correspond like the soul and body of man. Protestantism is democratic worship, and democracy is Protestant social life. They are the *same* thing in different spheres. A democrat, to be a true democrat, must be at the same time a Protestant, and a Protestant, to be a true Protestant, must at the same time be a democrat. Is this not just as plain as the proposition, “things that are equal to the same thing are equal to one another.” This fundamental axiom of civil and religious liberty has a parallel or commensurate operation in each. Wherever it carries us in the civil or social sphere, thither also it carries us in the religious sphere. We can no more deny and resist its issues in the one than we can in the other, but are immutably bound by them in each. Those who are not prepared to go boldly forward to these issues, had better not admit the premises—better not come on to the “platform.” If they do, and tremble and fear and faint by the way, their situation will be deplorable in the extreme. If they are consistent and logical, we will force them on to these ultimate issues, or drive them clean back to despotism and the Papacy.

The antagonists of the Protestant and democratic formula of the “sovereignty of the individual” and “liberty of conscience” are civil tyranny in the social sphere, and spiritual tyranny in the religious sphere; arbitrary power over the actions, property, and life of the individual in the one case, and arbitrary power over

his conscience and worship in the other. Both are aggressive and despotic. In the civil sphere, it takes the forms of monarchy, or the absolute power of one man over the lives, limbs, property, etc., of the many; aristocracy, or the arbitrary power of a privileged class, over the lives, limbs, etc. of the many; republicanism, or the arbitrary power of the majority over the minority, etc. In the religious sphere, it takes the form of the Papacy, or the arbitrary power of one man (the Pope) over the conscience and worship of the many; state churches, or the arbitrary power of a privileged or established church, over the consciences and worship of the many. Sectarianism, orthodoxy, etc., or the arbitrary authority of creeds or confessions of faith, etc., over the conscience and worship of the individual; all of which forms of despotism are essentially aggressive, proscriptive, intolerant, illiberal, persecuting, and suppressive, and come down with an imperious, coercive, and restraining authority upon the actions, conscience, and worship of the individual. It is manifest, therefore, that there are but *two* parties on this question in the world. The one party avows liberty, equity, and individual sovereignty; the other party avows despotism, injustice, and slavery. You *must* enroll yourself with one or the other of these parties. There is no "middle ground" for you to occupy, any more than there is a middle ground between the right and the wrong—between truth and error. I am on the side of Protestantism and democracy—on the side of liberty. On whose side are you? I stand on the Protestant and democratic platform. Where do you stand? You *must* answer. If not now, very shortly. You can't equivocate or stand mute. We will not suffer you to temporize, interplead, remain neutral, or blow hot and cold with the same breath. You must "define your position." The time is fast approaching when you will have to come up on one side or the other—a time that will try your courage and fidelity, whether you are a freeman or a slave.

Taking you to have arraigned yourself on the side of liberty and against tyranny, let us now inquire what the ultimate issues of Protestantism and democracy are.

The formula of freedom, civil and religious, centers in *individualism*. It begins and ends with the individual. It



rests upon individual right, individual sovereignty, individual conscience, etc. It gives us no *standard* of civil conduct or conscience or worship but the *individual's own*. It puts no pains and penalties upon him, does not aggress, coerce, nor restrain him, but only demands that that liberty which he enjoys shall be at his own cost, and awarded to all others. In civil life, it works the inevitable dissolution of all civil institutions, or, rather, *supersedes* them, by the individual legislating, judging, and executing for himself, and no one other. It reclaims or takes back to him all the sovereign power now outstanding in civil and political establishments, and trusts all government, enterprise, the useful arts and sciences, trading, carrying, growing, manufacturing, etc., etc., to private energy, judgment, skill, and enterprise, where *they of right belong*. It abolishes all the criminal codes, and all their apparatus of jails and gibbets, lawyers and penitentiaries, not by licensing crime, but by forestalling and preventing it—by annihilating the causes which lead to it. It is a life constrained by social aggression in equity and in harmony—a life suppressed and misdirected—a *false* life that begets and nurtures and matures crime. The present social arrangements or *derangements* is a vast manufactory of criminals, and democracy, or the sovereignty of the individual used at his own cost, being a life of equity and harmony, makes *men* instead of culprits. There being no aggression there is no crime—no *hurt to others*, which is the very essence of crime. These are some of the inevitable issues briefly stated of the formula of democracy. I do not pretend to say that the masses are as yet sufficiently developed in intelligence and love of equity to see clearly their *just* relations to their fellows, and love equity enough to qualify them to live a true democratic life. I do not pretend to say that they are yet capable of entire self-government. Hence civil establishments are yet "*expedient*" (the *only* ground upon which they can be upheld) and necessary to coerce equity and prevent aggression. The very despotisms the individual is under unfits him for self-government. But if not capable yet, he will be by and by, and then will usher in the pure democratic era—then will be inaugurated the reign of equity and liberty.

Coincident with these issues of democracy in the social realm are the issues of Protestantism in the religious realm—the Protestant formula of liberty in the individual conscience, individual worship, private judgment, etc. *It* brings him to no *standard* by church establishments, ecclesiastical institutions, sectarian creeds, or dogmatic arbitrary opinions. It hands over his conscience for safe-keeping to no priest or bishop or pope, but leaves him to take care of it himself, and take the cost or responsibility of it upon himself. It is tolerant and liberal in the largest sense, and to the last degree. It allows free inquiry, free discussion, scientific analysis and research, as applied to the test of revelation, inspiration, miracle, etc., etc.; allows the formation of the individual's own opinions, his private judgment, by all ways and means in science, the arts, philosophy, and history; and suffers him to rest his conclusions and conscience upon them, and live and worship accordingly, provided he aggresses no one. In short, it makes him his own prophet, priest, and king, his own clergy and laity, his own church.

It is easy to see where this religious liberty, free inquiry, private judgment, individual worship, etc., will end. Like the democratic formula, terminating in the abolition and recall of all civil and criminal establishments, *it* terminates in the ultimate dissolution and overthrow of all ecclesiastical institutions, churches, sects, and creeds. Forms of conscience and worship, as various as the interminable individualities of human character, is the final result of the Protestant formula. Then there will be equity and harmony in this sphere; and there being no aggression, there will be no recoil and reaction, no intolerance, illiberality, *odium theologicum*, nor persecution. The current religions, orthodox faith, Presbyterianism, Methodism, Episcopalianism, Unitarianism, Trinitarianism, Mormonism, Baptistism, Swedenborgianism, Spiritualism, etc., which are but the larger types and *prophets* of this ultimate individuality, must all fall under this terrible and all-searching analysis; and under it they will disintegrate, dissolve, resolve, dissipate, evaporate, and precipitate. They will be twisted and wrenched, elongated, contracted, broken up, frittered away, and pulverized. This is their destiny, and there is no escape from it any more than there

is from the grave. What is *true and eternal* in each will arise an immortal spirit, and be ever fresh and fair and young!

These are the unavoidable and necessary issues of Protestantism and democracy—the inevitable results of their formula. Admit the premises, and they irresistibly follow. If you are not prepared to go forward to this goal, to this realm and reign of equity and harmony, then deny and protest against liberty of conscience and individual sovereignty, and go back to despotism and the Papacy—deny individualism and all the laws and consequences that undeniably flow from it, and go back to the one-man theory of popedom.

Here I might with propriety stop writing, but I must be permitted to tabulate my views as to what kind of religion will result to the now Protestant world from the operation of this liberty of conscience, free inquiry, private judgment, etc., etc.

The Bible is the foundation of the prevailing and fashionable religion. If it is what its advocates claim, a special, direct, and final revelation of God's will to man, then it will not suffer from trial by this ordeal; and it is a very unwise and *doubtful* policy in them to show any bad blood in the investigation of its claims. What difference does it make if they are satisfied and *know* that it is what they claim, how many breaches and inroads science and philosophy make into what they believe to be its teachings? *They* can do it no harm, but, on the contrary, infinite good, by shearing it of all *their false readings*. Such a trial is just what it wants to authenticate and vindicate it, and which they ought to court and challenge for it; any other course is stupid and foolish. The discoveries in science and philosophy, in geology and astronomy, in archæology, ethnology, etc., have already been of immense benefit in correcting their numerous errors, in rendering and understanding it, and if they are candid and consistent, they ought to look for further aid from the same source. If *they* don't, others will; and it would be a good policy in them to make a merit of necessity, and come promptly up to the work. If they say, that the man who pursues the investigation of the sciences, and considers their bearings upon the Bible's inspired teachings, follows only the flickering and erring light of his reason, then I reply, that *you* employ no higher instrumentality to

read and understand them. You have no *other* lamp. The Bible to you is a blank without it, and you might as well try to read it with your eyes closed. If you say, that it is superhuman, and above my comprehension, then I answer, that neither you nor I can understand it. It is out of our reach, and might as well not exist. I make no pretensions to superhumanism, neither, I think, do you. If you say, it is "inspired" in the sense you affirm it to be, then I reply, *you* must also be inspired in like manner to be able to read and understand it, and why not be inspired directly and at once? If you say its origin was superhuman and divine, but that it is readable and understandable by the light of reason, so I say the same of all books, and men, and nature. If you say, that it has an "internal sense" and spirit beyond the latter, so I say the same of *all things* but God. If you say, it bears with it *intrinsic* evidence of its divine origin and inspiration, so I say do *all things*, and I am unable to see any plainer marks of the Divinity there than in nature or in my own soul—and so forth.

But if the Bible is not what its advocates claim, then, under the operation of the Protestant formula, it will be "sifted as wheat," and all that is *true* of it preserved immortally, and all that is fantastic perish evermore. All those who adopt the Protestant formula will have to follow up the analysis; their very individualities will not let them rest until the final resolution and precipitation of it. The principle they have adopted is one of eternal vigilance and inquiry, and you might as well try to stop the circulation of the blood in your veins as to suppress it. It will never let you alone until you search out all the truth there is in it, and divest it from the error. In the search, many will get frightened, grow faint-hearted, and return to the Papacy, while the religion of the masses will ultimate in the remote but unsuspected issue of the Protestant formula, viz., *Intuism, Rationalism, and Naturalism.*

PITTSBURG, September 8, 1853.

## A SONG OF SLEEP.

THOMAS L. HARRIS.

Br. Harris, while stopping temporarily in St. Louis, was one evening watching by the sick-bed of his wife, when, after a season of restlessness, the patient slept. H. while being suddenly entranced by a spirit, wrote without any conscious effort the following very beautiful lines.

HER sufferings end ; she sleeps, she sleeps ;  
Along the floor the moonlight creeps ;  
That silver sea that laves the shore  
Of outer slumber evermore ;  
That silent sea that ebbs and flows  
Round the dim islands of repose,  
And wafts from out ethereal deeps  
Their tranquil rest. She sleeps, she sleeps.

Her pulse beats calm and low. She sleeps.  
From sense to soul the dream-light creeps ;  
That silver sea that laves the shore  
Of inner waking evermore ;  
That silent sea that ebbs and flows  
Round the veiled Edens of repose,  
And wafts from pure, immortal deeps  
Their visioned forms. She sleeps, she sleeps.

Her face grows beautiful. She sleeps.  
From angel worlds the love-light creeps ;  
That silver sea that laves the shore  
Of inner life for evermore ;  
That silent sea that ebbs and flows  
Round hearts that in God's love repose,  
And wafts from Heaven's untroubled deeps  
Their endless joy. She sleeps, she sleeps.

## A HYMN OF IMMORTALITY.

THOMAS L. HARRIS.

THE pure, victorious dead are all arisen ;  
Away with that vile creed that only shows  
The skeletons in stark, decaying rows,  
Where Death the Cyclop feeds, with none to save  
Ulyssean Genius from his night-bound cave.  
Sweet mother Earth, thy breast is not their prison.  
With every pulse from thy great heart, the fire  
Of life outflows, like music from the lyre.  
*From* thee, not *to* thee, human spirits tend,  
Sweet mother Earth, our foster-nurse, our friend ;  
Nursling Immortals thy fond cares employ,  
From thy fair breasts we drink the milk of joy ;  
But the weaned infant leaves thy kind embrace,  
To seek the eternal goal and run the eternal race.

The Prophet Soul, ascending, drops its vest  
Of inspiration, and some star-eyed child  
Looks up through heaven's pure ether undefiled,  
And sees the seer to his high destiny  
Upled in burning chariot through the sky.  
Upon him falls the risen prophet's robe ;  
Then to his 'passioned thought the earthy globe  
Becomes transparent as a crystal glass ;  
Therein he sees the coming ages pass  
Before his sight, down-mirrored from afar,  
And sun and moon and spirit-peopled star ;  
And solemn heavens dawn on his inner sight,  
Bathed in the wisdom of the Infinite,  
And space becomes a galaxy of souls,  
Impulsing spherul music as it rolls,  
Filling with harmonies of love his breast.

Angels build palaces of truth above  
In their Ideal World, where thoughts are things ;  
These, the true Genii, whose enchantment flings  
Immortal glory down earth caverns damp  
Come, summoned by the Thinker's inner lamp,  
And teach the secrets of that mighty spell  
Which the Great Maker, doing all things well,  
Outbreathes, while suns and heavens in order form,  
And shine arrayed in Joy's inspiring morn,  
While heart seeks heart and love responds to love.

The gates of Heaven on golden axis turning,  
Are opened to the seeker evermore ;  
The age of miracles shall ne'er be o'er.  
Angels the bread of fellowship hath broke  
'Neath Stockholm's fir not less than Mamre's oak,  
And the rich clusters of the immortal vine  
Columbia tastes not less than Palestine.  
The heart insphered in charity and truth,  
Finds the lost Eden of perpetual youth,  
And sees Life's flowering tree with God's own presence burning.

Thou art the Resurrection and the Life,  
Victorious Christ ; man findeth, led by thee,  
That golden-gated immortality.  
There pure beatitudes the soul array  
With bridal robes for Heaven's betrothal day.  
Lo ! all who through the spirits' holy strife  
Put on love's beautiful attire, shall find  
Celestial day-dawn brightening in the mind.  
They, till their outward pilgrimage is ended,  
Shall walk inspired by angel-friends attended,  
And with sweet converse charm the years away.  
Then with them rise and share their home supernal,  
In the great thoughted land of life eternal,  
Where the heart blossoms through Love's endless May.

## SPIRITUALISM AMONG THE SAINTS AND MARTYRS.

BY WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

THAT the days of Jesus and his apostles were characterized by an extraordinary outpouring of influences from the spiritual world is fully admitted by all who have any faith in the Christian revelation. It is generally supposed, however, by modern theologians, that those spiritual influences, as to their open manifestations, were designed to cease for ever at the close of the apostolic age; and upon the basis of this supposition most Protestant Christians confidently deny the possible reality of the alleged spiritual communications of this day. In a paper recently published through another channel,\* I have shown that the assumption which limits the open manifestation of spiritual influences to the age of the apostles is not only totally unauthorized by any sayings in the New Testament, but contradicted by the plain implications of several declarations of Jesus, who mentioned the power of casting out devils, of speaking with new tongues, of healing the sick, and of handling deleterious things without harm, as among the signs of true believers, *without reference to the age* of the world in which they might live; and promised to be with his faithful followers "always, even unto the end of the world."—Mark xvi. 17, 18; Matt. xxviii. 20. In verification of the inferences which may be drawn from these and other passages, I might here proceed to show from the plainest historical testimony, the *unbroken continuity* of spiritual intercourse from the apostles, throughout the first two centuries of the Christian era; but, without retracing the ground which was traversed in a former essay, it is our present purpose to extend the view along the vista of time, and note a very few of the numerous facts which show that the light of open spiritual influence

---

\* See the first and second numbers of the "New Era" (Boston), current volume.



passed, though with constantly diminishing radiance, down through many of the subsequent ages, and only became obscured as the Church sunk into the sensuality and materialism of these latter days.

Near the close of the second century, and when the simple manners which had prevailed among the first Christians had sensibly deteriorated, there arose an austere man of the name of MONTANUS, a native of Phrygia, who addressed himself to the task of a reformer. The existence of prophecy, and the power of working miracles, not only was until that time, but continued for a long time after, undisputed in the Church; but Montanus claimed for himself these spiritual gifts in a more than ordinary degree, and gave forth his instructions in ecstasies and trances under the alleged influence of the *Paraclete*, or Comforter, promised by Jesus to his disciples. He was soon seconded in his efforts at reform by Priscilla and Maximilla, two opulent women of simple and blameless lives, upon whom the same prophetic spirit fell. Besides these there were one Alcibiades, one Theodotus, of Thrace, and afterward one Prœclus or Proculus in Italy, who displayed extraordinary spiritual gifts of the same kind, and were severally prompted by the Spirit to acknowledge the legitimacy of Montanus' pretensions, and to coöperate with him in his reformatory efforts. By means of these original propagandists and "mediums," the disciples of Montanus rapidly multiplied, and soon spread throughout the Christian churches in Asia, Europe, and Africa; and among the converts there were vast numbers who called themselves by the common name of *πνευματικοί*, or the *inspired*, and were subject to ecstasies, visions, and involuntary utterances as from a spirit which had taken possession of their organs. "One of the main symptoms," says a writer, "of that spirit which entered into their bodies in prophetic fits, was, that it made them swell and heave in their breasts after a strange manner; and they constantly averred, as well when under the operation of said spirit as when out of it, that the organs of their bodies were by it overruled, and their tongues constrained to utter what they did without their own foreknowledge of the matter."\*

---

\* See "An Historical Account of Montanism," anonymous, but said to be written by Dr. George Hicks.

The reader who is familiar with the modern spiritual unfolding will be struck with the exact resemblance between these ancient phenomena and those often exhibited by the writing, speaking, and transic mediums of this day ; and if either of these manifestations is referred to a spiritual origin, the others must be referred to the same.

Omitting much that might be said of the class of prophets here referred to, we pass to some facts of a more specific nature.

During the first three quarters of the fourth century there lived a hermit of the name of HILARION, who by his mortifications and devout exercises became receptive of some astonishing spiritual gifts. His birthplace and early residence was at a little town called Tabitha, near Gaza, in Palestine ; but at the age of fifteen he retired to the solitude of the desert, that his devotional tendencies might not be interrupted by the intrusions of the world. After he had dwelt in those solitudes for twenty years, constantly engaged in subduing the flesh and cultivating the spirit, the three children of one Elpidius, of Gaza (who was afterward a prefect of the prætorium), fell sick of a violent fever ; and when apparently in the last extremities of the disease, and pronounced incurable by the physician, their mother ran like one distracted to Hilarion, and besought him with tears to visit them. Hilarion went to their bedside and prayed, invoking the name of Jesus, when presently all three of the children broke out into a profuse perspiration, by which they were much refreshed, and recovered their previously deranged senses, and knew their mother, and kissed the saint's hand.

The fame of this miracle produced a resort to Hilarion of those who were afflicted with diverse ailments, who in like manner received the benefits which came through him as a "healing medium." Among these was a woman of Facidia, a town near Rinc-corura, in Egypt, who had been blind for ten years, to whom Hilarion miraculously restored sight. There were many susceptible persons in those days, as there had been in the days of Jesus and his apostles, whose bodies were possessed or influenced by low and disorderly spirits of the other world, which at times gave them great inconvenience. Such of these as resorted to Hilarion were speedily relieved. Among them was a native of Franconia,

in Germany, one of the guards of Constantius, who was sent by the emperor with letters to the governor of Palestine. Hearing of Hilarion, he proceeded from Gaza with a numerous train, to visit him. He found the hermit walking on the sands saying his prayers. Hilarion, seeing him, immediately knew his errand, and commanded the disorderly spirit to depart from him, when the Frank was instantly relieved. In gratitude for this service he offered the hermit ten pounds of gold as a reward, but Hilarion presented him with one of his barley loaves, saying that they who wanted no other food despised gold like dirt.

Finding his solitude constantly disturbed by the numerous visitors who now resorted to him, he left his place to seek more perfect seclusion in Egypt. Passing into Brutium, a suburb of Alexandria, where there were several monks, they pressed him to stay, but he departed that same evening, saying that it was necessary for their security that he should leave. That very night several armed men arrived there with an order to put him to death, obtained by the people of Gaza, who were offended at him for speaking against their god Marnas.

In his subsequent retreat into Sicily, it is said that he cast out many disorderly spirits, and miraculously healed many sick persons. In Dalmatia he prayed, and by a spiritual force compelled an enormous serpent to crawl into the midst of a pile of wood that had been prepared, and then set fire to it. Not finding the perfect seclusion which he desired possible in either of these places, he next departed to Cyprus, where, it is said, that within three weeks after his arrival, those who were possessed with disorderly spirits in every part of the island were made by those spirits to cry out, "Hilarion, the servant of Jesus Christ, is come." Such of these persons as were brought to him were relieved of their infestations.\* It may be confessed that these stories of the performances of Hilarion, with many similar things related of other "*mediums*" of those ancient times, would be entirely incredible were it not for many *undeniable* examples of similar occurrences in our own day.

It was professedly by the aid of spiritual strength received

---

\* Butler's "Lives of the Saints," vol. iv., p. 251, *et seq.*

from on high, that the ancient Christian martyrs were enabled to endure with firmness the violent tortures and cruel executions which were inflicted upon them by their heathen persecutors; and not unfrequently these inflictions were attended with surprising spiritual phenomena. An instance of the kind will now be related. While Julian, uncle to the emperor Julian, and also himself an apostate from Christianity, was governor of the East, of which Antioch was the capital, he caused one Theodoret, a Christian priest of Antioch, to be apprehended, beaten upon the soles of his feet, and stretched upon the rack until his limbs seemed almost ready to tear asunder. Noticing his apparent indifference to these inflictions, Julian said, "I perceive you do not sufficiently feel your torments." The martyr replied, "I do not feel them, because God is with me." Julian then caused lighted matches to be applied to the wounds in his side. While the flesh was literally consuming, the martyr lifted up his eyes to heaven and prayed; when the executioners fell upon their faces to the ground. Julian bade them draw near the martyr with their torches; they excused themselves, saying they saw four angels in white with Theodoret. Upon this, Julian, in a rage, ordered them to be thrown into the water, and drowned. The spirit of prophecy then fell upon Theodoret, and he said, "You, Julian, shall die in your bed, under the sharpest torments, and your master (the emperor), who hopes to vanquish the Persians, shall himself be vanquished; an unknown hand shall deprive him of life. He shall no more return to the territories of the Romans."

Both of these prophecies, in fact, fully came to pass. Julian, the governor, was shortly afterward smitten with an unknown disease, and worms consumed his bowels, and he died in the greatest agony, beseeching the intercessions of the Christians. The emperor, while on his Persian expedition, was actually smitten by an arrow from an *unknown hand*; and as he cast some of his own blood toward heaven, he said, "Even here, O Galilean, you pursue me! Sate yourself with my blood, and glory that you have vanquished me." He died a few hours afterward.\*

ST. MARTIN, bishop of Tours, was born in the year 316, and died

---

\* Butler's "Lives of the Saints," vol. iv., p. 264, *et seq.*

in the year 397. Many facts in his life might be cited to prove his connection with a spiritual source of power and intelligence, but we have room only for the following: On one occasion, returning from a journey to the monastery of Locociagum, of which he was the principal, he found his monks in great affliction on account of the sudden death of a catechumen who had been received into the house a few days previously. Standing by the corpse, St. Martin felt within himself a divine impulse to work a miracle. He ordered the rest to go out of the chamber, when, like Elias of old, he stretched himself upon the dead body and prayed for some time with great earnestness, and at length observed that the body was beginning to revive. He then arose and stood by it, and in less than two hours the person began to move his limbs, and opened his eyes. Being thus restored to life, he related that after his emergence from the flesh his soul seemed to be presented before a divine tribunal and sentenced to a dark dungeon, but that two angels represented to the judge that St. Martin prayed in his behalf, when the judge ordered them to restore him again to the body. At another time the saint restored to life, in a similar way, the servant of a neighboring rich man, who had hung himself. These miracles so increased the reputation of St. Martin that he was soon afterward called to the bishopric of Tours.

Soon after he entered upon his episcopal charge he was obliged, on some business pertaining to the Church, to visit the court of Valentinian I., who generally resided in Gaul. The emperor, hearing of his arrival, and suspecting his business, gave orders that he should not be admitted to his presence. Finding himself thus frustrated, the bishop had recourse to fasting and prayer, and after continuing in this suppliant mood for seven days, an angel appeared to him and ordered him to go boldly to the palace. He did as directed, and finding the palace doors open, and nobody stopping him, he entered and approached the emperor, who, seeing him at a distance, angrily inquired of his servants why they had let him in. Refusing to arise to receive the bishop, his seat presently appeared to be all on fire, which forced him to rise.\* By means of this psychological or spiritual impression

---

\* Butler from Sulpicius Severus, Dial. 2, c. 5, p. 456.

(as it doubtless was) the emperor was favorably disposed toward the bishop, and granted his requests.

We had intended to mention some facts in the lives of Gregory Thaumaturgus, St. Ambrose, St. Francis of Assissium, St. Theresa, St. Francis Xavier, etc, but must pass them over with a brief remark or two upon the latter. This individual, who was called the thaumaturgus (wonder-worker) of the latter ages, was born at Navarre in 1506, and died in 1552. It is authentically related that, in the course of his life he restored several dead (or apparently dead) persons to life by the exercise of an extraordinary spiritual power which was frequently given him, and that in one or two instances of perils at sea, he even commanded the winds and the waves and they instantly obeyed him. While on his wonderful mission to the East Indies, he was in two instances endowed with the gift of tongues, and preached to the natives with great power in their own language, which, however, he did not understand; but this gift was, in both instances, of short duration, and ceased when the occasion for it had gone by.

Facts like the foregoing, which might be instanced in any number from the records of the past, go to prove that the spiritual world has ever been near to man, and only required the condition of a *use* and a proper degree of receptivity on man's part, to manifest its power and intelligence in wonderful and preternatural phenomena. What has been said is of itself sufficient to invalidate the assumption, that spiritual manifestations ceased at the close of the apostolic age, and to establish upon a basis of probability the spiritual claims of the wonderful phenomena of these times, when both the *uses* of spiritual unfoldings, and the susceptibilities of mankind to their influence, seem greater than they have been at any previous age.

## MRS. WHITMAN'S POEMS.\*

BY FANNY GREEN.

Mrs. WHITMAN's name is already as favorably and extensively known to our readers through the interest which she has so unreservedly and earnestly expressed in the spiritual phenomena, as through her poetic genius. A clear and forcible exposition of a series of facts occurring under her own observation, was recorded by her in a private letter to the Hon. Horace Greeley, at his "urgent request," and was subsequently published with her consent in the columns of the *New York Tribune*. This letter was from time to time followed by others of equal ability on the same subject, which soon caused the name of their author to be ranked among the most earnest and enthusiastic advocates of the new faith. Mrs. Whitman's unworldly and imaginative cast of mind, and the speculative and recondite character of her favorite studies, peculiarly fitted her to enter on this new sphere of inquiry. She brought to it the two great requisites of poetic insight and philosophic culture; these, with her clear, comprehensive, and finely toned intellect, enabled her readily to perceive the causes of many apparent discrepancies, and to discern a method and a meaning in much that to more careless observers seemed inexplicably intricate and embarrassing. In her devout search after truth she had threaded all the labyrinthian passages and drear defiles of that philosophy of materialism which "unpeoples the haunted chambers of the air," and makes of life a mirage and a dream; and she hailed with wonder and delight the evidence so long vainly sought of a spiritual and supernal existence.

Yet it is not as a Spiritualist but as a poetess that we are now

---

\* *HOURS OF LIFE, AND OTHER POEMS.* By Sarah Helen Whitman. Providence: George H. Whitney.

to speak of her. Many of her poems have been long widely known and fondly cherished, and the volume just published in her native city will forever enshrine her name in the hearts of all who love poetry for its own holy and underived beauty.

Of the peculiar characteristics of her genius, the "Hours of Life," the longest poem in the volume, offers a beautiful exponent. It is a song of the soul; an eloquent and impassioned utterance of the profound experiences of the heart, the periods of love and imagination, the satiety and sadness of life's noontide, its vague melancholy and repressed aspiration—the enigma of Sorrow and Death—the effort to solve the problem of Evil through the various traditions, theologies, and mythic creeds of the past, and the final return of the soul to its instinctive faith in a conscious and divine life in Nature and in Humanity, pervading all things with a perennial energy, and preparing all to pass onward and upward through the eternal cycles of its infinite beatitudes.

The poem is divided into three parts, corresponding with the three principal periods of human life—Morning, Noon, and Evening. Nothing could be lovelier than its opening. All the auroral freshness of the early hour has dropped into the heart, and inspired the whole being with a paradisiacal sense of love and beauty.

Nor is the delineation of Morning, as she comes forth in her resplendent robes to awaken the soul from the tender twilight glooms of Infancy, less beautiful than the preceding:

Startled from out that dreamless rest,  
Through mist-wreaths drooping warm and low,  
I saw her faint smile in the east,  
I felt her kisses on my brow.

From the high meadows, dewy-sweet,  
Aurora with her silver feet  
Chased the shadows as they crept  
Under woodland boughs away,  
Or down the airy uplands swept  
Into hollows cool and gray,  
'Till her full refulgence, bright  
As a perfect chrysolite,  
Filled the solemn dome of Night!



With a sweet, indolent surprise,  
 Undimmed by haunting memories,  
 I saw the gradual glory rise.

Then comes the "Dawn of Love," and the power of *Imagination* and *Passion*. They are thus portrayed :

Dream followed dream : the horizon lay,  
 A line of silver, far away,  
 And still the level life-path wound  
 Away, away, o'er flowery ground.

Then, while each little woodland bird  
 One sweet note forever sung,  
 My heart on one bewildering word  
 Its wealth of morning music flung ;  
 All the glory and the gloom—  
 All the passion and the power—  
 All the mystic bale and bloom  
 Of its high imperial dower.

Like the sole phoenix in his perfumed nest,  
 Love reigned within my heart a sovran guest—  
 Reigned in my heart of hearts—the thronéd lord  
 Of its young life, unquestioned and adored :  
 Folding its fragrant altar-gifts in flame  
 That made the summer heavens look wan and pale,  
 Forestalling life's fair heritage and claim  
 On earthly hope till hope waxed cold and stale,  
 Bankrupt and blighted with the fond excess  
 Of a too rare and costly happiness,  
 A flame that earth's calm joys too proudly spurned,  
 And left but ashes where its altars burned.

Yet, like the fabled Greek, superbly bold,  
 Who on Jove's awful countenance would gaze,  
 Pining immortal beauty to behold,  
 Consumed beneath the lightning of its rays,  
 My conscious heart a willing fate had sought,  
 Undaunted by the pangs its triumphs brought ;  
 Content love's mortal penalties to share,  
 And, for a dream so sweet, a dreadless doom to dare.

I trod o'er meads of asphodel,  
I walked the hall of dreams,  
And gathered sweeter flowers than fell  
By Enna's fabled streams.

Every wind of morning bore  
Music from some haunted shore,  
Some fairy island o'er the seas,  
Inspired in Orient phantasies.

Every cloud that floated by  
Vailed beneath its silver wing  
Missives from a world more fair  
Than the Poet's dream of spring.

I sought the holy wells of song  
Love's wild enchantments to prolong,  
And walked as in a waking trance  
The wonder-land of old romance.

Dream followed dream: the horizon lay,  
A line of silver, far away;  
The trees soared far into the blue,  
The rose-cups dripped with morning dew,  
And still the level life-path wound  
Away, away, o'er flowery ground.

But it is impossible to follow the writer through all the transitions which are so thrillingly pictured in this strange song, without encroaching too far on its beauties. After sorrow, disappointment, and death—after the unrest and inquietude of the soul in its periods of desolation, despair, and doubt, comes the divine calm of the evening, with its lofty and holy consolations, its serene, sublime realities, and sublimer hopes.

The sunset is worthy of the dawn.

Life into lines of beauty flowed  
Around me, flexuous and free,  
The passive face of Nature showed  
A sweet, responsive sympathy,  
And dimly, through the Human, glowed  
The lineaments of Deity.

I saw the frowning orbs of Fate  
Into a regent calm dilate—  
A sovran and superb disdain  
Of earth's fast-fleeting joy and pain ;

While patience budding into peace,  
And knowledge ripening into power,  
And thought, with its pale alchemy  
Made beautiful the passing hour ;  
Till morn and noon-light seemed to fuse  
Their glory with its fading hues,  
As the fair outline of my day,  
From dawn to twilight's golden gray,  
Rose grandly on the prescient soul,  
Crowned with the sunset's aureole.

Far off, among the Norland hills,  
The distant thunders rolled—  
Soft rain-clouds dipped their fringes down  
Across the evening gold.  
Heaven's stormy dome was rent, and high  
Above me shone the summer sky ;  
Ever more serene it grew,  
Fading off into the blue,  
Till the boundless hyaline  
Seemed melting into depths divine,  
And the angels came and went  
Through the opening firmament.

In all the glooming hollows lay  
A light more beautiful than day ;  
All the blossom bells waved slowly  
In the evening's golden calm,  
And the hum of distant voices  
Sounded like a vesper psalm.

Till dimly seen, through day's departing bloom,  
The far-off lamps of heaven began to fling  
Their trembling beams athwart the dewy gloom,  
As Evening, on the horizon's airy ring,  
Winnowing the darkness with her silver wing,  
Descended like an angel, calm and still.

There is not only beauty in this poem, but a stateliness and dignity worthy of the old Masters. The picture of the Evening-

close excites the same emotions we feel in looking on the statue of Night, by Michael Angelo. The mind does not rest in the delineation itself, but is carried away, and enfolded in the Infinite.

There is such an elaboration and acclimation of beauty in the commencement, that we tremble with every new paragraph, lest the writer should not sustain herself in her proud career; but as the delineator passes from the external to the inner world, portraying all the emotions of the awakened heart in its first true and holy love, every line adds splendor to the charm. We pass on to the trial, the struggle, the intensity of that passion, which, having lost all, is embalmed in "*The Married Heart of Memory*;" and the thought gathers grandeur with every touch. But when the Soul is roused to think, to inquire, to doubt, to fear, to scan—until repose or madness seems a necessary alternative, we feel the great power of the artist. At length, with a beautiful suddenness, when the catastrophe seems just impending, the white wings of the Evangel pierce and illumine the cloud—we feel that the messenger of peace has enfolded her tenderly, closely, warmly, to the holy bosom of Nature herself, and there inspired her with a fine sense of beauty, which has been absorbed, and appropriated, and become a chief element of the character.

Mrs. Whitman is not merely an interpreter of Nature; but, for me at least, she might stand in the place of Nature herself; and I do verily believe that were I immured between four stone walls, without a form or trace of beauty to delight the eye, and with no sweet sound to soothe or charm the ear, yet, some of her writings which I could mention being given, the cold, blank walls would not only be painted with the scenes she describes, but inspired with them, as living and present realities. There would be verdure, and bloom, and music; flowers would burst at once into life and beauty; forest trees would stand out in all their native stateliness; birds would carol in the branches; sparkling waters would flash up through the sunshine, as brooks went murmuring through the quiet valley; and the rough, angular outlines of the wall itself would round up into the blue arch of Heaven, written over with the poetry of stars. She is truly an enchantress.

Her perception of the Beautiful is at once delicate and vivid; for while she knows how to manage the most exquisite tinting, the softest light, and most aerial shadow in the details, she arranges, groups, and inspires with the hand, eye, and soul of a master. Nor is her sense of harmony inferior to her sense of beauty. Life does not more truly flow into bloom and music with the flowers and birds, than her intuitions find utterance in harmony. As singing is to the birds, so is poetry to her, the vernacular speech.

From "Moonrise in May" I must extract the following passage; and then I resolutely shut the book until this has fairly gone to press:

So fade the cloud-wreaths from my soul  
 Beneath thy solemn, soft control,  
 Enchantress of the stormy seas,  
 Priestess of Night's high mysteries!  
 Thy ray can pale the north-lights' plume,  
 And, where the throbbing stars illumine  
 With their far-palpating light  
 The holy cloisters of the night,  
 Thy presence can entrance their beams,  
 And lull them to diviner dreams.

It is not often that her delicate and truthful muse is guilty of an inaccuracy, as we find in this line from the same poem—

*A heavenly odor seems to bloom.*

But the momentary lapse is quickly exchanged for the exquisite beauty of the closing lines—

And lilies of eternal peace  
 Glow throughout the moonlight's golden fleece.

## TO MY SPIRIT'S COMPANION.

BY MRS. E. LOCK.\*

"Reason does not forbid, on the contrary, it encourages us to believe that angels are constantly around us on the earth, that the spirit is capable of hearing their mysterious whispers through the mortal veil, and that they stand with our spirits in constant sympathy and communion."—REV. H. HARBAUGH.

MYSTERIOUS sounds I hear  
In the low-cadenced wind;  
They're music to my ear,  
And comfort to my mind.

I love the evening hour,  
For oft to me it brings  
The loved, with soothing power,  
Upon its viewless wings.

When twilight shadows fall  
I sit composedly;  
Enwrapped within their pall  
I whisper words with thee.

Responsive thou dost breathe  
In accents soft and low,  
That 'round my heart enwreathe  
Joys others ne'er can know.

Unto my earth-tried breast  
Such visions sweetly come;  
I feel as with the blest  
In heaven's happy home.

---

\* Mrs. Lock, authoress of "Leisure Hours," etc., etc., is the principal of an English, French, and Musical Seminary for young ladies, in Calcutta, India.—Ed.

## THE SHEKINAH.

But, ah ! how fleet are they !  
 This world of toil and care  
 Asserts its rude, rough sway—  
 Calls me my part to bear.

Oh, may I bear it well,  
 'Neath His approving eye ;  
 Together we shall dwell,  
 In bliss beyond the sky.

---

 TEAR-DROPS.

BY C. D. STUART.

THE tear-drops on some kindred face,  
 When friends grow cold and grief is nigh,  
 Are brighter than the stars that chase  
 The darkness from the midnight sky.

They lift and thrill the trembling heart,  
 And soothe it in life's saddest hours,  
 And gleam upon the troubled soul  
 Like dews that sleep on fainting flowers.

O precious tears, if pity give,  
 Or love, with tender sympathy—  
 They bid the heart with rapture live,  
 And set the soul from sorrow free.

## THE SHEKINAH.

WITH this number we close the third volume of the SHEKINAH and its publication as a periodical. Library editions of the work will hereafter be issued as the public demand shall require. It is questionable whether any paper or magazine devoted to the same or to analogous subjects ever, in so brief a period, acquired a more enviable reputation. The SHEKINAH was the first periodical avowedly devoted to the interests of Spiritualism that succeeded in commanding, to any considerable extent, the attention and respect of literary circles. Moreover, it achieved a success not less difficult in another direction. It silenced the cavils of a very large portion of the secular press, and compelled a reluctant yet unqualified acknowledgment of its literary and philosophical merits. Nor is this all. It has accomplished another end, from which we derive a still higher satisfaction. It has given an elevated and religious tone to the thoughts and aspirations of many, while those who have doubted the perpetuity of their existence, and mourned over the accumulated ills of humanity, have found in its pages the inspiration of new hopes and divine consolations.

But our time is likely to be so much occupied with other duties as to render it impossible for us to devote that degree of attention to the Monthly, in the future, which we should desire. We are well assured that there is ample room for a work of similar character, with a patronage adequate to its support, and in announcing the suspension of the SHEKINAH, we are happy to inform our readers that the *Journal of Man*, edited and published by Dr. Buchanan, is about to be removed to this city, and will supply its place.

We want a solid and demonstrable body of science, on which men may rest with certainty, ample enough to embrace the wonders of Nature and the beautiful manifestations of Spiritual



Life, and withal sufficiently practical and positive to connect the mysterious and new with the old and familiar facts of nature.

Scientific men have heretofore been unable or unwilling to supply this desideratum. Anatomists and physiologists have steadily refused or neglected to investigate the mental nature of man in connection with his physical constitution, and even Phrenology has limited itself to the familiar every-day facts of humanity, completely ignoring the spiritual phenomena and the mysterious relations of the spiritual nature of man to the human body (except as to the brain) and to inanimate matter.

Under these circumstances the age demands a teacher of Anthropology who shall be entirely exempt from the dead, skeptical, materialistic tendencies of our leading scientific men, with a mind sufficiently original to advance boldly into fields that others have neglected, and sufficiently systematic and cautious to establish positive philosophy instead of vague speculation. Such is the reputation which Dr. B. already enjoys among men of science and of liberal thought. Prof. CALDWELL, the most learned and distinguished representative of Phrenology since the death of Gall and Spurzheim, has given his cordial approbation to the scientific labors of Dr. Buchanan; and Prof. Gatchell, editor of the *American Magazine of Homeopathy*, declares in the most explicit manner the great practical and philosophical superiority of the doctrines of Dr. Buchanan to those of Gall and Spurzheim. While many of the cultivators of phrenological and physiological science—among whom we may mention Dr. Elliotson, of London—have arrayed themselves in positive hostility to the facts of spiritual science, Dr. Buchanan was among the first to recognize those facts, and to investigate in a calm and rational manner their relations to the sphere of physiological life.

The *Journal of Man* will be issued in a NEW SERIES (monthly), commencing with January, 1854. TERMS, \$2 per annum.

The Patrons of the SHEKINAH will find it a most interesting and instructive work.

Subscriptions may be forwarded to this office, addressed,

PARTRIDGE & BRITTON.

300 Broadway, New York.